RvB Loops

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Part of the Infinite Time Loops. The Anchor is Michael J. Caboose. ...This will not end well for anyone.

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Chapter 1

GammaTron: Hey. Guess you know what this means. I am now writing stories for this series of continuous loops. If you want to understand better, check TV Tropes for Infinite Time Loops. I own no one.

1.1 (GammaTron)

Michael J. Caboose had trouble with a lot of things when it came to thinking. But there were times he was quite brilliant. Right now, this was the fiftieth time he's just blown up his best friend Leonard Church in the same exact way as he did the first time. He wasn't sure when it had started, but time seemed to have gone broke and always seemed to end when they just sent a letter to this meanie pants who was using two freelancers to make a whole planet go through a civil war for stuff on the planet and then begin around the time he got off the bird to come to Blood Gulch. ...Did the circle get a bite out of it?

"You just shot Church, you team-killing fucktard!"

"Tucker did it!" Caboose quickly responded.

"I'm Tucker, you idiot!"

1.2 (Evilhumour)

"Twilight?"

"Yes Rarity?"

"Why are we here?"

"That seems to be one of life's greatest mysteries."

"Simmons," Sarge stated.

"Yes, sir?" Private Simmons asked.

"Did ya notice anythin'...unusual...'bout Private Spike t'day?" Sarge asked.

"Aside from him actually doing something instead of trying to be lazy?" Simmons asked as the two watched the purple and green soldier mopping the floor.

"...Ah'm jest...Ah'm jest gonna call it quits fer t'day," Sarge informed as he turned to go to the resting quarters of the base, "This is too much fer me t' think about."

"Agreed," Simmons nodded as he followed.

"...What's with them?" Spike asked as he looked over at the bronze soldier, "It's like I've never done a thing in my life until just now to them."

"Si."

1.3 (GammaTron)

Now Caboose was starting to get angry. And he forgot how to get angry back before this started up. He lost track (he never could count higher than two) of how many times he had tried to not have Church go away with the Emp. He tried knocking him out and he ended up on Agent Washingtub's shoulder. He thought he convinced Church he'd go instead of him once and Church still came! It was like something wanted Church to not live anymore! This time...He had a perfect plan.

"Hey, Church!" *click*

"Huh?" *bang* *"Caboose!"*

"Tucker did it!" Caboose called as he pushed Agent Washington out as fast as he could before Church could try to go into them through their radios.

A few days later, Caboose ended up getting early parole from jail when he (not on purpose) killed all the other prisoners except for Agent Washington. ...It wasn't his fault. They stabbed themselves in their backs with his spoon.

1.5 (GammaTron)

Okay. Church was officially confused now. He knew the Emp went off and he felt this quick pain and then nothing. And now, he was walking through a hall in the old Blue Base at Blood Gulch. It was then Tucker ran up to him…in his old standard issue Blue armor?

"Dude, can I please hold the sniper rifle?" Tucker begged.

"The hell? Dude, no. And what happened to your armor?"

"What are you talking about? This *is* my armor. Though, I do want to get a new one soon," Tucker noted.

What? Minutes later, Church was experiencing seeing a dead Captain Butch Flowers all over again. A bit after that, Caboose showed up with Sheila. He wouldn't get killed this time by her.

"Son of a bitch!" Church cursed himself as he looked at his dead body…again, *"The hell is with this shit?!"*

"Dude, I can tell you right now the best guy to talk to about this is to Caboose," Future Church informed.

"Seriously?!" Church demanded.

"Yeah. Surprised me, too," Future Church shrugged before he went off.

"Ugh!" Church groaned out in annoyance.

"Okay, Caboose, what the fuck is going on here?" Church demanded, managing to convince Tucker to go away for a minute.

"What do you mean?"

"Last thing I remember before waking up here in Blood Gulch was the Emp going off when we were dealing with the Meta!"

"Church!" Caboose cheered as he tried to hug him, "You remember now! Oh, I am so happy!"

"Caboose, focus! What is going on here?"

"I am not sure," Caboose replied, "I started going in loops in time for a long time now. I know that it is more than two, though. And you kept dying when the Emp went off. But then you came back as a new AI and we fought a lot of copies of Texas and won and…"

"Okay, okay, okay. Hold on, Caboose," Church waved his hands at him to stop the guy from talking, *"I* died *and came back to life?"*

"Yes."

Church sighed, *"Great. Well, once we get to meet Delta again, let's talk to him. He'll make better sense that you're making right now."*

1.6 (wildrook, slightly edited by GammaTron)

"Hey," the maroon soldier said to the orange one.

"Yeah..." the orange one replied, a little unsure about himself.

"You ever wonder why we're here?"

Unknown to the maroon one, this time he IS wondering why he's here. The last thing he remembered was the incident in Chorus where they exposed the fake war, and they were preparing for war. Next thing he knew, he found himself back in the hellhole known as Blood Gulch. As a reject of Project Freelancer and more or less Target Practice.

"Well, probably because we're selected for something big," Grif replied. "Or we're just here to just waste time on this 'war.' I mean, my Sister's about to show up, but on the opposite side."

"Wait, what?" Simmons asked him. "Your sister's a Blue? We have to tell Sarge!"

"No, don't," Grif replied, hesitantly. "I just got the message, and she thinks she's a Red. She's colorblind, and I need you to NOT tell Sarge about this. At all. He hates me regardless, so he wouldn't use her as a Red Spy. She's...not exactly that smart."

"How is that possible?" Simmons asked him. "Actually, you know what, never mind. I won't tell Sarge, but only because it would just look bad for the rest of us. But...this can't stay under for long."

"I know, which is why when she gets here, I'm going with the Blues to play Prisoner. Just...don't tell Sarge, Lopez, or the newbie showing up."

On the ridge, a cobalt and teal soldier were watching...but the cobalt one was surprised at the orange one.

"What are they doing?" the teal one asked him.

Normally, he'd be upset at Tucker at this point, but this...it was a new development. "Talking about family back home," he said. "Usually,

that gets them killed. I knew this one guy in Sidewinder that got murdered as soon as he mentioned his fiancee, but I think we might have a replacement for Captain Flowers if the orange one's nervousness is correct."

"Oh yeah, didn't they tell us how long the trip is?"

"Maybe a couple years, give or take. Right now, find something to arm yourself with. The rookie might be in the tank already."

Tucker rolled his eyes. "Great," he muttered. "I just hope the rookie doesn't screw this up."

'You and me both,' Church thought.

As soon as Tucker was gone, Church had radioed Grif's channel.

"What the..." Grif muttered.

"Oi, Orange Guy," Church said. "What's the last thing you remember?"

"Church? You're here? The last thing I remember was stopping the war at Chorus, and now I'm back where Simmons is a Kiss-Ass, Sarge is a Blue-Hater, and Lopez doesn't speak with Donut arriving in a few minutes."

"I'm usually on the ledge with Tucker. Right now, we're planning an attack just to get you to me and Caboose. I'll explain what's going on later, but I have to warn you, Friendly Fire's not going to be on with Sheila, so I might have the body I have blown up. Just remember, Memory is the Key."

"Memory is the key," Grif replied. "Wait...Epsilon?"

"In a way. Now don't move. They don't know how much of a lousy shot I am."

With that, he fired at the Red Base, hoping Tucker and Caboose heard them.

Later, in the secret cave...

"Okay, you have my attention," Grif said, "but really, time is in a circle?"

"In a Loop," Church replied. "Caboose is just being his usual self."

"I didn't know you cared," Caboose said.

"I usually don't, but I'm just grateful that I'm the first one to Awaken, and mostly in Blood Gulch. I really don't want to experience fragmentation..."

Caboose got the idea as Grif sighed. "So, you know about my plan to get my Sister to your base?" he asked Church.

"Oh yeah," he replied. "And it took a while to get used to, but I made it to Epsilon and I remember everything. It might take a while for the others to show up."

"The Red Guy's back to before I befriended him," Caboose replied. "I wish he were involved."

Sad part was, Grif and Church would agree that if Sarge were Looping, he'd at least tone down the Blue Hunt. But it could have been at any moment. And it would be EONS before Washington, Tex, and Carolina would Loop.

"So, what are we going to do about Wyoming, O'Malley, and The Meta?" Grif asked him. "I feel kind of naked without the Grif Shot."

"Well, considering Plans and I never go hand in hand," Church said, "And I have to force Caboose to get angry, we have to wing it most of the time. Besides, I can handle some of the equipment hidden within your suits and Caboose's MK V can resist emergency shut-downs."

"I just have to remember to wake you guys up," Caboose replied. "But what about Tex?"

Church gave Caboose a look. "I know, I know," he said. "I may have moved on, but I haven't forgotten. If it's possible to save her from the Director before the battle, I'll take that chance, but right now, we go Baseline. As in we do the same thing until Doc shows up. Besides, O'Malley won't know what hit him when he gets into your head."

Despite everything, Church was in AI form...but he had seen the inside of Caboose's head. For one, the Reds were more accurate, and there were at least TWO Churches...in case one dies.

It was hard to explain to Tex, but that was another matter entirely. If O'Malley's there, Church would have to assimilate the mad AI into his own system one baby step at a time.

But with Grif looping, their chances have slightly increased. They were still outright screwed, but it was only a matter of time before the Reds and Blues work together once more. Because if they were going to survive the Loops, they might have to pick up a few tricks.

1.8 (GammaTron)

"Attack!" Sarge roared as he charged at the Blue Base…only to skid to a halt.

"Oh, hey there," Church waved, his ruby armor shining in the eternal sunlight.

"Uh…What?"

"Dudes, what took you so long?" Tucker asked as he walked over in a dark red armor, "We already took out the Blues here and got their flag."

"We won!" Caboose cheered…still in his blue armor.

"Dammit, Caboose!" Church shouted, "Why are you wearing that? We told you to go put your standard red armor back on!"

"But this armor is awesome! It has cup holders!"

"Does this mean the war is over and we can go home now?" Grif asked, laughing inside his head, *'This is the best mess with Sarge plan ever…of all time.'*

1.9 (GammaTron, Evilhumor)

Big Mac finished wiping a glass. From what he could tell, he and Rainbow Dash were the only ones Awaken for the loop, meaning there was a Hidden Anchor. He looked up form his cleaning at the sound of the doors slamming open. A pair of blue ponies and an orange, somewhat fat, pony with them. He was able to make out the Greek symbol for Alpha on the cobalt unicorn, an Oreo over a bed on the orange pegasus, and...he couldn't make out the standard blue unicorn's Cutie Mark.

"Seriously, why the fuck are we little horses?" the cobalt unicorn demanded.

"Who cares? That rainbow chick said there was booze here and I want to get something that'll make me unresponsive for the rest of this weird experience," the orange pegasus snorted.

"This is the bestest thing I have ever experienced!" the blue unicorn cheered.

"Shut up, Caboose!" the other two groaned as if it were something normal.

"What can I get you three?" Big Mac asked as they stopped before the bar.

"What's the best damn shit that'll knock us out or kill Caboose here so this issue we're having with crashes?" the cobalt unicorn asked.

"Yay! I get to hang out with Lin again!" Caboose cheered.

"Seriously, what the fuck was with that?" the orange one asked, "We were teens, going to a school with busty teenagers, and Caboose ends up getting engaged to the only girl there that is as strong as him."

"Eiken, I suppose?" Big Mac asked.

"That school. Got anything that'll get that out of my head too?" the orange pegasus asked.

"Eenope. Haven't managed to figure out the right kind of drink to get rid of that particular memory. So how long have you been in the loop?" Big Mac asked.

"Again with that? What the hell do you mean by it?" the unicorn groaned.

"Church, I am telling you. We are going in circles in time! That is why you are alive!" Caboose informed his fellow unicorn.

"Oh my god! Shut the fuck up, Caboose!" the unicorn groaned.

"So this is the first time you've been like this?" Big Mac asked.

"Nah. One time we ended up stuck on an island of vikings and Caboose ended up being the son of a viking chief and got this cool dragon to ride on," the orange pegasus shrugged.

"So you've never talked to anyone else about this?" Big Mac asked as he pushed the cup to him.

"Not our problem," the orange pegasus shrugged before taking a deep drink of it, "Ah. Booze, how I missed you. I had to go two years without this stuff at that Eiken shit."

Big Mac sighed as he began to get out the supplies. Looks like he would be the one who had to give the presentation. He flinched when he heard one of his cups shatter.

"Caboose!" Church shouted.

"Tucker did it!"

"TUCKER ISN'T EVEN HERE!" Church yelled.

Chapter 2

Okay, everyone, just a reminder of what this is about since I forgot to mention it in the first chapter:

Loop mechanics (general):

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Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

Loop mechanics (specific):

Caboose is the Anchor.

RVBverse Loopers are known as the 'Idiots' of the Loops by some, 'Lucky B_tards' by others, and 'the Pitied' by the rest because of their Anchor.

I assume that the Red VS Blue series is around ten years from Project Freelancer's beginning to the declaration of war against Charon Industries by the Reds and Blues, though it may start to expand once the next season comes out.

2.1 (GammaTron)

"Hey, Simmons?"

"What is it, Grif?"

"Can you look up Sarge? I want to see what his actual name is," Grif asked.

"What?! No! I'm trying to find all the Blues in the system!" Simmons argued.

"Please?"

"Fine," Simmons sighed as he quickly brought it up, "Wait, what? Sarge, is your name actually 'Sargent S. Sargent?'"

"Yep. Ah had mah name legally changed before signing up for the military!" Sarge informed.

"So, wait, you actually changed your name to the rank you currently have?"

"Exactly! Ah knew that it was mah goal t' be a Sargent!" Sarge informed.

"Wow. And I thought you had a big enough ego before," Grif sweatdropped, "Hey, Simmons? Yeah, change his name to 'Sarge General.'"

"Okay. Wait, what?" Simmons looked at Grif.

"Well, I think he's going to be promoted in a year or so," Grif noted.

"Really now?" Sarge asked.

"Well, you have been a good example," Grif noted as he pointed at Simmons, "You've got a loyal soldier at all times, for one. And you made Lopez, something I don't think anyone else could do."

Sarge stammered and tried to come up with something. Simmons, meanwhile, thought Grif had grown a second head that shouted Russian. Nearby, Caboose smiled a little in his worry about Church and Agent Washington.

"Who are you and what have ya done wit' mah soldier?" Sarge finally demanded.

"Look, during my time as a Sargent, I started to think at night about, well, everything you did in Blood Gulch," Grif shrugged, "Sure, I got bored near the end which is why we ended up about to be shot when you arrived, but you really are a great guy, Sarge. If we don't make it out of this, then I just wanted you to know that I think you could've been a General."

"…" Sarge turned to Simmons, "Simmons, initiate plan 'Change mah name ta Sargent General!'"

"Yes sir!" Simmons saluted before they both shot Grif and then changed Sarge's name to that.

2.2 (GammaTron)

"Grif?"

"Huh?" Grif turned to see Lopez walk up to him, "Hey, Lopez."

"¿Por qué estamos aquí? Mis datos dice que estamos de vuelta en el tiempo (Why are we here? My data says that we're back in time)," Lopez pondered.

"Huh? Hold on," Grif turned around and walked around a corner before coming back with a book, "Okay. What did you say again?" Lopez repeated himself, "Huh…Okay…" he nearly dropped it, "Wait. You're looping now?"

"Bucle (Looping)?"

"Hold on. Big Mac gave me a copy of the material," Grif informed as he reached behind his back and pulled out a small book with a magenta star with six smaller ones circling it, "Here you go. All you need to know."

Lopez quickly leafed through it before handing it back to Grif, "… Cuando veo esto Sakura Haruno, voy a terminar con su rápida y fácil?"

Grif leafed through his book, "Whoa…! Yeah…I don't think that's a good idea."

"Considéralo como mi manera de decirle 'joder conmigo, me cojo con usted.'"

"…You, sir, are a badass."

2.3 (GammaTron)

"Potter, Lopez."

Now Ron knew something was up with the Loop. He thought Harry was just taking a Vacation Loop when he didn't see him on the train. He and Hermoine watched as a boy with bronze-colored hair, somewhat tan skin, and a blank face marched up to the Sorting Hat and sat down. The moment the Sorting Hat was put on his head, the hat let out a girlish scream of fright and fell off his head, foaming from the hole. Lopez Potter merely stood up, walked over to the Gryffindor Table, and sat down.

"…Que (What)?" Lopez demanded at the looks he was getting.

2.4 (wildrook)

Issei groaned as he looked at the bartender.

"Going to need a big one," he said. "Ugh, after that Loop, I'm going to lay off Oppai for two loops."

(You can't be serious,) Ddraig replied.

Hell, Issei Hyoudou, rumored to surpass Jiraiya in perversion, said he would lay off his usual past-time.

"Did I just hear something crazy, Saito?" Louise asked him, nearby.

Saito groaned. "Must have been a bad loop," he muttered. "Yo, Issei!"

Issei was surprised. "Hiraga. Louise," he said. "Didn't think you guys were here. You would not believe what happened to me."

"Punishment Loop," they both said.

Issei groaned. "In my defense, Vali forced my hand," he said.

"You get Eiken?" Saito asked him.

"Worse." That caught their attention. "And this is even with just being human."

"What happened that's worse than Eiken?" Louise inquired. "The one with the Wagtails?"

Issei gave them a look. "I was in School Days," he said. "As the womanizer. Seriously, I looked into my Loop Memories. Guy already made someone pregnant and wasn't exactly ready for the consequences of being a teenage father, regardless of how the Loops work. And when Kotohana found out about Sekai, my throat was slit and I was on a boat."

There were some fates not even the worst of Tsunderes can wish on a pervert. Louise cringed when she heard that.

"Damn," Saito muttered.

"I know," Issei replied, in grief.

Louise then groaned. "Pray that world doesn't loop," she replied. "Wasn't his name Makoto Itou?"

"Unfortunately," Saito muttered. "And I take it not even you would wish that fate?"

"I may have been a brat in baseline, but I'm not completely heartless. That...and I've heard rumors about it."

Well, Issei didn't think Koneko could sense his grief. He REALLY has to get her to learn Senjutsu from Jiraiya when she's Awake.

"So, what happened to you guys?" Issei asked them.

"Blood Gulch," Louise and Saito muttered.

2.5 (GammaTron) Fused Pokémon Loop Part 1:

"So let me get this straight: the guy you normally travel with is named 'Ash,' right?" Church asked.

"Yep. Right about now is when he ends up hitting a Spearow on the head with a rock and we get to running away in a Baseline Loop," Pikachu shrugged.

"Why do you run away?" Church asked.

"Because that one Spearow summons the whole flock in this area," Pikachu replied.

"...Do you wanna capture it so it doesn't call the flock?" Church asked.

Pikachu blinked a few times, "You know...I never really thought about that. Normally we just avoid it."

"All right. Seems we're gonna make some waters churn now," Church smirked before frowning a bit, "You know, I just thought of something. If I'm replacing Ash, who's replacing me?"

=Firing main cannon=

"Oh no," Ash squeaked before the tank fired at him.

"Good job, Sheila!" Caboose beamed, "We killed Not-Church."

"This always happens when Church isn't here," Grif chuckled under his breath, looking over at Lopez who had gone with him this time instead of Simmons, "Remember the last guy this happened to?"

"Si. Ichigo Kurosaki tuvo la mejor reacción de todos ellos a la emisión equipo asesinato de Caboose, en mi opinión (Yes. Ichigo Kurosaki had the best reaction of them all to Caboose's team killing

issue, in my opinion.)," Lopez replied, "Honestamente, fuera de los siete, sólo Ranma Saotome ha evitado la temida Kill Team Caboose no (Honestly, out of the Original Seven, only Ranma Saotome has avoided the dreaded Team Kill Caboose does)."

"You know, I'm glad that I actually took a vacation Loop to learn Spanish, so I can actually agree that Ichigo's reaction was the best of them all," Grif noted, "And it's only because Ranma is known for doing the impossible that he avoided that. Shame he couldn't avoid the Emp."

"Oh, mierda! Tu me entiendes? Abortar! Abortar(Oh shit! You understand me? Abort! Abort)!" Lopez fearfully freaked.

"I've been understanding you the last ten Loops," Grif rolled his eyes, "I don't really care what you say about me. But I do like some of the jabs you have on Sarge and the others. Especially the routine you did with Lopez Dos point O on Sarge." he stood up, "Come on, let's get outta here and then go find that new guy to explain the situation to him."

"¿Quieres convencerlo de que él es un fantasma real?"

"Nah. You remember what Ranma did to you and me that time, right?"

"No me lo recuerdes. Yo todavía activo en el medio de la noche para asegurarse de que no soy un pretzel nuevo (Don't remind me. I still activate in the middle of the night to make sure I'm not a pretzel again)."

"You just shot Ash, you team killing fucktard!" Tucker shouted at Caboose.

(to be continued)

2.6 (GammaTron) Michael J. Caboose's first and only non-Read-Only/non-Eiken Punishment Loop:

Twilight's eyes snapped open. After she quickly settled her Loop memories, she realized that she was in a Punishment Loop. She just had to put that peanut butter on that alloy. Looking at a nearby mirror, she saw she was a human again. Soft whimpers outside earned her attention. Walking out, she saw a trembling figure in fetal position.

"Excuse me, but are you okay?" Twilight asked.

"C..." the figure whimpered out, "Wh...Where is this? I...He's not replying!"

"What do you mean?"

"I...He's not responding to our signal...He's not around here, either..."

"Are you...Looping?" Twilight raised a brow.

"Not here...Not here...Not here..." the figure whimpered, holding his head, "The voices...they...the voices..."

"Voices?" Twilight raised a brow before the figure stopped and slowly got up.

The last thing Twilight remembered before she'd awake for Eiken was a frenzied scream of 'CHUUUUUUUURRRRRCHHHH!-!-!-!', searing agony through her body, and then nothingness.

Okay, everyone. Read and review and support the Infinite Loops by checking out the Wikia for it, its TV Tropes page, and even looking at the Spacebattle Forums for the Infinite Loops.

2.1: Well, there goes that idea Grif had to avoid being shot at by Sarge.

2.2: Word of advice...Don't let Lopez meet Sakura Haruno alone. It won't be pretty nor will it end well.

2.3: Lopez's first Fused Loop and he's already made the Sorting Hat faint. I wonder what the Sorting Hat...*screams like a little girl and faints*

2.6: And behold the terror of Caboose Syndrome.

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3.1 (GammaTron)

Darth Vader blinked. He removed his helmet, rubbed his eyes, put it back on, and blinked once more. Princess Leila kept her mouth covered, trying not to laugh or facepalm. A stormtrooper in blue armor was trying to avoid looking at the Sith as one in cobalt armor shook his head.

"I just want everyone to know that I did not do it. ...And I take full responsibility for blowing up the Death Star," the blue stormtrooper informed.

"And Team Killing the billions of men and women aboard," the cobalt trooper added.

"Anakin did it."

Darth Vader sighed in annoyance. He'd heard the stories, but he just didn't believe it. Michael J. Caboose was said to be a Team Killer, and this just proved it for him. Now...how was he going to explain this to Palpatine?

3.2 (GammaTron and wildrook)

"Ah. Mr. Potter, our latest celebrity," Snape sneered.

"Um...Mr. Snape? You really should be careful with him."

"Silence, Mr. Granger. 20 Points from Gryffindor for speaking out of turn!" Snape ordered.

"You cannot talk to my best friend like that!"

"Silence, Mr. Potter!" Snape ordered.

With that, he proceeded to try to read his mind. Not even a second later and Snape screamed. He continued to scream as he slowly backed away from him. He yelped in his screaming as he fell over his desk. Quickly getting up, he pulled his wand out and hit himself with the Killing Curse. Everyone slowly blinked, trying to figure out what just happened. Church Granger slammed his head on the table as Tucker Weasely shook his head. Nearby, Wade Wilson Malfoy was busily scratching out plans to have it happen to Umbridge, giggling as he drew her as a toad in a top hat. Caboose Potter tilted his head as everyone slowly looked at him.

"...Tucker did it."

Church gave Tucker a look.

"You're the one who fortified his mental defenses," he said.

"...Wait, what? It was my turn this time?" Tucker asked.

"Church, is the funny man gonna get up soon? I don't think the teacher will be happy to see someone sleeping in his class," Caboose whispered loudly to Church, discreetly pointing at the corpse of Severus Snape.

"Dude, that was the teacher," Tucker informed.

"Oh. ...Yay! Class done!" Caboose cheered before he ran off.

"Son of a Birch, Caboose! Get back here!" Church snapped as he ran after him, leaving Tucker alone at the table.

"...This is awkward," Tucker admitted after a few moments of silence.

3.3 (Awesomedude17)

"Fuck, fuck fuckity fuck. Fucking fuck fuck." Church said.

"Bow chica bow wow. Bow chica bow wow."

"Blah blah blah, Sheila, blah blah blah!"

"Sarge Sarge Sarge, Sarge?"

"Grif's a dirtbag Grif's a dirtbag."

"Eat sleep eat sleep eat sleep."

"Dios Mio. Todos ustedes sonido retardado."

"Grif's a dirtbag!" Sarge answered back.

3.4 (GammaTron)

"Church," Tucker frowned, his griffon wings flapping a little as he watched the cobalt unicorn pacing around in a circle.

"Let 'im be," Sarge snorted, the red Earth Pony with a shotgun for a Cutie Mark sitting on the nearby couch with a maroon pegasus with a calculator as his Cutie Mark, "Simmons, report."

"Door's still closed, sir," the maroon pegasus informed.

"How much longer do we have to wait?" a gunmetal-grey and yellow Unicorn with the state of Washington as his Cutie Mark asked.

"There's a lot involving him that she has to confirm and deny," a sky-blue Pegasus with the state of Carolina as her Cutie Mark informed.

"Church, if you don't stop your pacing, I will demonstrate what I did to York, Maine, and Wyoming on you," Tex threatened, currently a black unicorn with the state of Texas as her Cutie Mark.

"I'm worried, okay?" Church sighed, "We've all known it for years now that something is really wrong with Caboose. Why did we have to wait until everyone was Looping and Awake to do this?"

"Because we all want to know how Caboose is doing," a purple Unicorn with a medical bag as a Cutie Mark informed.

"He's really important to everyone, you know," a pink(lightish red) Pegasus added, a sticky grenade in the shape of a heart as his Cutie Mark, "Oh hi~, Twilight!"

"How is he, Ms. Sparkle?" Sarge asked as Caboose came out quickly and tackled Church over in a hug.

"Caboose!"

"I didn't do it!"

"Church, can you take Caboose out to see Pinkie Pie?" Twilight asked as she gave Church a bag of bits.

"Fine," Church rolled his eyes, "Come on, Caboose."

"Yay! We are going to see the pink one!" Caboose cheered, "Oh, I hope she will let me pet the kitties."

"That was Fluttershy, Caboose," Church sighed as the door closed behind them.

Twilight looked around with a frown, "How is he your Anchor?"

"We don't know," Tucker shrugged.

"Ah think it's because outta all o' us here, he ain't never had a near-death experience," Sarge shrugged, "Or he did and he shrugged it off."

"What's wrong with Caboose?" Donut asked in concern.

"What isn't wrong with him is the better question," Twilight frowned, "He's shown severe signs of Sakura Syndrome, Setsuna Syndrome, Depression, ADD, ADHD, OCD, all the types of Autism currently known, mental instability, severe brain damage..." she shook her head, "And, yet, he doesn't even shown the symptoms at the same time. Why is that?"

"...I think it's because of Church," Carolina informed after the group shared glances at each other, "Did he talk a lot about Church in there?"

"Yes, actually."

"Church seems to be the only one that Caboose will completely listen to aside from me, one of Church's AI Fragments, Carolina, or Sarge," Washington informed, "And I think it's because we're related to Church in some way. I have parts of his memory due to the baseline accident with Epsilon, Carolina is the actual Church and Tex's daughter, and Sarge is a leader, like Church is."

"What's Sakura Syndrome again?" Doc asked.

"A very, very, very bad thing, Doc," Twilight informed the medic, "Yet he's only shown it once; the only time the Admins ever gave him a Punishment Loop that wasn't Read-Only or in Eiken."

"The ones where he has no one from where we're from with him, right?" Grif asked.

"Yes. While Eiken is capable of making sure Caboose doesn't do that with Lin Grace there..." Twilight informed.

"Ah still can't believe that every time we go there, he ends up marryin' her," Sarge pointed out.

"...He has to be on Read-Only Loops for Punishment Loops until a new Punishment Loop is made. The only time he didn't and he basically slaughtered everyone there, the five other Loopers there included," Twilght informed, not wanting to tell them she was one of them, "From what you all just said, the only reason I can come up with Caboose being your Anchor is because he's actually stable when all of you or at least Church are with him. Even if you're not Looping, so long as he knows that you guys are there, he feels sane."

"Ahora me siento mal por todos los insultos que he dicho acerca de él en el Loop antes empecé Looping (Now I feel bad for all the insults I said about him in the Loop before I first started Looping)..."

"That explains why he keeps blowing everyone up when they're replacing Church for a Loop," Grif noted.

"And...And I thought that his song was a happy one," Simmons noted, earning looks from everyone, "You know? 'Church, I'm Your Best Friend?' The song he wrote when I first started to Loop?"

"I'm still amazed that you started to Loop last," Grif joked.

"I'm serious, Grif," Simmons frowned, "Sure, the song may seem happy and cheerful, but think about what baseline Church has happen to him? Dies thanks to the Emp..."

"It's E-M-P!" Washington, Carolina, and Texas all groaned out in annoyance.

"...Epsilon has to replace him, gets stuck in his old unit, gets freed after he decides to let Tex go thinking the world was going to end

when it was just a rescue mission, realizes what he did when he shouted at us all, blaming us and giving us a 'Why you suck' speech, and then goes off with Carolina instead of staying with us. To Caboose...Church is his best friend, but he doesn't think Church knows that."

"Look...I...I have a few books that can help you..." Twilight began.

"We'd be glad to have any kind of help with Caboose, Ms. Sparkle," Washington assured, "Just...Just give us a moment or so to let it sink in for us."

Twilight nodded. She pulled out a series of book and copied them all with a few spells. She gave everyone a copy of each book each while putting the original back into her pocket.

"Just so you know, I've decided to name this the 'Caboose Syndrome,' since he's, well, Patient Zero," Twilight said.

"Seems about right," Tucker nodded.

3.5 (GammaTron)

Sarge glanced around. He just knew it was the Blues' fault for this. How else was this possible?! Living the same life over and over again! And having to deal with that...that...that...Blue Girl in yellow! Every! Single! Time! He was not old, darn it! He was experienced! There's a different, consarn it! And now, look at what those filthy Blues did! He wasn't even sure where he was! It looked like a jailhouse or something!

"Mr. Sarge? Mr. Sarge, are you paying attention?" a voice demanded, making Sarge look at him and...

"Gah! A filthy blue!" Sarge exclaimed, "Where's mah shotgun?!"

"B-Blue sir?" the man with his hair slicked back into spikes and wearing a blue business suit questioned.

"Y'all know what Ah mean, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge growled, "Ah jest know this is one o' yer mind tricks t' make me crack and spill top secret secrets th' Red Team has! Like mah secret recipe for guilt-free brownies!"

"...You know how to make guilt free brownies?" the man raised a brow.

"Ah! How did y'all know Ah knew that?! You filthy Blue! Ah swear when Ah eat mah way outta here, Ah'll kill you!" Sarge threatened, "But first, Ah need t' find mah armor."

"Armor?" the man sweatdropped, "Wait. Have you been experiencing any issues with something happening all over again?"

"...What are y'all tryin' t' say t' me?" Sarge demanded slowly.

"Mr. Sarge, I believe that you're experiencing your first Fused Loop," the man informed.

"...Ah did what in mah cup now?" Sarge blinked.

"Let me explain it a bit better for you, Mr. Sarge. My name is Phoenix Wright, Ace Attorney. You are my Defendant, Mr. Sarge Sargent. You're currently accused of killing one Franklin Delano Donut."

"Donut?! He's...He's dead?!" Sarge asked before slamming his fists on the table, "Dammit! There goes mah perfect record in th' Red Army! Damn you, Grif!"

"..." Phoenix facepalmed, "So you...like the color red?"

"Exactly! Red is th' color for victory! Convert to th' Red Team, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge demanded.

3.6 (GammaTron)

Caboose took a slow inhale and exhale. So far, aside from Twilight Sparkle replacing Doc and tricking O'Malley into occupying Church's body again, the Loop was following Baseline. The only ones Awake this Loop were himself, Church, and Twilight Sparkle, with Church surviving the Emp. Currently, they were on Chorus, preparing to 'meet' Felix. Currently, Caboose was lying down on a cot while Twilight sat in a chair beside him.

"Okay, Caboose, let's talk about what happened since the last time we were in a Loop," Twilight informed.

"Okay."

"Have you had any issues with your solitary Loops? Any mass-killings?"

"...I did not do anything. Those last twenty were not my fault," Caboose informed.

"Okay, so you've had twenty of those Punishment Loops deal with killing everyone once more. How many punishment Loops have you had since our last talk?"

"...Twenty-one."

"It's better than the last session we had," Twilight admitted as she wrote it down, "Have you been doing the exercises?"

"...What were they again?"

"Deep breathing, thinking calm thoughts, and listening to music," Twilight reminded him.

"Oh yeah...Yeah, I forgot them."

"Of course you did," Twilight sighed, "Lucky for me, Church is Awake this Loop, so..."

An explosion went off before Simmons cried out, "GRIF!"

"I didn't do it!" Caboose shouted quickly.

"That wasn't you for once, Caboose. Come on!" Twilight ordered as she ran out.

Caboose quickly got up from his cot and ran off after her. Once the two were outside, they skidded to a halt. Outside, a war zone was being formed. Hiding behind what remained of the Red's 'base' were the remaining Reds and Blues, firing all at one person.

"Why are they firing at that girl? And how is she here?" Caboose asked.

"Son of a Birch!" Twilight cursed, "Waltz!"

"I don't know how to dance," Caboose informed.

"No, no, no! Caboose, that's Waltz, an MLE!" Twilight informed, quickly summoning her magic to teleport to the others, barely forming a shield as a missile Waltz fired at them struck it.

"Twilight! What's going on here?!" Church demanded.

"That's Waltz, she's an MLE! Roll must have been in this Loop if she's here and Awake!" Twilight informed.

"Who's Roll?!" Church demanded.

"Where's Grif? And where did Donut go?" Twilight asked.

"O-Over there..." Simmons sniffled as he pointed at a nearby crater, the lower half of Grif and upper half of Donut aside from his head the only things there.

"Grif?" Caboose asked, "...Donut?"

"Ah don't care if'n she is a girl! Attack!" Sarge roared as he was about to fire when a laser took out his head.

"Sarge!" Simmons cried.

"...Sarge?" Caboose asked, his voice breaking a little.

"Damn you, Waltz...!" Twilight growled before Tucker charged, "Tucker, no!"

"You're gonna pay for that, bitch!" Tucker roared out, summoning his sword.

"Nice blade. Here's mine," Waltz sneered before she turned into a blur and appeared behind him, sheathing a sword into its scabbard.

"...Tucker?" Caboose squeaked out as he Tucker's body collapsed to the sides, his body sliced down the middle.

"No! Tucker!" Church cried out, "You...!" he took out his sniper rifle and open fired, "Take this!"

"..." Waltz began to laugh, "Holy cow! You're the worst shot I've ever seen!"

"Seriously?! Why is it glitching now?!" Church demanded before Waltz was upon him and Twilight, severing their throats before they could do anything else.

"...Twilight? ...Church?" Caboose shivered as he collapsed to his knees.

"Heh. Now all that's left is you," Waltz smirked, "Ah, to slaughter an entire planet. How fun, even after all these Loops." she reached for him before Caboose grabbed her wrist, "?" she tugged it back...only for her arm to not even budge an inch, "?!"

"...My name is Michael J. Caboose," Caboose slowly and calmly informed Waltz, his voice deepening with each word.

Waltz's eyes widened as her arm shattered around the area Caboose's hand was on. Slowly, he rose up to his full height and took out a strange, demonic chainsaw. He pulled the ripcord and it began to let out a fearsome roar.

"And ***I hate Dancing*** !" the now-unstable Anchor declared.

Caboose's actions that day caused the Loop to crash...followed by the next three Read-Only Punishment Loops he was forced into to vent out what happened. Caboose had trouble remembering a lot of thing, but one thing he'd never forget was his hatred for Waltz. In the next Loop that he was in that had Big Macintosh running a bar, he gave Big Mac his own wanted poster for Waltz, drawn in crayon with a prize of half of everything in his 'pocket' for her severed head.

3.7 (Awesomedude17)

Sarge Woke Up, and saw a whole group of Blues.

"Alright Blues, how did ya capture me?"

"We didn't." Simmons replied.

"Simmons, ya'll done joined Blue Team? Ah am disappointed. Grif, if y'all are a Blue, Ah'll have twice th' reason t' kill you, so Ah'm not as disappointed. Matter of fact, Ah'm kinda happy."

"But Sarge, we're all Blue."

"What?" Sarge looked down to his armor... and widened his eyes.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Well, Sarge is Awake now." Tucker said.

"Yep. And he won't kill us because we're Red." Church added.

"I am really red." Caboose noted.

"Yes, you are." Church replied.

3.8 (Awesomedude17)

BANG

The Oni seemingly seemed more amused than not.

"Well then... Ah guess Ah'm doomed... If Ah'm going to die, at least get Grif next." Sarge said.

"SARGE!-!-! THE HELL?!-?!-?!"

'First, kill Grif. Next, commit suicide. After that, wait fer next Loop.'

3.9 (XenoTekker)

Tucker was rubbing the back of his head and groaning. The reason? He has a headache from having to go back to school, and NOT in the Eiken one. "Man this sucks. Not that many hot girls in this school. If any at all." He walks to a school with a school uniform in his usual teal/aquamarine/blue-ish green/whatever-the-hell-his-armor-color-is. He then blinks and grins seeing Simmons in a maroon version of the same school uniform. Tucker sent out a Ping earlier and got only one reply and figured it was Simmons. Tucker runs up to him and pats Simmons on the shoulder.

"Hey dude. What's up?" Simmons looks at him with a serious look on his face. "We need to meet after school. Trust me." Tucker looks at him confused and shrugs. "Sure. Whatever dude."

After the school ended, Simmons took Tucker to a nearby lake. As they sat at the edge, Simmons pulls out a manga from his Pocket and gives it to Tucker. "Got this in the Hub Universe." Tucker takes it and looks at the cover, then grins widely. "Cool. This thing looks WAY cooler than our usual armors." Tucker said pointing to said character on the cover. Simmons shakes his head. "We are IN that universe right now. You are replacing the one who wears that. I'd get into the details but-"

A sudden explosion goes off nearby and something flies into the air. It lands near them and they look at it. It looks like a thick landmine that is both mostly circular and semi triangular with a metal sphere in the center. "THAT'S IT! PUT IT ON QUICK TUCKER!"

Tucker stares at him. "THAT'S the badass armor I saw on here? Bullshit." Simmons looks around with a scared look. "No time!" Simmons grabs it and slams it into Tucker's forehead. "OW! WHAT THE FUCK!?" The item drops to the ground and Tucker glares at Simmons. "SERIOUSLY MAN! WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT FOR?" Tucker roared at Simmons, not noticing the metal sphere sink into the object and disappear. The plates open up with a snap and what looks like a bunch of muscle like cords leap up at Tucker, causing Tucker to let out a scream. "WHAT THE FU-" It wraps around him, pushing him into the lake. Simmons runs to the edge and looks in, trying to find him. "Uh oh. I didn't think that through."

There was a rustling sound behind him. Simmons turns around and sees several guys in black bodysuits and all are wearing some armored boots and gauntlets with a scifi looking helmet. "Hey kid. Did you see anything fall here?" Simmons shook his head. "N-no. Not really. Just looking for my friend is all." The man who asked that question grinned and looks down at him. "I think you're lying. And you KNOW what we are looking for." The man takes off his helmet and starts to change. He grows and changes to a strange and very

scary looking humanoid monster. His new form stood 7-8 feet tall, natural green armor grew on him, his nose expanding and growing in length, turning into a thick horn, so muscled it makes Arnold Schwarzenegger look like a twig and circular solid yellow eyes with a few more smaller spikes/horns similar to its nose around each eye. Once finished changing, it took a step forward and spoke in a deep gravely, monstrous voice. "Now, tell me where it is or I kill you here and now." The thing said, the other men chuckling with sick grins on their helmeted faces. Simmons just whimpers out two words. "Oh god."

There is a huge splash from the lake behind Simmons, a humanoid form jumps out and kicks the monster across the face with such force, it goes stumbling back a few steps. It shakes it's head a few times, actually made somewhat dizzy by the kick. "What?" The thing that kicked it landed in front of Simmons in a kneeling position and stood up. It looked like it was covered in a strange armor. There was armor plates all over it that looked like they were made of leather, and between the plates was something that looked like raw muscle. It had a spike like fin on the top of its head, a couple orbs on the side of the head and one at the waist, like a belt buckle, two things that looked like vents where the corners of the mouth would be, two small metal orbs between the vents, another metal sphere at the base of the fin on the forehead and glowing, almost alien looking eyes. The armor plates were a Teal color while the 'muscle' seen between the plates was black.

One of the still human men pointed at the armored form. "There it is! They activated it! THE GUYVER!"

3.1: Palpatine would later try to have Caboose do this to the Rebels, but he said 'help me.' Big mistake on that part, Palpatine.

3.2: There's a reason why we don't see Caboose's mind anymore after Season 6.

3.3: Sarge used 'Dirtbag.' It's super-effective. Grif uses 'Rest.' Grif fell asleep.

3.4: Iron Wookie, indeed.

3.5: OBJECTION! This is how Sarge is taught about the Infinite Loops.

3.6: It's 'Waltz,' you idiot! Caboose: "That too!"

3.7: And then Sarge tried to crash the Loop by offing Caboose.

3.8: Sarge got turned into an Ao Oni. 'Ao Oni' translated means 'Blue Demon.' ...You can figure out why Sarge wants to commit suicide now.

3.9: This was quite an interesting idea for a Loop.

Mega Woman

Mega Woman: Red vs Blue (by GammaTron)

Compiler's (Crisis's) Note: This takes place some time after Bass finally begins looping.

"How are you adjusting to the climate here on Blood Gulch, Private Roll?"

Roll Awoke to that question, "Give me a moment, sir." quickly checking her memories, she realized they seemed...off. Almost as if they did happen, but didn't at the same time, *'That doesn't seem physically possible. Killing someone with their own skull after tearing it out of their head...'* "It's a bit warm here, but otherwise I'm okay with this place, sir."

A few minutes later, Roll walked alongside the soldier in standard blue armor, "So...Are you Awake? Maybe you're a bit Loop-y."

"If that's the way you ask if I'm Looping, then you need to try a few better ideas," Roll noted, "I'm Roll Light, or rather, Roll Church in this Loop."

"Wait. Roll Light? Oh, you're from the Mega Man Loops! Always wanted to go through a Loop there," the soldier beamed, "Name's Tucker. Have fun getting blown up by Caboose." (1)

"...Caboose?" Roll stopped walking.

"Yeah. In a few months, we're going to have a new guy come here. That new guy is our Anchor, Caboose. He's got issues with Loopers replacing Church AKA the guy you're replacing at the moment," Tucker explained, turning back to look at her, "Basically, he'll try to Team Kill you on purpose for replacing Church. Then again...you *are*

in the right shade of blue armor unlike the others that switched with Church."

"He does *what* ?" Roll raised a brow under her helmet.

"Well, it's been five minutes. Time to see if Flowers is dead of a heart attack in his sleep," Tucker noted.

"Wait, what?!" Roll exclaimed as Tucker walked back into the other room. (2)

Roll was still trying to make sense of it all. A heart attack in his sleep. How did he die of a heart attack in his sleep?! And why was it so common that Tucker would just switch his armor and Flower's armor and not even care?! Oh, sure, Tucker did say that he'd be fine for a few hours in a few years-and she had no idea why that was even possible or how it could be possible-, but it was still the principle of the matter! Today, they were finally getting a new member of Blue Team and Tucker was being extremely cautious for some reason, making sure to stay a good distance away from her. Why was that even happening?

"So...what kind of vehicle is this?" Roll asked as she looked at the flying machine land.

"That's a Pelican. Inside is our new tank, the Scorpion, but we call her Sheila," Tucker informed as the cargo bay doors opened on the vehicle and let a tank come out...driven by a blue soldier, "And the one driving her is Michael J. Caboose. Hey! Caboose!"

"Hi, Tucker!" Caboose waved as he stopped the tank and got out, "I just woke up an hour ago."

"How was your last Loop?" Tucker asked.

"Oh! New York and I were part of the REDs and I got to have a flamethrower! I always wanted a flamethrower!" Caboose cheered,

"And New York got to be the Scout. ...I just want everyone to know that I didn't kill him. He burned himself to death with my flamethrower."

"Did you at least take out the enemy with you?"

"Yes. It was a Spy! A Spy disguised as our Spy!" Caboose informed.

"...Yeah. There's a fifty-fifty chance that it *was* your Spy," Tucker sighed before gently patting Caboose on the head, "Anyways, Caboose, I got some bad news and some good news."

"?" Caboose tilted his head.

Roll watched the two, trying to make sense of what she was seeing. This...This new soldier of theirs was the Anchor? But...But he acted like a child!

"Hello." Roll jumped and got out of her thoughts to see Caboose looking at her, "Who are you?"

"Dude, that's Roll Church," Tucker informed, "We just went over this not even a few seconds ago."

"...So this is Church...but he's calling himself Roll now...and is a girl," Caboose slowly said aloud, "So that makes her...a gay robot lover!" (3)

"Uht! I...wh...h...ho...hoo...oh...y-you...!" Roll gawked at Caboose.

"No, you dunce," Tucker snickered, "Her name is Roll Church and she's a girl. Though it would be hot if she and Texas..."

"Don't even think about it!" Roll growled as she glared at Tucker.

"So Church is a girl now?" Caboose asked.

"Yes," Roll sighed, "I'm a girl, Caboose. I'm normally a guy and now in this Loop I'm a girl that likes to be called 'Roll.'"

"Okay Roll-Church," Caboose nodded before hugging her quickly, "I'm going to go check on the flag and wait for General McMuffin to show up!"

"..." Tucker was silent for a good minute before he collapsed, holding his sides and cracking up, "Oh! Oh! Oh my sides! D-Dude, you just released a can of worms on yourself! He doesn't get sarcasm!"

"...So he really think I'm his Church, just genderbent?" Roll asked.

"Yep. And Caboose hasn't yet killed Church for as long as I've known since I began to Loop," Tucker informed, "So congrats, you are now the sole outsider who has never been Team Killed by Caboose. Not even the Original Seven could say they avoided the fate of being Team Killed by Caboose. By the way, he likes cookies and milk, nap time is every twelve hours for two hours, and you may want to watch these DVDs about our baseline again, because a lot of shit is going to come our way in the next few years."

"Hi, Tucker~!" a red soldier called as he ran over.

"Caboose is in the Flag Room," Tucker pointed at the base, still facing Roll, "Glad to see you Awake since the others aren't. Good luck trying to get something aside from pink armor."

"It's not pink, it's lightish-red," the soldier quickly responded as he went into the base, "Hi, Caboose!"

"Admiral Churro!" Caboose cheered in the base, "Roll-Church is a girl this Loop!"

Roll facepalmed as Tucker snickered.

Roll laid on her bed and had to nurse her headache. An unawake Bass had been her ex-boyfriend in this Loop and was calling himself Agent Texas. He got killed by a grenade after he fixed their tank– their talking tank named Sheila and a good conversationalist in Roll's

opinion–, but turned out to be an AI and Tucker helped her learn how to go out of her body and into machines and other soldiers just so she could go into Caboose's mind and get out the AI that was in his head that was with Bass, known as O'Marte AKA Omega (though it looked more like Waltz to her). Then they had to chase after Doc (a purple Medic that had received training under The Medic of Team Fortress and technology training from Dexter Boy Genius to make Ubercharges for the Reds and Blues) when he got possessed by O'Marte and kidnapped the unawake Lopez (she enjoyed the conversations she had with him and Sheila and thought they would make a beautiful couple). Then they ended up with Bass having a bomb in him that went off with her behind him! And she finally understood just how Fowers died the first time (she had no clue how he died again since all the clones of Agent Wyoming–which was apparently a human Elec Man this Loop–were killed as he was killed by sniper shots); it turns out that she had been put through a miniature time loop to the past because of the bomb going off and ended up killing him with heart medicine...because he was *allergic to aspirin* ! She was still trying to figure it out in how that was even possible! And now, not even a week after Bass had gone off in a sabotaged Pelican (thanks to the Reds), she was getting relocated! Well, everyone was getting relocated, but still. (4)

"Roll-Church?" Roll blinked and looked over at the open door to see a little boy in Caboose's helmet and blue footy pajamas, holding a stuffed (not spiky) cat doll.

"Caboose?" Roll blinked before recalling that Tucker had told her of an incident in one Loop that had Caboose become a little boy when he wanted to.

"I...I had a nightmare," Caboose sniffled, "A...About what'll happen a year from now."

"Oh, poor guy," Roll frowned, "You can stay the night in here."

Caboose nodded before he quickly scurried onto the bed and got close to Roll. Roll kept an arm around him and held the trembling

currently-child Caboose close. After a little bit, she began to hear him softly snooze. She had to admit, he wasn't as bad as she thought. Originally, she was a bit annoyed with how much Caboose was...until she reviewed the DVDs about the 'Blood Gulch Chronicles.' The poor guy, having *that* as his Baseline. Still...she had to admit that Tucker *was* a good father, even if her 'heart' was going out to him for Junior not Looping. It must be pure torture for him; always having his son, but never being able to bond with him because the child continued to forget him.

"N...No...Church...!" Roll looked at the whimpering Caboose, tears on his gold visor, "D-Don't go with him...! D-Don't go! The emp..."

Emp? Did he mean 'EMP?' Why would an AI be willing to go towards one of those?!

"Y-You're not a ghost...!"

...Oh. That would explain it. It seems this Church originally thought he was a ghost. For some reason, she wanted to say 'Boo, motherf_cker' at a guy in gunmetal and yellow armor now. Well, she'd just have to avoid that...and rewatch the next season. That, and pray that Grif's sister wasn't relocated to her location. Roll shuddered as she thought about the yellow Blue Soldier. She had to agree with Tucker and Donut: instant Sakura Syndrome if she ever starts Looping...or, at the very least, the sex with everything and everyone part of it.

Fourteen months. She had been stuck in an abandoned base, by herself, for fourteen months. Still, she did make it her goal to study everything she could from the DVDs Tucker had given her about this Loop and she was not excited by what would happen to her. Not at all.

"Okay. So since I've been here fourteen months and it's..." she looked over at a calendar she managed to get for the last fourteen months, "...Tuesday, that means that Agent Washington and

Caboose will be here soon." she looked around the empty base, "Let's see...Wall has been mended: check. Cleaned the place up: check. Now I just need to go to the wall and get ready to fire a warning shot." she giggled, "I wonder if this Church guy has ever been able to figure out how to stop sucking at shooting." she quickly spun around, pulling out her broom, and aimed it right at a soldier in tan armor with silver trim as he had a pistol aimed at her, "So who are you?"

A green hologram appeared on the soldier's shoulder, resembling a green soldier, *"Greetings."*

"...Delta?" Roll lowered her broom, "So you must be Agent New York."

"Yeah. Delta was wanting to see Church here before he would run into Wash," the soldier informed, keeping his gun out, "And, yet, only you are here."

"I believe that she is currently replacing Church this Loop, York," Delta informed, *"And that she has seen the web-series."*

"I have. Tucker gave me the complete series up to Season 12," Roll replied, "But how are you...?"

"Agent New York has been Looping for the last fifty Loops," Delta informed, *"I, on the other hand, have been going through them for three hundred and seven Loops."*

"You've actually been keeping track?" Roll asked.

"That's D for you," York replied, "He's been telling me about the times I wasn't awake and he's been helping keep me alive for those Loops."

"...So who is the Director? Still Dr. Leonard Church?" Roll asked.

"Negative. Her name is Doctor Roll Light Church," Delta replied.

"...My head aches so much right now," Roll sighed.

"Let's just hope that Sigma isn't Awake still," York added.

"Sigma? Do you mean the Reploid or the AI?" Roll asked. (5)

"The AI Fragment. Fortunately, the Grima Patch seems to prevent the issues of Sigma ever Looping," Delta informed before an alarm went off.

"Someone's tripped one of the security measures I put in here," Roll informed, "Stay down here just in case it's Washington and he isn't awake."

"And if it's Maine?" York asked.

"Maine?"

"The Meta."

"Then get ready for a fight," Roll nodded, "By the way, how long have you two been..."

"I've been awake since I got D back in Project Freelancer."

"Since I was 'born' in this Loop."

"Yeah...I'm not going to like having those memories back when we get Epsilon," Roll sighed as she ran up to the top of the wall and fired a shot at a boulder nearby, "Okay, that was your only warning shot! State your name or leave!"

"Roll-Church!" a familiar voice shouted.

"Caboose? Caboose, is that you?"

"Yes! Roll-Church, it's me! I have missed you so much! It has been so long! Did you miss me?"

"Yes!" Roll replied.

"I knew you did!" Caboose cheered.

"Hold on, who's with you?" Roll demanded.

"It is Agent Washingtub and he is Awake!"

"Agent Washing *ton* , Caboose!" a gunmetal and yellow soldier groaned, "Hey! Who are you?"

"That is Roll-Church," Caboose informed, "Church got turned into a girl this Loop and Agent Texas got turned into a boy!"

"Oh yeah...The Director was a girl this time..." Washington rubbed his chin in thought.

"Hold on, I'm opening the gate up," Roll informed.

"Hey, where did the hole go?" Washington asked.

"I fixed the place up. I may have been lonely, but I wasn't going to just be lazy like Grif!" Roll replied. (6)

A few minutes later, Washington and York were talking nearby while Roll patted Caboose on the head, "Did you behave while I wasn't there?"

"I got tied up!" Caboose replied.

"...What did you do?"

"It was not my fault. The vehicles did not want to talk and panicking didn't work in putting the fire out!" Caboose informed.

"Oh, poor Caboose," Roll cooed as she patted his head.

"Ahem," Roll turned to see Washington, "So, Roll, can I talk to you in private?"

"Of course," Roll nodded before the two walked a little bit away from Caboose, who got distracted by Delta and York.

"So you weren't killed by Caboose in Blood Gulch?"

"No. He hasn't shot me once," Roll replied.

"..." Washington took out a medal shaped like Caboose's helmet, "Then in recognition of that, I award you with the first ever 'Team Killed Zero' award. May whatever you did be known to others...please tell them what you did. We nearly got sued by Lina Inverse because of it. Thank god Phoenix Wright was there."

"Uh...Thanks?" Roll blinked, "Wait, is this for real?"

"I am completely serious," Washington replied, "You, Roll, are the only known Looper who has replaced Church that Caboose hasn't Team Killed using Sheila, a gun, or a grenade."

"I was just sarcastic in saying I was Church, but as a girl," Roll replied, "I mean, my name is Roll Church in this Loop, so it wasn't really a lie or anything..."

"Wait. Seriously? *That's* what you did?" Washington gawked, "O-Okay. I...I'm gonna need to lie down for a little bit to understand the simple method you did."

"Couch is over to your right," Roll informed.

"Um...Washington?" the Freelancer looked over his shoulder at Roll, "D...Do you think Bass was...?"

"It depends on if Bass was Awake or not," Washington replied, "Is he your...?"

"Y-Yeah," Roll replied.

"..." Washington sighed, "I'll give it to you straight; I'm not sure if Agent Texas is your Bass or if Allison was your Bass."

"Director Church's late wife?"

"Yeah," Washington nodded, "He never learned that you had to let go of the past. The Roll Church that is our current Director is most likely the same; she couldn't let go of her lost husband."

"So...I'm just a copy of her?"

"No, more like the Admin in charge of our Loop did it," Washington replied, "You know who you are, Roll, and you're not like the Director."

"If...If everyone you knew were to die in the final Loop before Yggdrasil is done being fixed and...and they didn't come back...would you be able to let go?" Roll asked.

"...It's something all of us who came from this Loop are prepared for," Washington informed, "We may never see each other again after all of this is over...but we all know what losing someone close to us is like and that we've been able to let it go. For Epsilon, he was able to do the one thing the Director and the Alpha were never able: he was able to let go of the memory of Allison. Me? I was able to let go of Maine."

"The Meta?" Roll asked.

"Yeah...He...He was my best friend in Project Freelancer until he got Sigma," Washington explained, "When he became the Meta and after the EMP...I thought I'd be able to get him back. I...I was wrong, and it nearly cost me everything, even my life. If it hadn't been for the Reds and Blues, I would've been in jail or dead." he looked over at York, who was keeping his hands over the sides of his helmet, as Caboose talked with Delta, "Epsilon showed me York's video diary, and York knew better than any of us what it means to let go of someone you loved." he chuckled, "You know, I'm glad for the Loops.

Because of them, York's alive and he can be with Carolina, the AIs have a chance to avoid their destruction...Really, there's a lot I'm thankful for because of these Loops."

Roll nodded. It was then the sound of a radio went off from Washington's helmet.

=This is Command calling Recovery One, come in Recovery One=

" Hold on," Washington informed Roll, "This is Agent Washington. I found some blue team members that have extensive experience with Omega and even the Meta."

=Excellent Agent Washington, please stand by for orders=

"Roll-Church!" Caboose called as he ran over, "Delta said that we are going to get to see Theta! Oh boy, he's the best! He's like Church if he was a little brother!"

Roll sweatdropped.

=Now that you have reassembled the blues, you should head to Outpost 17-B. See what clues your team can gather there based on what they know= Command informed.

"Roger that," Washington nodded.

=They want you to stop the Meta at all costs. This is a Level One directive. Good luck Wash. Recovery Command out=

"Recovery One out," Washington replied before turning to the others, "Come on, let's move out. We've got a bitch to shoot."

"You just can't let it go, can you?" York asked.

"Every single time. I know she's gonna do it, but every time I try to avoid it, she still shoots me! Every! *Single* ! *Time* ! And right now, she most likely has Theta with her since I had to...you know..."

"Guess it wasn't North's time to be Awake this time," York noted, "A shame. He would've loved to meet you, Roll. You act just like South did when they first joined Project Freelancer."

"Really?"

"Yeah. It was around the time the Rankings began that she started becoming a bitch," Washington informed before he pulled out a list, "Now then...what am I going to use this time to kill her? Last time, I tore her in two using the Scissors Blades when I ended up replacing Professor Matoi that one Kill la Kill Loop. Thank god I Woke Up before Nui Harime showed up. She didn't expect to deal with Type-VI Mjolnir Armor..."

"Is he...?"

"Yeah. This...This is actually normal for him," York sighed as Washington continued to list what he already did to Agent South Dakota.

Roll wanted to hit her head on so many walls right now. They had managed to keep Theta hidden from the Meta along with Delta, but the Meta was still able to recharge and escape! And all because of the Reds!

'That's it! For the next fifty Loops I'm through, I AM WEARING BLUE!' Roll thought as she glared at the three Red Simulation Troopers as they sorted through their memories. (7)

"Ugh. So we had two girls in th' Blue Team this time," Sarge groaned, "Well, at least y'all ain't a sex addict."

"STOP BRINGING THAT UP!" Grif whined/snapped before turning to the sky, "STOP RUINING THE FAMILY NAME!"

"We're really sorry about this," Simmons apologized, "In every Loop we have had so far with Sister in it–still not Looping, by the way–,

she finds some way to embarrass their family."

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SIS! WHY?!" Grif cried to the heavens.

"Guys, focus!" York shouted, "We've got to deal with the Meta. So far, we were able to prevent them from getting Theta and Delta, but there's still Epsilon."

"Roll-Church..." Caboose whimpered.

"There, there, Caboose," Roll gently patted the soldier's head, "I won't die, okay?"

"Okay," Caboose nodded.

"Will we really be able to avoid the emp?" Theta asked, appearing on Caboose's shoulder.

"It's E-M-P!" York and Washington groaned.

"Of course we'll be fine. Is this your first time trying to avoid it?" Roll asked.

"Uh-huh," Theta nodded.

"Same here," Roll assured, "So we'll survive, okay?"

"If I may offer a suggestion," the group looked over at Delta on York's shoulder, *"I believe that I have the right strategy in dealing with the Electromagnetic Pulse. During a Loop involving the Equestrians, I was involved in a prank of theirs on an event known as the Grand Galloping Gala..."*

"It may have been stuck up, but the food there was delicious, though not as good as AJ's cooking," Grif noted, rubbing his stomach and licking his lips under his helmet.

"As I was saying, during the event, I was involved in a prank they decided to perform again and learned something about the 'pockets'

we use," Delta informed.

"So what's Epsilon like?" Roll asked as they hid in the tank.

"Basically? Like Church," Grif shrugged as he drove the tank behind Washington, Caboose, and York.

Roll facepalmed, "I see...Guess I'll need to meet him before I see what he's like."

"So your Base Loop is th' Mega Man Loops?" Sarge asked.

"Yes."

"Ah looped in once," Sarge recalled, "Ended up bein' this feller known as Dr. Weil. Ah was supposed t' do somethin'. Don't really remember it since it didn't involve anythin' red."

Roll facepalmed, *'He looped in as Dr. Weil and didn't cause the Elf Wars just because there wasn't enough* red *?!'* (8)

"I once Looped into that Loop as a Pseudoroid," Simmons noted, "Decided to defect and went to college. Of course, I had to convince them I *wasn't* evil. That was a pain in the ass."

"And you, Grif?" Roll asked.

"Not yet, but I don't really care," Grif shrugged, "I'm just hoping my next Fused Loop will be in Chima or Eiken."

"...Eiken?" Roll asked.

"Yeah. Sure, it may seem kinda boring once you get past all the fanservice and shit, but there's something good about it as well: a chance to relax," Grif informed, "I normally spend my time there on the roof, just sleeping the day away or helping Simmons with something in the computer club he's a part of. So far, we've

successfully integrated our Web-series into that place each time we go there."

"Let me tell ya 'bout mah first Eiken Loop. It was strange, not havin' mah pocket, but Ah was a gym teacher, so that there was good fer me. And then...Ah met..." he sighed wistfully, " *Her* ."

"Her?" Roll raised a brow.

"Her name is Sensei Sensei, and she's a teacher there and the teacher in charge of th' Eiken Club," Sarge informed, "My god, she's an angel, Ah tell ya. So one day, Ah decided to go talk with her. Few months later, and we were married."

"..." Roll glanced at Simmons.

"He's been trying to get in contact with the Admins for pictures of the wedding," Simmons informed, "So far, he's used smoke signals, rain dances, tribal dances, sacrificing Grif, burning Grif alive, blowing Grif up, eviscerating Grif..."

"I get it. He doesn't like Grif," Roll deadpanned.

"As for me, I use Eiken as a chance to just study up," Simmons informed, "And when I don't study, I normally work with Grif on introducing Red VS Blue to the populace."

"You see, with the Loop we have as our Baseline, we've started to look at the bright side of every Loop we're in. Except Warhammer. I hate Warhammer," Grif informed.

"Does everyone here like Eiken Loops?" Roll asked.

"Th' Freelancers don't," Sarge informed.

"But Washington's been slowly accepting it. He even helped us work on introducing the Red Vs Blue to the masses there when we're there together," Simmons informed.

"Though, you have to feel sorry for Carolina when we go there. Z-Cups," Grif informed.

"Ouch," Roll winced, "I don't think I've met anyone who's gone through Eiken with a Cup Size that big. Biggest I've ever personally seen is an O-Cup (poor girl) and I normally end up at least an E-Cup every time." (9)

"Yeah. Try being the sibling who has to help her," Grif snorted, "Still, the few times York has been there *have* had her liking those back breakers. Then again, we never really see her or York when they both get an Eiken Loop together."

Roll facepalmed, trying to force the blush on her face to go away.

"Wow," was all Washington could say as he looked at the knocked out guards, "...Where did you learn to do that?"

"I could teach you if you'd like," Roll replied, hefting her broom on her shoulder.

"...Depends on if you can do that to two guys I really dislike that we'll meet a few months from now," Washington replied.

Roll shrugged, "So what were you planning?"

"Oh, I was going to hit them with Jarate and then shoot them while they freak out," Washington informed.

"Jarate?!" Roll exclaimed, "Ugh! Did you Loop in as Sniper in the Team Fortress 2 Loop?!"

"Yeah. Why?" Washington asked.

"J...Just don't talk with my brother Rock about Jarate," Roll advised, "He tries not to go berserk and blow up practically everything in sight, but I'd prefer not to tempt fate." (10)

"Yikes," Washington hissed a bit.

"Yeah," Roll nodded before they went on.

"Here. This is it," Washington informed a few minutes later.

"So this is where Epsilon is?" Roll asked.

"Yeah," Washington replied before taking out an AI container, "Be careful, Roll, you may..." Roll groaned as she held her head. It was as if something was trying to pound her brain into mush with a pencil's eraser, "...experience...pain...because of...Epsilon." he waited until Roll slowly stopped holding her head, "Better?"

"No!" Roll replied, "H...How could the Director do *that* to Church?! So...So much stress and torture...One of them was even reminiscent of Neon Genesis Evangelion, for crying out loud!"

"Yeah. I got those. I Woke up just as they were putting this Epsilon into my head," Washington informed.

"Y...You...?! Oh-Oh Yggdrasil..." Roll paled, "Washington, I..."

"Don't bother," Washington held a hand up, "I've come to terms with it. In a weird Variant Loop where we all lived in an apartment complex, it doubled as a fused Loop with Equestria Girls. Fluttershy and Twilight Sparkle were awake and...well...it was helpful. I'm either going to need a Loop with those two again for this or..."

"Eiken?"

"Maybe. Either that or Team Fortress. Killing the shit there is a good stress reliever as well," Washington shrugged, "Now then..." he knelt down and activated the unit, "Epsilon, come on."

"Ugh..." a distinct male voice groaned before a hologram of a young boy in a sky-blue bodysuit with blue armor on his lower arms, lower legs, feet, hands, and head appeared, *"What kind of Loop is this?"*

"Rock?!" Roll gasped.

"Huh? Roll?" Rock looked up to see Roll, *"Holy...! Are we in a Variant Loop where girls are turning into giants again?!"*

"Wait. That's an actual variant Loop? Huh...I owe that guy an apology...and a Brain Bleach," Washington noted.

"Who are...Wait. Are we in a Halo Loop?" Rock asked as he looked around.

"No. Welcome to the Red VS Blue Loop, Rock," Washington introduced.

"...Wait. Is this the Loop that actually had the Original Seven, the guys who everyone consider as unkillable in other Loops, get killed early on by their own teammate?" Rock asked.

"Yeah. Well, they all have the ability to become AI now," Washington shrugged, "Anyone who comes in replacing Church does. We think there may be a bug in our Loop or something that's letting them keep that ability."

"But...But how is Rock Epsilon?" Roll asked.

"Blame the Infinite Loops," Washington shrugged, "But for what it's worth, Rock, I'm sorry that you have to deal with the memories of torture Roll's unawake self had to go through. When you were unawake, you pumped my head with the memories as well, so I understand it as well."

"S-Sorry..." Rock apologized.

"It's fine," Washington shrugged, "Now we have to change the plan."

"Change it?" Roll asked.

"Yeah," Washington nodded, "Rock doesn't know the trick Delta showed us. How will he survive the pulse?"

"Pulse?"

"Oh yeah. Roll here dies today if she wasn't Awake," Washington informed.

"WHAT?!"

"It's because your sister is the Alpha," Washington stated before turning away from them, "Come on. We need to get to the others. I have to make sure that the Blues were deleted from the database."

"The Blues?"

"I'll explain while we're getting back to them," Roll explained.

=Warning. Security breach detected=

"Agent Washington. Good to see you again," a voice noted, making Washington look around the computer room he had entered.

"Oh, hello. Are you somewhere nearby, Counselor? Somewhere I can say hello in person?"

"Sorry Agent Washington, but we were more than prepared for this... eventuality. I'm afraid we will not be able to see each other in person today."

"Well then you'll excuse me if I don't stop to chat. I'm on a timetable," Washington snorted before running towards a nearby computer.

"There is someone else here who would like to speak with you," the voice noted before a nearby machine attached the ceiling lowered itself a bit, exposing a lone optic.

"Well hello, Agent Washington," Washington stopped walking at that Southern voice.

"...The Director herself, I should be honored. I should be."

"Yes, I realize it has been a while since we've spoke, David. May I call you David?" the Director asked.

"No, you cannot. You gave me my new name, the least you can do is use it."

"I am certain you have a lot of questions, Agent Washington."

"Just one: How do I turn off this speaker?" Washington demanded before tapping a button on the computer.

=Warning. Security breach detected=

Just as the Meta was about to rush Washington, a containment field ensnared the rogue Freelancer. It began to try to break down the field with its weapon, but to no avail.

"Well. The prodigal son returns," the Director noted as the device that Washington swore made him think of GLaDOS looked over at the Meta, "Agent Maine you've caused quite a few problems for us. You will not be leaving this time."

"I think I've said that myself about twenty times in the last few weeks. Good luck holding him," Washington dryly humored as he worked on something on the computer.

"You would be surprised what we are capable of, even from this distance. I suggest you work with us if you expect to survive this."

"I'm sorry, did something about my actions indicate I expect to survive?" Washington asked.

=Clearance verified. The failsafe is now online. Awaiting activation=

"How did you get those codes?" the Director demanded.

"You might be surprised what I know, *Director* ."

=Warning, this is a last resort measure. Activating the failsafe will destroy all electronic equipment in this facility, including this terminal. Please confirm=

"It was Epsilon. He inherited the memories, didn't he?" the Director asked.

"I've known about what you did since the moment you implanted Rock in me. By the way, he likes to be called Rock nowadays."

"Well then I am very sorry Agent Washington, but Project Freelancer no longer has need of your services. Program, disable interior shield," the Director ordered before the containment field vanished.

"What?" Washington gasped.

"Agent Maine, please kill Agent Washington," the Director ordered.

"Bring it," Washington ordered the Meta.

The Meta snarled before throwing his weapon to the side and pulled out a pistol. Washington quickly took his own out before his shoulder was shot, making him drop it.

=Alert: incoming recovery beacon. Level zero. Immediate response necessary= the PA went off as the Meta advanced on Wash, who backpedaled towards the wall.

"Agent Washington I fear this is one recovery beacon you won't be responding to. Kill him Agent Maine."

"Where is it?" a whispery, digital voice came from the Meta, "Where is Alpha?" **"Where is it?"**

"The Alpha is not here. It has been moved far away. Attend to the matter at hand," the Director ordered before the Counselor's voice came on, "Agent Maine, what the Director's trying to say, is we can discuss the Alpha later. What's important, is that you prove that you

can be trusted again. We need to trust you before letting you meet the Alpha. Wouldn't you agree?"

"You know Meta, why wait? Why don't you meet not only her, but Epsilon, Theta, and Delta as well, right now?" Washington asked before Rock and Roll appeared on his shoulders and Delta and Theta on his head.

"Hi there," Roll greeted.

The A.I.s the Meta had accumulated appeared around him, with no way of knowing which was speaking, *"It's her!"* "Alpha!" **"Alpha!"**

"You know I can see why you didn't want anyone else in your head," Roll noted as she looked at Washington from his shoulder, *"Got some pretty heavy stuff going on there, a lot more than anyone would think you'd have. I think I have to agree that you need to talk to a professional."*

"That's too bad. I just lost my job, and we have great mental health coverage," Washington noted.

"I have a few contacts that could provide well enough counseling at an affordable price," Delta informed.

"You do?" Rock asked.

"It will take a year or so for them to see him, though. Possibly longer if they are not in the same Loop as we are," Delta replied.

"How much time do you need?" Roll asked.

"Whatever you can get me. When the E.M.P. goes off..."

"We know the plan," Rock assured.

"As well as the risk of the chance that Roll may absorb us into her due to her status as the Alpha," Delta added.

"You just had to remind me that Sis may get all my abilities and memories if that happens," Rock grumbled.

"Um...It won't just be her. In theory, she may get the memories and abilities that we've all got once this Loop ends," Theta advised.

"Sigma's proven this when he was able to fuse with Church and was able to access his Pocket," Delta added.

"Let's just focus, guys!" Roll shouted.

With that, the four charged and jumped into the Meta. The other A.I.s quickly followed them into the Meta. The Meta began to tremble as a mental battle began to happen in his head.

"What's goin' on!?" the Director demanded.

"Agent Washington, please, there is time. If you would just secure Agent Maine we can discuss this situation, in a more civilized manner," the Counselor advised.

"No, we can't," Washington informed before punching the button.

=Thank you, failsafe initiated. Activating Emp=

"Emp? You have got to be fucking ki-" was all Washington got out before the EMP went off.

=One month later - Valhalla=

"Do you see him?" Caboose asked as York looked out at the sea with a sniper rifle.

"Hold on...Hold on..." York replied, "Yes! Grif, ho~!"

"So...Did it work?" Sarge asked as Grif swam out of the water, coughing out a fish.

"Ugh..." Grif gagged a bit, "Well...Aside from losing my armor this Loop..." he reached behind his back and pulled out the Washington and an extra set of armor for himself, "...It worked."

"Ugh! That was disgusting in there, Grif!" Washington complained before turning around, "Oh my Birch! Get some pants on!"

"Well, excuse me for having to be a Frankenstein in look this Loop because I wasn't awake to avoid the crush," Grif frowned as he began to put his armor on.

"An excellent idea, though," Delta noted as he appeared on York's shoulder with Theta on Caboose's, *"By giving one of us the Camouflage Armor Enhancement to hide one of us to make sure to grab both Agent Washington and the AIs to prevent our demise."*

"We wouldn't have been able to make it to Washington in time, but we could make it to someone closer to the Meta just a second before the EMP would go off," Roll smirked.

"Yeah, but you guys didn't have to dodge the soldiers and jump into the river at the bottom of the cliff and then swim all the way here..." Grif grumbled, "I just had to pick the shortest straw."

"Roll-Church!" Caboose called as he ran over, carrying her body, "I have your body."

"Thank you, Caboose," Roll thanked before she went into it, "Ah. Feels good after being stuck in random electronics in Grif's pocket for a month."

"Why didn't you just stay in Wash's helmet?" Grif asked as he put his helmet on.

"I was wearing it so I could filter the stench in there," Washington frowned.

"So where are we? Is this Blood Gulch?" Rock asked as he looked around.

"No. This is Valhalla," Simmons informed, "Except...only Blue Base has power in it."

"Why didn't you guys climb up the tower? I mean, it's just some junk from some stupid ship," Grif noted.

"Because, dirtbag, you're th' one who always goes up there. So git to it!" Sarge ordered.

"...Aw shit," Grif slumped before he began to make his way up, "There better not be a damn bird up there again!"

"Bite me!"

Roll sighed as she tried to stop the headache forming. Yet again, Rock was snapping at someone. For the last three months, Rock had been having...issues...with almost everyone in Valhalla. She was starting to worry if Rock was going through Rampancy's first stage. But that shouldn't be possible...right? (11)

"Oh! That's bad! Bad, fire!"

"Not again..." Roll sighed as she walked out of her bedroom...and was welcomed to the site of Caboose, on fire, running out of the base.

"And now I'm on fire! That's bad! Bad fire!"

"That's the fifteenth time he's set himself on fire," Washington sighed as he put the fire extinguisher away once more.

"Who's Rock shouting at this time?"

"Grif, again," Washington informed, "Found out about the last Loop they had."

"Rock's had a Loop with Grif before?" Roll asked, feeling sorry for her brother.

"Yeah," Washington nodded, "Rock never knew it. In that Loop, everyone was addicted to oreos. Guess what Grif collects in every single Loop?"

"...Ouch," Roll winced.

"Yeah."

"So what's going to happen now, Washington?" Roll asked.

"Well, Donut should be showing up in a few days, exhausted, dehydrated...still giving off double entendres..." Washington sighed at the last bit, "He's not even aware he's saying them. Even when you point it out, it ends up even more awkward."

"He does unknowingly know how to cause awkwardness," Roll admitted.

"Hi, guys!" Roll and Washington turned to see Doc entering the base, Caboose trying to stay hidden from him, "Sarge just called me. Donut's here and he brought a little surprise."

"Well, here we go with the awkward moments," Washington chuckled.

"So how's everything going for you since we last talked, Roll?" Doc asked as the Blues and medic began to walk to Red Base.

"Well, aside from some mishaps, this has actually been quite relaxing some days," Roll replied, "So far, we're pretty much even on the whole Capture the Flag. Still haven't gotten Sarge to agree to saying 'I love Blue,' though."

"He's ambitious, I'll give you that," Doc noted, "He's proud to be a Red. It's one of the...well...the *only* reason why he purposely crashed a Loop."

"He Looped in as a Blue?" Roll asked.

"He replaced Sonic the Hedgehog for the SatAM."

"Okay. You had me at Sonic, but then you lost me."

"Sorry," Doc apologized, "I keep forgetting the other Loopers don't really use the method we do in remembering all the different Loops." he reached into his Pocket and pulled out a DVD, "I mean this Sonic the Hedgehog cartoon, the one that connected more to the comics and not the games."

"Do you have a thing for every Loop?" Roll asked.

"I make sure to collect everything I can during Hub Loops," Washington informed, "I even have a laptop with all the episodes of Death Battle on it."

"And I was so rooting for Gaara. I mean, he's a shinobi, someone trained to kill," Doc pointed out.

"That's a misconception," Roll and Washington pointed out at the same time.

"There you are!" Roll turned to see Grif running over, "Can you please take your brother back? I can't stand his ranting anymore!"

Roll sighed, "Is this because he found out about the oreos?"

"No. He took a look at my room in the base and went monkey on me," Grif replied.

"You know that mess you have is going to bite you one of these Loops," Washington pointed out.

"Bite me."

"Okay, okay, okay. Before we continue this, where's Rock?" Roll asked.

"He's with our extra guest at Red Base," Grif informed as they entered Red Base.

"So I guess aside from Theta and Delta, Church isn't really here this Loop," a voice sighed.

"Yeah. Sorry about that."

"Tucker!" Caboose beamed as he ran over to the aquamarine/teal/whatever Blue, "Why are you here and not in the sandy place?"

"I escaped with Donut," Tucker replied, Rock on his shoulder, "Hey, Roll, just chatting with your bro. Rock's pretty cool."

"Thank you," Rock smirked.

"Did you bring anything else?" Washington asked.

"Dude, Donut and I were on it. Took down those jerks with a few attacks and weapons we got from the Loops," Tucker informed before pulling out a bronze suit of armor, "And we got CT's armor."

"CT? Oh, you mean Connecticut," Rock noted, *"Man, couldn't believe that she did that."*

"Being Epsilon ain't easy, is it?" Tucker asked.

"No. Whenever I'm around D or T or even Sis, I somehow start getting their memories added to my own. Bad enough I have to deal with the memories that tortured Roll this Loop, but I'm always adding more of them to me," Rock growled.

"Well, at least you'll have a body to move around in until we get to a facility," Tucker shrugged as he pulled out a metal sphere with a green optic, "Caboose?"

"Here," Caboose replied.

"No, Caboose," Tucker sighed before handing the Blue the sphere, "You're the only one that seems to understand this, so you get to put Rock into it."

"Excuse me?!" Rock exclaimed.

"What facility are you talking about?" Roll asked as Caboose went to work.

"Well, it's where we need to go," Tucker informed, "That's where another Tex is."

"Another Tex?" Roll repeated.

"Yeah. This one is made from the memories Epsil-er-Rock has of her-er-him this Loop," Tucker replied.

"I'm done," Caboose informed as the sphere floated beside him.

"Rock, how do you feel?" Roll asked.

"Like someone's going to spike me over a net," Rock's voice emerged from the sphere, floating away.

"Uh...Rock? You're..."

"I'm trying to get it under control!" Rock snapped, "Ugh! This is almost as bad as Jarate!"

Washington began to whistle innocently.

"Oh, relax, will ya?" Tucker snorted, "Besides, this'll only be for a few days."

"A few days?!" Rock demanded, "And who's tinkling glasses right now?!"

"It's 17:30," Grif shrugged, "Everyone knows it's Donut's daily wine and cheese hour right now." he proceeded to walk off, "Well, I'm

gonna go get something to protect myself this Loop for when we go there."

"Why does he...?" Rock began.

"Dude gets attacked constantly by Texas in the nuts," Tucker informed.

"Oh, that sounds hilarious."

"Okay. That's th' last of it," Sarge informed, "We've got all th' stuff we need t' move out."

"Are we going on foot this time?" Simmons asked as the Blues (12) and Roll approached, Rock floating after them.

"On foot?!" Grif exclaimed in disbelief.

"Uh, Simmons? We're th' Reds. We don't walk anywhere. We travel as th' good Lord intended..."

"That's..." Roll began.

"Wait for it," Washington held up a hand.

"...in th' largest possible vehicle with th' maximum horsepower allowed by local law enforcement. And if there's no cars available, we find th' biggest, nastiest, *meanest* , land animal we possibly can, beat th' crap out of it, and saddle that puppy up."

"There it goes," Washington chuckled as Roll sweatdropped.

"On foot. Shame on you Simmons. Shame on you," Grif shook his head.

"Sorry," Simmons muttered.

"Let's just forget you ever mentioned it," York patted Simmons's back.

"I think this should go on his permanent record," Grif noted.

"Already added," Delta informed.

"Oh just go get the frickin' jeep jackass," Simmons grumbled.

Roll giggled a bit. Being around the Awake Reds was a mix of both different and the same as being around the Unawake Reds. She still wouldn't be caught dead or offline in red for the next few Loops, but she knew it'd be a bit less of avoiding the color. As for Rock...

"Can we just get going now?!" Rock snapped, "The sooner I get a body, the better!"

"I'll lead the way," Tucker informed before pulling out a strange, one-wheeled vehicle from his Pocket.

"Whoa..." Roll awed, "What kind of tech is this?"

"Sangheili," Tucker replied as he got on, "Or 'The Blargs' as we call them here. Wanna hop on with Rock? Because I get the feeling that if we let Rock go with the others..."

"Getting angry..." Rock growled, his optic glowing red.

"Yeah..." Tucker hissed a little through clenched teeth in worry.

"Agreed," Roll nodded.

"Lopez! Sidecar, please!" Tucker called.

"Ya le hice un sidecar para esto (I already made you a sidecar for this)," Lopez informed as he pulled out a sidecar themed after Tucker's cycle.

"Dude, you are the best Mexican robot ever...of all time," Tucker informed.

"Gracias."

"...He's going to get his head torn off, isn't he?" Roll asked.

"Big time," Tucker confirmed.

"Can we get going already?!" Rock snapped.

"Okay. Here we are," Tucker informed.

"They still need to clean up here," Caboose informed, "And I have to go to the bathroom."

"Caboose, we went over this. You were supposed to go *before* we left," York sighed.

"Oh, this place needs some good ol' fashion TLC," Donut noted as the proceeded on foot.

"What's with the computer on the tree?" Rock asked.

"Oh, that's FILSS," Tucker informed as it turned on.

=Hello. This is a private facility. Visitors are not welcome. Please leave immediately. Or, we will be forced to take lethal measures, to ensure the safety of our property.=

"That is great," Caboose noted.

=You have thirty seconds to comply, or die. Have a nice day!=

"Sheila? Is that you?" Caboose asked.

=No. I am the Freelancer Integrated Logistics and Security System. You may call me Phyllis. It is a pleasure to meet you. You now have,

fifteen, seconds to live.=

"Whoa. Dying sounds like a bad idea. Maybe we should leave," Rock advised.

"Roll, say something," Tucker whispered.

"Excuse me?" Roll raised a brow under her helmet.

=Oh my, the Director. I am so sorry, I did not recognize you, Ma'am. It has been such a long time since you have visited. You look very different.=

"Are you talking to me?" Roll asked, looking at FILSS

=Yes. You are the Director of Project Freelancer, are you not?=

"Oh uh, yeah. Of course, that's totally me. I just haven't been around because I've been, doing, you know... Director stuff. Can't really get into it. Secret project."

"Smooth move."

"Shut up, Rock," Roll hissed at the orb.

=How may I assist you today?=

"May we enter the facility?"

=Certainly,= The wall opened in front of them =Please watch your step.=

"Thanks, FILSS," York tilted his helmet to the computer.

"Oh, that reminds me. Could you please change your name to 'Sheila' for Caboose here?" Roll asked, "We've met an AI with your voice and, well, he thinks you're that AI."

=Alright. I will respond to that name as well. You are the Director after all.=

"Thank you, Sheila," Roll bowed, "Also, could you follow any orders Rock gives?"

=As you command.=

"Thank you," Roll bowed before they entered the base.

=Please watch your step. Director, since you have a new visitor with you today, would you like me to run the tutorial program?=

"Yes, always run that. No seriously you need to run that. No it's, really you need to, you need to turn that..."

"Oh my data! Shut the hell up, Caboose!" Rock barked.

"Please run the tutorial program, Sheila," Roll ordered.

"Oh thank the tree," Caboose thanked.

=Hello, and welcome to the Freelancer Off-site Storage Facility. Project Freelancer is a state of the art scientific endeavour, with one goal in mind: to ensure the security of humanity in a harsh and violent Galaxy.=

"Yeah right..." York muttered.

=This bunker has been constructed to guarantee the continued operation of our program, in the event of a primary facility loss. This storage area archives all the components of our Freelancer simulation bases. These outposts test our agents in realistic training scenarios.=

"Yeah, we're on the Blue Team!" Caboose informed.

"Uh, Caboose? Our team was del..." Tucker began.

=I am sorry, I do not recognize that term. Our simulation outposts are categorized into Red, and [entry missing]. Hmm, it seems as though I have a corrupted database. I will correct that when I have more time.=

"Uheh... there's our old stuff! And there's a teleporter! Man, Tucker hates those."

"Dude, more than you'd expect," Tucker admitted.

"Don't interrupt. Come on. This way," Rock ordered as he floated off.

=When the equipment is not being used, it is stored here until it can be repurposed for– Oh. I guess we are moving on.=

"Sorry, Sheila," Roll apologized, "Can you please give me a copy of it to listen to later?"

=Of course,= Sheila confirmed.

Eventually, the group came to a door at the end of a hallway

"Well what's this?" Tucker asked.

=I am sorry, this area is restricted. Only the Director herself may access this entry. I am sure you understand. The nature of our experiments is such that...=

"Please open the door. These soldiers with me have access clearance," Roll informed.

=Are you certain Director? You never bring visitors into this...=

"Sheila, please. They have access," Roll assured.

=Alright. Unlocking.=

"Thank you, Sheila."

=Would you like me to archive your ...personal project?=

"No. Let's see everything, please."

=If you say so Director.=

The group soon went on. Eventually, they entered a large room with multiple robot bodies in it.

"Oh my God! Look at all the yous! You're everywhere, Roll-Church!" Caboose exclaimed in glee, "Why this is like a Best Friend Store, and that is the greatest store ever! You can have your body back! Now which one do you want? I wanna buy one."

"I'm not looking for that," Rock informed as he floated off to a person-sized cryo chamber before it opened, "I'm looking, for this."

"Oh," Caboose blinked under his helmet.

"...Where did Sarge, Simmons, Donut, and Grif go?" Roll asked.

"Theta and Donut wanted to finish listening to the tour," York informed.

"Oh. Okay," Roll nodded.

"Thank you, Sheila," Theta thanked.

=You are quite welcome,= Sheila replied.

"Oh, that was great!" Donut beamed, "So much has been cramped right into me with that."

They turned a corner to see Caboose outside the door.

"Just hold still. No don't go...!" Rock's voice came from the other side.

=I sense things are not going well.=

"Yes please just keep the door shut, thank you that's fine."

=I am sorry, but if the Director requests the door to be opened, I am required to comply.=

"Just keep the door shut."

"Caboose?" Donut pondered.

"Stop! Don't move, don't move, don't..." Roll began.

"MY SPINE!" York screamed behind the door.

"Hrhhh," Washington groaned behind the door.

"Oh! Admiral Buttermilk Biscuit! Oh hello everyone!" Caboose greeted quickly.

"Stop!" Roll yelped.

"Yes. Everyone who wasn't here before is now here now. Hello."

"What're you up to, Blue?" Sarge asked.

"Me? Oh nothing. I'm not hiding anything behind this door."

"Uh, I wouldn't pick that up it looks expensive..." Rock informed.

"Oh tree! Oh tree! Oh tree!" Washington screamed.

"Euh, I think he's lying," Theta noted.

"What was your first clue?" Grif asked.

"Let us see what's in there," Sarge ordered.

"In here? Oh. Nothing is in here. Um, well this probably isn't even a door, either. It's, probably..." Caboose began before the door shook with a bang.

"What th' heck was that?" Sarge asked.

"Oh that was me. Uh, I said this isn't a door, I said it's a gong."

"A gong, what the hell is a–" Grif began to asked before another bang dented the door outwards.

"A gong," Caboose assured before part of the lock got pushed out from the inside thanks to a dent shaped like York was made in the door.

"...Uh oh..." Theta whimpered.

"I'm just going to walk over this way, now, excuse me. Yes, thank you. Pardon me, coming through," Caboose walked right past the Reds and continued walking through the base as the door continued to thump, "Yes excuse me, yes pardon me. Excuse me, yes thank you. Pardon me, coming through. Yes excuse me, yes pardon me."

"Down! Down right now!" Roll ordered behind the door, said door continuing being bent out from behind and shaking.

"Um, Sarge, what's the plan here?" Grif whimpered.

"Men, we have a perfect ambush scenario."

"I agree. Unless wait, are we the ambushers or, the ambushees?" Theta asked.

"Hey, can you ambush something that's trying to beat its way through metal plating to get to you?" Simmons asked.

"Okay, first, we just wait fer th' door to open..." Sarge began before they heard someone release a feminine scream behind the door, "...Was that Washington?"

The door gained a few more dents as it slowly crumbled away. After three more seconds, it then shot off the hinges over top of them.

"Door's open," Grif whimpered, hoping he was wearing a strong enough guard for below the belt.

"What th'– hh?"

Washington groaned as he crawled out of the door until a figure wearing a black Type VI Mjolnir armor stepped on him. The figure currently had York in one hand by his neck. He threw York to the side, who began to inhale deeply for more air. The figure cracked their knuckles and then their neck.

"Okay. So who's first?" Bass asked. (13)

=Alarm, security breach, level Alpha. All personnel report for duty. This is not a drill.=

"Run!" York screamed as he was the first into the storage area.

"Oh crap! Where is he?" Grif freaked as he followed.

"I don't wanna die!" Simmons cried, jumping out of the doorway and down the stairs in one go, Sarge and Lopez following.

"Sheila, we have to help them," Caboose gulped, once more in the control room with Roll.

=Help who?=

"The Reds, Agent Washingtub, and Agent Yolk! Bass-Tex is attacking them, we have to stop him," Caboose informed.

=Stop Agent Texas? Oh no, absolutely not. We should never interfere with an ongoing battlefield simulation test. Our job is to observe and document.=

"Seriously?" Roll asked.

"But he'll kill them," Caboose argued.

=Oh, that would be wonderful! What a successful test.=

"...What in the name of science is wrong with the Director me?!" Roll demanded.

"We need to keep moving, men. Come on, double-time. Hell I'd settle for single-time," Sarge advised as they looked about their surroundings as they continued on.

"Maybe we should just fight. We're all Awake, we've got more abilities than an Unawake guy, and I'm afraid he's gonna start picking us off one by..." Simmons whimpered before a black armored fist shot out of a titanium storage container, grabbing Lopez by the neck, "...one!"

Bass pulled him forward, slamming Lopez's face into the wall, then stepped back and kicked it away, sandwiching Lopez between the wall and a pile of crates. Unfortunately, the impact also caused Lopez's head to be shot clean off.

"Lopez!" Simmons called out.

Quickly, Sarge raised his shotgun and pointed it at Bass, but he darted forward, lifting the gun up just before Sarge fired, then punched the Red in the stomach and flung him towards Grif. Grif yelped, rolling out of the way...only to have Lopez's head to slam him in the crotch. Sarge stumbled forward as he was thrown and his helmet rammed right into York's crotch, causing him to scream in pain. Suddenly, Bass barreled straight into all three of them, crashing through a crate before flinging them into a pile of barrels, sending them scattering across the floor.

"Oh man, forget this. I need to get a bigger weapon," Simmons gulped, "Caboose, help us!"

"How? The computer won't let me. She's mean! This place is filled with mean ladies," Caboose argued.

"Caboose," Roll frowned.

"...Except for Roll-Church. She is my friend," Caboose informed, "I would say she is a nice lady, but there are no such thing as nice ladies."

"Push some buttons, I don't know!" Simmons called.

"Buttons!? Oh man, I love buttons!" Caboose cheered as he began pressing buttons, "Beep bup bup boop beep bup boop."

"I don't think that's going to..." Roll began before a crate of large weapons tipped over and dropped them next to Simmons, "0.o ...Nevermind." (14)

"Wow. That actually worked perfectly," Simmons chuckled as he picked up one of the bazooka and put the rest into his Pocket, "Thanks!"

"Great! How the heck did I do that?" Caboose asked as Simmons ran off.

"I think the question is *why* the heck did you have to do that?" Roll asked, "And are you seriously recording this, Delta?"

"For future reference on what you'll expect in this Loop for other Loopers," Delta assured.

"Ow!" Grif screamed, "The cup doesn't work! The cup *doesn't work* !"

"Hey Simmons, what the hell is going on in there?" Tucker asked, "Aside from you guys getting assaulted by Bass."

"He's even scarier than Tex when she's not Awake!" Simmons whimpered, "And he's not Awake, either!"

"Seriously? Well, why not use the Force or something you guys get to do?" Tucker asked.

"Just come and help me."

"Ah. I get it now, he's going too fast for you guys to reach into your Pockets," Tucker smirked, "Lucky for me..."

In the storeroom, as Sarge, Washington, York, and Grif staggered to their feet, Bass kicked a barrel towards them. Grif quickly ducked down and let the barrel hit Sarge as Washington and York jumped over it before getting up and firing his battle rifle, but Bass rolled forward to avoid the bullets. He grabbed Washington and York by their fist and foot respectively before throwing them at Grif, the orange getting nailed in the nuts once more. Bass then grabbed Grif and Sarge by their throats and smashed their heads together before knocking Sarge away with some punches and kicks. Grif opened fire again only for Bass to knock his rifle away and begin pounding on him with some powerful punches before knocking him to the floor, holding onto his right leg with one hand then raising his other in a fist.

"Wait wait wait-!"

Bass struck Grif really, really hard in the groin, then kicked him across the room, right into a crate. As he struggled to get up, a teleporter fell on him and he flew out the other end just as Bass knocked Sarge aside.

"O-ho o-ho," Grif groaned, "Why me?"

"Guess you're just a pain magnet down there," York noted before he finally managed to get into his Pocket and pulled out the Keyblades Oblivion and Oathkeeper, "Oh yeah. Time to go for it! Thunder!"

Bass looked up before jumping to the side, dodging the lightning bolts trying to hit him. Bass skidded to a halt beside one of the containers and grabbed it with one arm. Grif and York yelped as

Bass threw it right at them with ease. A blur shot by and the container was sliced down the middle, dodging them both.

"Hey, Bat Head!" Tucker called as he leveled his gaze at Bass, "Remember me? Step away from the idiots!"

Bass slowly approached Tucker and the two stood off. Simmons was seen mounting himself atop a crate from afar.

"Oh God, please don't let him see me," Simmons whimpered, pulling out the BFG9000 from his Pocket.

Bass charged at Tucker, who quickly slid under the black-wearing fighter. He spun around, but Bass jumped over the sweep kick. Bass and Tucker jumped back when a crate fell between them.

"Yes! I saved Tucker! Oh wait..." Caboose slumped, "I saved Tucker."

"Caboose, what're you doing?" Tucker demanded before the crate was torn in two by Bass, "Ulp. Simmons, now!"

Bass turned to see Simmons had finished charging the BFG-9000, "You ratted me out, you son of a bitch!"

Simmons fired the energy shot out, but Bass jumped aside. Using the momentum generated by the explosion, he was able to grab a teleporter and fling it towards him.

"Oh shit! Not again!" Simmons yelped.

Simmons fired another energy blast, but it simply went through the teleporter and out the exit that was right next to the pile he was standing on.

"Oh shit!"

Simmons was thrown into the air by the explosion, right into the flying teleporter and out of the other end – straight into Bass who

grabbed him and performed a German Suplex on him. He then kicked him into Tucker, sending them sprawling to the ground.

"Um, can we use turrets on him or, some explodey fiery thing?" Caboose asked, Roll unsure about either covering her eyes or just getting some popcorn.

=That would be outside the bounds of my standard safety protocols. I cannot do that.=

"Please, Sheila?"

=I am sorry, Director, but you added the order that I should not listen to you should it be Agent Texas that is fighting.=

"I hate my other half," Roll scowled.

"What do we do, Sarge?" Grif asked, holding an orange cone.

"Ah don't know," Sarge replied, "We've been tryin' t' git into our Pockets, but he's been stoppin' us even if he don't know what we're tryin' t' do," Sarge noted.

"And when I was able to get these guys out, he was able to avoid the Thunder Spell," York added, showing his Keyblades, "I've tried Stop, Aero, Freeze, and even Fire, but he's able to actually avoid them all."

"Just like the last time we had to do this when it was just me and you Awake, York," Tucker noted, "Except it was against Tex and, ugh, I hated that Loop so much."

"He's charging!" Grif shouted.

Bass, in his charge, snatched Sarge's shotgun out of his grip, punched Tucker, York, and Washington aside, and kicked Simmons into another teleporter.

"WHAT THE FUUUUUUUUUUUU..." Simmons yelped as he flew through a few teleporters, "...UUCK!"

As Bass turned towards Grif, Simmons flew out the exit from the previous teleporter and into another teleporter. He exited the teleporter and knocked right into Washington, knocking him straight into Grif, who ended up kicked in the groin once again. Bass slammed Grif and Washington onto the floor with his foot and pointed the shotgun right at Grif's head.

"Oh no, Grif! Washington!" Simmons freaked.

"Yipe!" Grif squeaked as Bass pulled the trigger...only for the gun to be out of ammo.

"Private Grif, you should be ashamed of yourself. We've run out of ammo again! That's your responsibility!" Sarge scolded.

"Huh. I guess this is the first time my laziness has ever saved my..." Grif began before Bass picked up Washington and swung him back like a golf club, "Protect me cone!"

"Ouch!" Roll winched as she watched Grif, screaming, sent flying over a crate, Washington soon joining him, screaming while holding his own groin, "Wow. Washington is *not* having a good Loop, is he?"

"This is the first time he's actually had to fight here," Delta informed.

"Watch it!" York barked as he pushed the two off him.

"You watch it," Washington groaned, "Grif, I am not going to mock you about this anymore this Loop."

"You idiots, let me show you how it's done," Sarge scolded, managing to get into his Pocket and pulled out two shotguns, "Meet Rosemary and Amber!"

He proceeded to start open firing on Bass. The black-armored robot began to dodge the shots just as fast as Sarge was releasing them. He reached Sarge and punched him in the face, sending the

shotguns into the air. Bass caught them and used them as a pair of clubs to send Sarge into Simmons and Grif.

"Nice demonstration Sarge," Grif grunted.

"Ah shut up."

"Hey guys, look up there," York pointed at the giant crate looming over Bass.

"That again? No way," Tucker replied, "That never works."

Bass looked up at the crate and jumped up to it. He tore the crane holding it in two, letting it drop down. Jumping behind it, he proceeded to lift it up and threw it at them.

"See?!" Tucker yelped, "Hold on, guys!"

Tucker quickly activated his sword and sliced the crate in two. Medi-Packs rained down on the group, covering everyone but York and Tucker. The two charged at Bass, blades at the ready.

=Agent Texas is a bit of a badass. However, it seems that the blue one is also a badass,= Sheila noted.

"Yeah. Aside from York and Washington, he seems to have the most combat experience of everyone here," Roll agreed.

"Oh thank God, thought I was a goner this Loop. Sarge, where are you?" Simmons called before Sarge popped up out of a pile of medpacks, Lopez's head on his head.

"Rrr, what happened? I feel defeated, yet inexplicably rejuvenated," Sarge noted.

"En serio, ¿por qué coño Yo siempre terminan como una cabeza en cada maldito bucle entro como un robot o esqueleto (Seriously, why the fuck do I always end up as just a head in every single fucking loop I go into as a robot or skeleton)?!" Lopez ranted.

Tucker and York worked in tandem, slashing and swiping at Bass. The robot dodged each and every single slash. The two tried to stab, but Bass caught their arms, twisted them, and kicked them away. Their swords went into the air before stabbing into the ground, Tucker's sword turning off just seconds after.

"Oh come on," York grunted as he and Tucker got up.

"O-aow, bullshit!" Tucker shook a fist before hearing something creak above them, "Uh...York?"

"Hm?"

York turned to Tucker, who pointed up. York looked up just in time for the teleporter to fall and landed on them. the two exited out of one behind Bass, who performed a back spin kick at them. York's visor shattered before his helmet broke apart, revealing his brown hair and his milky-white eye with a scar. Roll gasped as she saw the eye.

"He...He's partially blind?" Roll asked as Washington charged at Bass.

"Indeed. During the first simulation battle he had with Maine and Wyoming against him, Agent Te...Bass used his gun to protect York from some grenades that Maine had tossed into the field," Delta informed, *"Unfortunately, his eye was left uncovered."*

"Simmons, do you got heat seeking?" Sarge asked.

"Yeah," Simmons replied, "Missile, rocket, cannonball, or coconut?"

"Coconut?" Grif repeated.

"Don't ask, but you'll connect it to the reason why I liked wearing that tie for those twenty Loops with you," Simmons informed. (15)

"I didn't know that was there!" York yelped.

"No, no, no, no! That doesn't bend that way!" Tucker yelped before Washington let out a feminine scream.

"Now lock on and let her rip!" Sarge ordered before Bass shot out of a teleporter near Roll and Caboose.

"...bitch! Damn it I hate this black stuff, what the hell is it?" Tucker's voice came from Bass.

"Tucker?" Roll blinked.

"Oh, hey Roll, Caboose," Tucker greeted, "Look, I got my sword back."

"There he is!"

"Huh?" Tucker turned, "Aw shit."

"Get him!" Sarge roared as he and Grif tackled Tucker.

"Ow, come on! I'm not Bass, I'm a Blue! I'm not the one you're fighting. Leave me the fuck alone!" Tucker shouted between the pummels until Grif and Sarge tensed and collapsed, holding their groins.

"That's enough, you two," Roll frowned as she put her broom away.

"Man, you guys are nuts," Tucker groaned before Bass's hand shot out of a teleporter and grabbed him by the neck, "Nuts!"

Tucker was pulled through it. Tucker was then suplexed by him. Bass went for the mount and started punching him.

"O-ho, wow, right into the mount, huh? O-hoa, not even gonna buy dinner? Come on, I like your style, but I'm do-own-n't swing that way!"

Simmons began to position himself to fire at Bass.

"Simmons, what're you waiting for?" York demanded.

"They look the same, which one do I shoot?"

"Shoot the one who's winning dumbass!" Washington argued.

"Ow," Grif, cradling his injured area, staggered into the line of fire.

"Grif! Watch it!" Simmons barked.

"Uh-huh-huh."

Bass kicked Tucker forward, knocking him into Grif before grabbing his leg, pulling him back and punching him to the ground so hard that the black ash flew off his armor, even cracking random areas of Tucker's armor, as he skidded back towards Sarge, York, Washington, and Simmons.

"Ahoww, ow," Tucker groaned, a bit of his black dreadlocks showing under his helmet.

"Wow, knocked the black right off ya," Sarge noted.

"That's racist," Tucker and Roll noted.

"You're all clear Simmons, now shoot him!" York ordered.

"This will not go well," Delta stated as Theta and himself made a backup of themselves.

"Fire in the hole!" Simmons called as he pulled the trigger.

Simmons fired a missile at Bass, who took off and leapt into a teleporter, flipping out the other side and then running straight towards Tucker, Washington, York, and the Reds; the missile still on his tail.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Washington demanded.

"Run!" York screamed.

Tucker bumped into Sarge and Simmons as York knocked into Grif. Bass ran up and knocked all five of them down with a single lariat before sliding right under Washington's legs. Washington looked up and spotted the missile moving right towards him.

"Oh God, not my ba..." Wash began before it went between his legs, "Oh thank God. I thought I was..." he turned around, just as Bass leapt into a second teleporter on the floor and the missile flew past him and towards a pile of propane tanks, "FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCKED!"

As the missile hit, the tanks ignited and jetted towards them like mini-rockets. Grif was sent flying by a tank that hit him square in the groin while the others were knocked into the air by the tanks' explosions. Meanwhile, Bass rolled out the other side of the teleporter and watched as Tucker, Sarge, York, and Washington and Simmons came crashing down to the ground. Bass then approached a cement barricade and carefully pushed it aside and soon pushed it a few more inches. He then waited as Grif finally came crashing down on top of it...crotch-first.

"Ooaaah! Why won't you just kill me?" Grif groaned as she slid off the barrier and onto the floor. (16)

"Hey Bass!" Rock's sphere hit Bass on the head, making him turn to see Rock standing, his buster out and ready, "How 'bout you pick on somebody your own size?"

=Five seconds later=

"Ow. Ow! Ooow! Stop it! Bass, you are embarrassing me," Rock grunted with each swing of his former sphere body to his face by Bass, who had Rock in a hold, "Ow! Stop! Ah! Hey, are you gonna sit a–ow–you gonna help me or not? Stop it."

"Naw buddy. Ah think you got everything under control. We'll just hang back here," Sarge chuckled.

"Won't it stop?!" Rock barked, earning another hit from his former sphere body held by Bass.

"Yeah, you've got some catching up to do," Grif noted, he and Washington holding packs of ice below the belt.

"The whole–stop."

"Hey, what's he beating him with?" York asked.

"I think that was his old body," Theta noted.

"You mean he ain't a floatin' cue ball any more?" Sarge asked, "That's too bad. Had a few more nicknames in my side pocket. We'll certainly miss you Lord Hackensack of the Roundalots."

"Beating him with his own body? That doesn't seem physically possible," Washington noted.

"Alright. I'm good now," Bass chuckled, dropping both Rock and the sphere, "Man...What was way to get used to a body when Waking Up."

"Son of a...You've been Awake this whole time?!" Grif demanded.

"I've been Awake for about just before tearing the door down with New York and Washington," Bass replied, "Now someone explain to me why I'm in this sweet Type-VI Mjolnir Armor and why does it feel stronger?"

"Welcome to the Red VS Blue Loop, Bass," Roll greeted.

"Roll? Wow. Not bad for ya," Bass noted, "So why are you in the armor like I am and Rock's in his normal get up?"

"Hey, screw you," Rock snorted.

"...Is he okay?" Bass whispered.

"He's been having...issues...with this Loop," Roll explained, "Sheila, do you have any way of scanning for certain armors?"

=Yes, Director,= Sheila replied.

"Search for Agent Maine's armor," Roll ordered.

"Director?" Bass repeated.

"It's a long story, so get comfy. It's twenty hours long and I only like telling it in five minute intervals," Roll replied with a sigh.

"And there you go. All nice and recovered," Doc beamed.

"Then why do my balls still feel like they've been slammed into concrete?" Grif asked.

"Oh, I owed Bass a favor and he cashed it in to not have me heal you down there. Something about a Valentine's Day and the theft of all the heart-shaped Oreos that Loop," Doc informed.

"So let me get this straight; as long as we're in here, the Recovery Beacon in all our armors won't activate?" Rock asked.

=Correct, AI Fragment Epsilon,= Sheila responded =As long as you are in this facility, your Recovery Beacon will not activate.=

"Okay. Good," Rock nodded.

"Seriously? This happens to you every single Loop here?" Bass asked in disbelief.

"Si," Lopez replied as Roll reattached his head to his body.

"How do you handle it?" Bass asked.

"Me voy a la terapia cuando soy capaz de ... y el terapeuta es un Looper. Cuando hice el error la primera vez, terminé en el manicomio."

"Ouch. The insane asylum?" Roll winced.

"Si," Lopez replied as Roll finished attaching his head before he taped his neck twice, "Still, that was a bit of a nice vacation. I didn't have to deal with anyone from my Baseline."

"Holy...!" Bass gawked.

"He's managed to figure out how to talk in different languages," Roll explained, "He even knows a few...strange...languages."

"...Strange? Strange how?" Bass asked.

"I speak oxygen," Lopez informed. (17)

"...Oh," Bass sweatdropped.

=The files are ready, Director,= Sheila informed.

"Cool. Thanks, Sheila," Roll nodded.

"Files?"

"I want to figure out what the heck the real Director was doing," Roll informed as the three walked over to a computer beside Rock, "...What is with all of this? Win/Loss records? Psyche Profiles?!"

"...Washington used to wet the bed?" Rock read.

"...Oh, that's hilarious," Bass snickered.

"So, no new info? Wild goose chase again?" Rock asked.

"Maybe, maybe not. Look at this picture, do you have any idea what this is?" Bass asked, pointing at an image.

"What is that, ice? Oh yeah. I know that place," Rock replied, "That's a uh, secure location like um, like a safe house. Wait, how do I know that?"

"You know it because it's a Freelancer base. And it's not far from here," Bass replied.

"If you already know what it is, why the hell are ya asking me?" Rock demanded.

"Because, I'm not interested in what *I* know, I'm interested in what *you* know," Bass replied.

"What is that, fucking wisdom? Listen; next time you wanna ask me a God damn question just ask it, don't beat around the bush."

"Whoa! Where's the colorful language coming from?" Bass asked.

"He's been having a bad Loop," Roll and Lopez replied.

"I'm gonna go see what weapons they have stored here," Bass informed before he walked off.

"Okay. Need any help?" Roll asked.

=Director.=

"Yes, Sheila?"

=Before you leave, would you like to make a journal entry? It has been quite a while since your last update.=

"Journal?" Rock and Roll repeated.

=Yes. I know you are busy, but you always ask me to remind you when you are falling behind on documentation. Documentation is an important part of any scientific endeavor.=

"Right, um... hey why don't you play one of the entries for me," Roll ordered.

=Certainly,= Sheila replied before Director Roll's voice came from the computer, an image of her with sunglasses on on the screen =The Counselor's insistence on referring to Agent Texas as a 'byproduct' continues to frustrate me. We have seen our share of unharvestable fragments. He is certainly not one of them. No indeed, he's something else entirely.=

"Whoa. Okay, I don't want to add any new entries this time, Sheila. I'll...uh...I'll go see the others now," Roll informed before leaving with Lopez.

"..." Rock turned to the computer and spoke in Roll's voice, "Sheila, I want you to transfer all these files to Epsilon."

=Understood. Transferring now.=

"And do me a favor: delete the rest."

=Deleting entries.=

"So what are you guys doing?" Roll asked as she noticed Simmons had placed the last of the teleporters in a neat little row.

"Well, since we all stored everything in here at least once, we thought you might like to have all of this with you," Simmons informed.

"R-Really?" Roll asked.

"Eeyup," Sarge replied, "'Course, yer boyfriend Bass done absconded with a lot of th' weapons."

"He did?" Roll asked.

"Yeah," Grif replied, "Said he needed them for something."

"Still, you've got all of this," Tucker motioned to the rest of the stuff in the area, "I'm sure you'll find something good for all this."

"I'm leaving, Rock," Rock turned to see Bass approach.

"What? Where?"

"Can't say, there's some things I need to look into."

"You're going to that frozen base, aren't you?"

"I need to know more about myself this Loop, Rock. And I'm not gonna find anything out by sitting around on my ass with all of you."

"Fine. Then I'm coming, too," Rock informed.

"And that's the last of it," Roll noted as she put the last medi-kit into her Pocket, "I still can't believe there was a couch in here."

"Yeah. Sure surprised us first time around, too," Grif agreed, "Sarge had a breakdown after finding out our military career was just a big lie."

"Uh, guys? I can't find Rock anywhere," Tucker informed.

"And I cannot find the bathroom!" Caboose shouted on the other side of the now-empty room.

"Down the hall and to the left, Caboose!" Roll replied, "But seriously? Sheila, where're Rock and Bass?"

=They left an hour ago using a Puma.=

"Oh don't start that up again!" Grif shouted.

"...Oh no," Washington realized, "Bass is going to lure the Meta to him using Rock!"

"Wh-What?!" Roll exclaimed.

"Quick! To the plane!" York ordered.

"There's a plane in here?!" Roll demanded.

"Grif will operate the vehicle and I will assist," Delta informed.

"Come on! We've got two guys out there about to get it down against a monster!" Washington ordered.

"Sheila, go into sleep mode until I get back," Roll ordered, "If someone says they're from the UNSC, they have full clearance to anything in the facility."

=Affirmative, Director,= Sheila replied. =ALARM! AI Fragment Epsilon has just activated his recovery beacon!=

"Okay. We're approaching the place," Grif informed.

"Whoa. Place looks *worse* than it normally does," Tucker noted, "And normally, you're working *with* the Meta, Wash."

"What?!" Roll exclaimed.

"Hey, hey, hey. That's because I sometimes don't Awake until *after* Meta betrays me," Washington informed, "But you're right, the damage is much worse."

"...Aw shit," Grif facepalmed, "I forgot I had added some stuff to my armor."

"The armor you lost from the emp?" Simmons asked.

"Yeah. It was all emp-proofed by Twilight Sparkle, too," Grif informed.

"So you made the Meta, the freaking monster of your Loops, *even more powerful* ?!" Roll demanded.

"Sorry."

"Private Grif, you are hereby getting a shotgun court-martial after this!" Sarge demanded.

"What the fuck?! Wh-What the hell is with this guy's armor?!" Bass demanded, firing a charged shot at the Meta only for it to be absorbed.

"How should I know?" Rock groaned, his stomach blasted through to expose his wiring, "Fuckin' can't believe you shot me, you cock-bite."

"...Is it bad that we're both so casual with the swearing this Loop?" Bass asked, earning a bird from Rock as a reply, (18) "Ah. Fair eno– Where the hell is that music coming from?"

The Meta was about to fire when he looked up, hearing Tejano music playing. Flying right at them was the ship the others were in.

"There they are! Land right next to them!" York ordered.

"Right... *land* ..."

"You do know how to land this vehicle, don't you?" York asked.

"Sure, that just means stop flying, right?" Grif asked.

"Brace for impact!" Sarge and Theta called out.

"Oh shit! This is gonna suck!"

"Dammit, Grif! You were supposed to learn how to land one of these things!" Washington snapped, "D, don't you *dare* back yourself up!"

"Oh noooooo~!" Donut screamed girlishly.

"At least I got my Medi-Gun," Doc noted.

"...I still haven't got my peanuts," Caboose stated.

The Pelican quickly dropped towards the surface and crashed. Meta jumped out of the way to avoid it. The Pelican finally came to a stop, with the Reds, Blues, Freelancers, and Roll pressed against the glass, crushing a cowering Doc under them.

"I would say that was the cavalry, but I've never seen a line of horses crash into the battlefield from outer space before," Bass noted as he and Rock poked out from behind a tree.

"Heeyy... Is it possible for a Looper that was originally a super-advanced robot that is now a memory fragment out of an artificial intelligence program enclosed inside a robotic body to piss its pants? Because I'm pretty sure I just did that," Rock admitted.

"Shut up, Rock," Bass snorted as he walked over to the ship, "Come on, let's go see how many of your friends survived that."

"You know, they're not really my friends."

"That's okay, I'm sure none of them really survived aside from Roll."

"Grif! Look what you did to our ship!" Sarge scolded as they got out of it.

"Aw fuck it, it's a rental."

"Good point. Fuck it," Sarge nodded before he kicked the Pelican off the cliff and let it fall over the side into the icy water below as the other two ran over.

"Rock! Bass!" Roll beamed before slamming the two of them into the ground with a single strike of her broom, "YOU BASTARDS! WHY DID YOU EVEN THINK OF DOING THIS?!"

"Well, excuse me!" Rock snapped, "But I'm sick and tired of being around idiots like...like them!"

"I just want answers for who I am this Loop," Bass shrugged before a growl earned their attention, "Dammit, I was hoping you crushed him under that."

Before anyone could do anything, Bass's helmet-covered face blew forward, a spike coming out of him.

"B-Bass!" Roll gasped as the Meta kicked Bass's body off the spike and attached it to his back, cloaking.

"What just happened?!" Rock yelped.

"I'm sorry, you two. The Meta captured him inside of a memory unit," Washington informed, "And I think that armor has Clock-Up now from the Kabuto Loop."

"Grif, why did you even have something with Clock Up on your armor?!" Simmons demanded.

"So I could steal as many oreos in the world in any Loop and not get caught," Grif replied, "The cloaking was so that no one could see me with Clock Up if they slowed the videos down. Let's see, uh...Oh! I also added super strength, a Kryptonite sword, solar charging, MP3, PSP, 3DS, internet, karaoke, YouTube, and, uh, Netflix."

Washington facepalmed with a sigh, "Look, the only way we're going to get Bass back is if Rock here goes get him from the containment unit. But you need to hurry. If it locks down before I can open it, he'll be trapped in there."

"Ugh," Rock facepalmed, "This Loop just keeps getting worse and worse."

"Split up," York ordered as he took out his Keyblades, "Everyone make sure you've got your best weapon from the Loops ready."

Tucker pulled out his sword as Simmons took out a pair of shoulder-mounted missile-launchers. Caboose took out a plush of someone in

Type-VI Mjolnir armor colored in cobalt while Sarge took out a pair of shotguns tied together into nunchucks. Donut just whimpered as he took out a stick.

"A wand?" Rock asked, "A fucking wand?!"

"I...I haven't really had a lot of Loops so far," Donut admitted, "I haven't really been to anyplace with really strong things."

"...Hold on. I have an idea," Roll noted before taking out a pink mustache from her Pocket, "Donut, this is...the Warfstache."

"Warfstache?" Donut repeated.

"It holds divine power within its follicles. When you wear it, you will get incredible power and become capable of unleashing all your pent-up emotions into raw, undiluted power," Roll informed, "But just be careful because you'll want to call yourself 'Wilfred Warfstache' when you do wear it." (19)

"R-Really? Well...I always did want to be named Wilfred," Donut noted as he was given the mustache, "Thanks, Roll."

"...Are you serious?" Washington asked as everyone went off in different directions, leaving just Washington, Roll, and Rock.

"It's a placebo," Roll informed, "Before I woke up in a Hub Loop, the Unawake me of there was a big fan of this Markiplier guy. She made a lot of those pink mustaches."

"Wow. Okay," Washington nodded, "This is the first time I've seen the Meta not be able to get someone who was replacing Tex before the Pelican crashed. You and Bass must have been doing well."

"He shot me," Rock frowned, pointing at the hole in him.

"...We'll get Doc on that," Washington informed.

"So where is the Meta?" Rock asked.

"Well, normally, after Epsilon took the data from the base we were in, we'd talk about Tex..." Washington looked at Rock.

"...It's kinda easy when you've got her memories," Rock admitted in Roll's voice, making his sister gawk at him.

"Yeah. Should've figured that one out," Washington facepalmed.

"We found some journals from the Director. Bass is someone from her life. Someone she loved..."

"Forte. In this Loop, the guy Bass is based on was named 'Forte.'"

"Forte...When they made Alpha, he came back. He was a byproduct of the process," Roll informed.

"He's just a shadow."

"Don't call him that! He died in his real life this Loop, and that's all the Director ever remembered of him," Rock scowled, "So now, no matter how tough our Bass is, no matter how hard he's going to fight this Loop, he's always going to fail! Because that's what he's based on this Loop. No matter what he's doing, or what he's trying to accomplish, just when his goal is within reach, it gets yanked away. Every. Single. Time. Can you imagine what that's like?"

"I think I'm getting the idea..." Washington noted, seeing the Meta appear behind Roll and Rock.

"Uh oh..." the two gulped as the Meta growled loudly.

"All! My! RAGE!" the four turned to see Donut charging, wearing the pink mustache, "I'M SO ANGRY! I'M GONNA KILL YOU, GOD-DAMMIT!" Donut roared as he elbow-dropped the Meta, "YAAAA!" Rock covered Roll's eyes as Roll covered Rock's eyes, "YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Washington's helmet turned green as the other soon ran up, " *YOU SON OF A BITCH!* "

"What the...?" Grif blinked a few times in shock.

"What the hell did Donut have?" Tucker gawked.

"That...That's kinda overkill," Simmons gulped.

"Yikes, Donut. Don't you think that was a little...overkill?" York asked as the Meta's blood and gore-splattered helmet was quickly Pocketed by Grif.

"Who is this 'Donut' you all are talking about? *I* am Wilfred Warfstache," Donut informed, twirling his pink mustache on his helmet while holding the storage unit that had Bass in it.

"Uh...Okay, um...Wilfred. Could we please have the device you're holding?" Roll asked, *'I...I can't believe that worked.'*

"But of course," Donut replied, handing it over to Roll...who quickly took his mustache as well, "Huh? What happened? All I remember is putting the Warfstache on and then nothing."

"...Donut, please be careful with this," Roll advised, handing the Warfstache back to him, "Look, I'll go in here and..."

"Too late!" Rock called as he jumped into it.

"Rock?!" Roll gasped before dropping the now-sparking containment unit, "Ah!"

"Dammit, Rock!" Washington growled.

"Lopez, stabilize that unit right now!" Sarge ordered.

"Yo no puedo hacer nada. Se está empezando a cerrar (I cannot do anything. It is starting to shut down)," Lopez informed.

"Oh no!" Simmons gasped.

"What? What?" Caboose asked.

"It's only going to be open for a few more seconds. After that, he'll be trapped," Simmons informed.

"Come on, Rock-Church. You can do it. Can you hear me? You can... Run towards my voice!" Caboose called.

"Caboose, I...I don't think that'll work," Roll sniffled.

"It's shutting down! I can't stop it!"

"Lopez, fix it!"

"No puedo, estupido."

"Rock-Church? Are you there?"

The containment unit slowly faded, and then shut down.

"Roll...Caboose... I'm sorry," Simmons apologized.

"Church?" Caboose asked as Washington let Roll start crying on him.

"And where the hell did the Pelican in the water come from?" a UNSC interrogator demanded the Reds.

"Hmm... I don't know. I guess the Meta must have hijacked it, and crashed it here. That makes sense, right?" Grif asked.

"Man, the Chairman is going to be pissed. The budget only allows for one crashed Pelican per mission. All right, well I guess you guys check out. You can head back to your training base now."

"We just call them bases," Sarge frowned.

"Hmph. I bet," the interrogator snorted.

"Hey. We solved your problem. Not bad for 'Trainees,'" Grif pointed out.

"I gotta hand it to you. Killing one of these agents would be tough. But three? And this guy..." the man motioned to what looked like York's armor, "The Chairman will not be happy he's dead. I think he wanted to debrief him personally. Oh well."

"Yeah..." Simmons noted.

"Yeah, that's too bad," Sarge agreed.

"Well, be sure to let him know we're sorry," Grif added.

"Whatever. You're free to go. If we need you, we know where to find you," the Interrogator informed before he walked away.

"Come on, fellas. Let's go home," Sarge ordered.

"Uh... The jeep's busted, Sarge. Are we walking?" Grif asked.

"That depends. You fellas gotten over your fear of flying yet?" Sarge asked.

"Yes sir," Simmons saluted before they stole a Hornet and flew off.

"Yoink!" Grif called.

"Hey! You can't take that! That... That's UNSC property! Get back here! Hey, come on, I'll lose my job!"

"I hope this doesn't go on our permanent record!" Simmons noted.

"It hasn't so far," Sarge shrugged before pulling out Washington and Roll from his Pocket...along with the containment unit, "And we got th' containment unit, too."

"So what's this one called?" Roll asked, hugging the containment unit.

"The Hornet," Washington informed as Simmons pulled out York in a spare of his armor, Caboose, and Tucker.

"Looks more like a Wasp to me," Roll noted.

"No, it's a fuckin' Hornet," Grif informed.

"Ah don't know. Ah like th' name Wasp."

"You sure you're up for this?" Washington asked.

"I...I'll be fine," Roll assured, "Besides...We can try to get them out, right?"

Washington nodded before turning to the argument that bloomed because of Roll, "Dammit, guys! I told you it's called a Hornet because of the shape of this thing!"

"Damn it. This is one tough containment unit," York noted, standing up and moving away from the containment unit that had Bass and Rock in it as Lopez and Washington slumped in their seats.

"Tell me about it. The few times I end up switching places with Simmons and this has always been the pain in the ass for me," Lopez sighed.

"You've switched places with Simmons before?"

"Remember that one Loop where Simmons dropkicked Wyoming in the balls and then shot him in the face? That was me."

"Huh. Cool," Washington nodded.

"While we have been able to power it up, we still have yet been able to access into its mainframe," Delta noted, *"However, at our current progress, we'll be ready by the time Carolina appears."*

"She still isn't awake either," Theta added, *"I keep sending out a ping for her, but I don't get anything from her."*

"Oh yeah. This will be the first time you've ever seen Carolina not Awake when you're with us, won't it?" Washington asked York.

"Yeah. I...I'm not sure what to feel about it," York admitted.

"Just...Just be careful okay?" Washington offered, "She...She's not the Carolina we knew back then, not anymore."

York nodded, "Speaking of girls in blue, how's Roll doing?"

"...I caught her drinking the strong stuff again," Washington informed.

"Ouch," York winced.

"Right now, I left Tucker and Caboose to watch her," Washington informed before a small silence went by, "And now I realize how dumb that sounded and planned."

"Dammit, Caboose! How did you get stuck up there?!" Tucker demanded, looking up at the top of the base.

"I don't know! But it is awesome up here! Tucker, you should get Roll-Chuch up here!" Caboose called, his voice echoing, "Oh! It's an echo place!"

"...Well, that should distract Caboose for a bit," Tucker noted as he entered the base...and sighed, "Dammit, Roll."

"Hey~ Tucky~!" Roll giggled, her cheeks pink, as she stumbled over to him in just random bits of her armor and her bodysuit.

"You're drunk," Tucker frowned under his helmet.

"And you're sexy," Roll giggled at her strange comeback.

"Dang it, Roll. Ever since we got back, you've just been drinking," Tucker sighed.

"But if I don'ts, I'll gets all remember-urp!-rememberblems," Roll informed, sluggishly and dizzily trying to get over to him, "Thish ish likes when Wily done...um...he...what did he do? Oh yeah! When he did that meanie thing to Rock and I wanted to rip him aparts into little teensy, weensie pieces...Shtupid crashy-washy..." (20)

Tucker frowned under his helmet before pulling Roll into a hug.

"Hey! Wh-What's with you?" Roll demanded.

"Roll, you're a member of the Reds and Blues now," Tucker informed, "It started the moment Caboose saw you as 'Church.' Between you and me, I think he knows you're not really Church, but then again...he is Caboose." he looked down at her, "The point is, we're all one big family. Sure, we may fight and shoot at each other at times, but in the end...we're still family. Sure, there's a lot of shit that goes on here and in the Loops we go into, but we're still a family. And family looks after each other, like right now. You're family now, Roll. Even if you don't think of us like it, everyone here sees you as that little sister we all were hoping for. And, right now, York, Delta, Lopez, and Washington are working around the clock, trying to get back two of the people you cherish; your real brother Rock and your buddy Bass. And yet, you're here, trying to drink your sorrows away. Well, I can't stand it anymore, seeing someone that I now see as a little sister just wasting her Loop away! So we're going to throw the bottle you've got away, get sober, get you in your armor, and you're going to do the one thing everyone here does no matter what; remember. Because to us here in the Red VS Blue Loops, Memory is the Key."

"..." Roll sniffled before dropping the bottle and started hitting Tucker's torso, "It...It's not fair! Wh-Why...? Why is it that while...while I've been both annoyed, ticked off, but also love being in this Loop, Rock and Bass...They...Why do they have to have such terrible times here?! B-Bass is doomed to fail everything in this Loop while

Rock...Rock is getting my memories because he's the Epsilon for this Loop and..." she took in a deep breath, "...and he just abandoned me. I told him I'd go into it to get back Bass and...and he just did it himself."

"As much as I'd like to say what he was thinking, I can't," Tucker shook his head, "None of us ever pry into what Epsilon or Church does while they go in there since it's...well..it's personal for them both. All I do know is that Rock is going to be pissed at us for pulling him out of there like the first times Epsilon and Church were pulled out of those things." he patted her head, "Plus...there's one important thing he didn't do; he never said 'goodbye.'"

"G...Goodbye? What does saying 'goodbye' have to do with anything?!"

"It's an unspoken rule around here. Don't say goodbye."

"Why not?"

"It's something Carolina's mom used to tell her," Tucker informed, "She always told her 'Never say goodbye. If you don't say 'goodbye,' then...you aren't really gone. ...You...just aren't here right now.'"

"...Her mother sounds like a smart woman."

"That she was, Roll, that she was," Tucker nodded, "Now, come on. Get your armor all the way on. Caboose got stuck on the roof."

"Seriously? How'd he do that?" Roll asked, giggling a bit.

"We have no idea," Tucker chuckled.

"...Tucker?"

"Yeah?" the aquamarine/teal/whatever Trooper turned back to her, only to end up getting a hug.

"Thanks. I...I needed this," Roll thanked before running off.

"..." Tucker chuckled as he shook his head, "Guess I should try to not tell her that Tex is Carolina's ghost mom now." A gunshot went off, followed by Donut and Doc screaming like little girls, "...And the moment's gone just like that."

"You okay, York?" Washington asked as he and York were working on the containment unit.

"I...She's really bad right now, huh?" York questioned, "No wonder she doesn't like to talk about how she first met you guys after you became a Blue."

"And you decided to be a Red with North," Washington noted.

"Hey, trying to keep it even is all," York held his hands up.

"Gentlemen, the unit's working now," Delta informed, *"We can extract Rock Light and Bass from the unit now."*

"Okay," Washington nodded, "I'll get everyone. You two work on extracting."

"Ugh...That was not *fun,"* Bass groaned as he appeared on Roll's shoulder, *"Let me tell you, it may have looked like our Loop, it was not."*

"Really? Well, the original Epsilon had it set up as Blood Gulch," Roll noted, recalling the DVDs, "Did you...?"

"If you're asking about Rock, then yes, yes I did," Bass confirmed, *"And let me tell you, he was weird. I mean, really weird. Even for him."*

"I...I think it's because of a theory Simmons and I came up with," Roll admitted, "Rock's been getting my memories– *all of them* –because I'm the Alpha and he's Epsilon. We haven't confirmed it or not if he's

also getting Delta and Theta's memories, but he may have been getting your own memories."

"Seriously?" Bass asked, *"I* really *hope he doesn't 'remember' what we did that one Loop."*

"U–I see him! I see him, he's in there. He's okay!" Caboose cheered.

"What? Let me see, moron," Sarge ordered, moving Caboose out of the way, "It's just a bunch o' circuits like last time."

"Yeah but they're glowing. He's alive!" Caboose cheered.

"Well get him outta there," Sarge ordered.

"No, no, dammit! Whyhyhy? Why did you do it?" Rock demanded as he appeared.

"Ep–Rock, you're alive! See–I knew it. See I told them! And she was right! We could get you out!" Caboose cheered.

"Dammit, Roll! Why? Why did you have to pull me out of there?!" Rock demanded, *"I was at peace! I was finally happy in this Loop!"*

"Dude, lay off her. She's been a wreck since you went in there!" Tucker frowned under his helmet.

"Screw you!" Rock snapped at Tucker, *"Why would you do that, Roll? Why?!"*

"Well, clearly it wasn't to hear 'thank you,'" Sarge grumbled.

" Thank you? *You fucked everything up! I was at peace–I had it figured out, it was over! Put me back!"*

"Put you back? Buddy, we just spent six months fixin' that there unit t' git y'all out. And now you wanna go back?"

"YES!"

Roll winced at that response. Bass frowned at Rock for that comment as the unawake Carolina entered.

"Hey there, Epsilon. Been looking for you for a long time."

"Oh no."

"Now that I've found you, you're gonna help me do what I should have done years ago: You're gonna help me kill the Director," Carolina demanded.

"Agent Carolina, what are you doing here!?" Rock demanded.

"I need your help. I'm tracking the Director of Project Freelancer and you're my best bet for figuring out what hole she's hiding in."

"Oh, I just love holes!" Donut beamed, "Especially those new ones that are so nice and tight and have this nice pressure around you as you stay in them."

"...The fuck did I just hear?!" Bass demanded in the awkward silence that soon followed, Roll trying to look away from Donut while hiding her blush.

"It's Donut," Roll replied, "He...He just does that."

"Everyone, just shut the hell up!" Rock barked as he turned to Carolina, *"What are you doing alive Carolina? You're supposed to be dead. This is impossible."*

"That's a funny thing to say, for a guy who's literally a ghost," Sarge pointed out.

"Yeah, uh, actually he's not a ghost, um, he's a computer program. He gets holographically projected on our armor when he wants to talk to us."

"Seismographic computer programs? Heh heh, Caboose you say the craziest things sometimes. What an imagination on you."

"Yeah, I don't know what that first word means but it sounds the same. I will allow it."

"..." Bass looked at Roll with a raised brow.

"What? They've been trying to help him learn some stuff, but it hasn't gone well," Roll noted.

"Heh. Not surprised. This place was terrible already," Rock snorted before leaving, *"Whatever. Screw you guys, I'm out of here."*

"Rock!" Roll called out before sighing, "Oh, Rock..."

"Agent Carolina," Delta appeared on her shoulder.

"Delta?" Carolina asked.

"Reports of my termination have been greatly exaggerated," Delta informed, *"I believe it would be best you pursue Epsilon immediately. From all of us, you would be the most optimum in getting his cooperation. You are primarily an unknown to him while the rest of us have had prior interactions to him as you have seen."*

Carolina snorted, but left. Delta appeared on Donut's shoulder. He looked over at the supply closet to see York fall out of it. Tucker looked over at Roll.

"Roll, don't you dare," Tucker warned, "Yo, Bass, you may want to have some private talk with her right now, okay?"

"You're my problem!-! You've always been my problem!-! Each and every one of you is just a problem that I have to deal with on a daily basis!-! AND YOU! YOU HAVE BEEN A PROBLEM–NOTHING BUT A PAIN IN MY ASS–EVER SINCE THE DAMN LOOPS BEGAN!-!-! EVER MORE IN THIS LOOP THAN ANY DAMN OTHER!-! I WISH THAT YOU NEVER HAD TO LOOP!"

Roll winced as she remembered what had happened just a few hours ago. Outside of Blue Base, she could hear the sound of boulders being broken, but she couldn't care to get up from her bed. She... She knew it was just the issue of being Epsilon that was making Rock so mad, but... but did he have to say all that? Sure, it was annoying at times when you're Awake but someone else is there you know is Looping and they're not Awake... but still. The hiss of her door opening didn't earn a reaction from her.

"Get up," Roll didn't acknowledge Tucker. "We're going after them."

"Why? He...He doesn't want us. He doesn't want me around..."

"Roll, this is the first time anyone has ever replaced Epsilon," Tucker informed, "In fact, I don't think anyone *but* Epsilon could handle the stress and strain of being the Memory to so many AI Fragments. I don't know if he'll recover or not from this Loop, but Delta says that he has a better chance of this problem only being for this Loop than it sticking to him. And Delta's the smartest guy I know."

"..."

"So why! Should I! Give a! Damn about! That bastard?!" Bass grunted with each boulder he broke, Washington standing near him.

"Right now, Carolina and Rock are going up against an army of you. The only way Rock or Roll can get an opening to the copy of you that is running all those robots is if we can get everyone there and fight them off," Washington informed, "Bass, you wanted to know more about yourself this Loop, and right now...This is your best chance."

"..."

"I won't say that I know what you're going through, because frankly, I don't. But right now, I do know how it feels to feel betrayed by someone you knew, or at least...you thought you knew," Washington informed, "When we do a Baseline, Carolina..." he sighed, "When

Carolina appeared, I thought it would be like back during Project Freelancer's early days before the Ranking was getting to the others. Me, being the new guy who still hasn't figured out what happened to Agent Georgia, and her the older sister figure and bit of a mentor to the new guy." he shook his head, "What a fool I was, huh? All that time she was considered 'dead' was her just obsessed with killing the Director no matter what. I tried to remind her of the good times, but she kept turning me away. It was when she threatened to kill one of the guys like she did here...I just gave up on her. I let go of the past and moved on." he turned, "Grif has a Pelican ready to take us to the Director. It'll take an hour or so to get ready." he walked off, "It's your choice. Do you want to keep holding it in, or just let it go?"

"..." Bass slammed his fist against a boulder, *not* breaking it.

"This is it."

"Ready to meet your maker?" Carolina asked, readying her gun.

'Yeah. This Loop's creator of me,' Rock thought, *"I got your back, Carolina."*

Carolina and Rock entered one of the teleporters in the abandoned structure they were in. Carolina exited before stopping, both surprised by what they saw.

"Oh no..."

"Rock, what is this?" Carolina asked.

"She kept trying... She kept trying to get him right..." Rock shivered.

"You think these things are anything like the real deal?" Carolina asked, glancing out at the large army of robotic Agent Tex/Bass clones, as one stepped forward to the front, punched its fist into its palm, and cracked its neck.

"You have no idea what kind of trouble you are in," the drone stated, giving a dark chuckle.

Carolina raised her plasma rifles, "Alright. Me first."

The army of Bass drones charged. Carolina fired her rifles at the approaching army, downing a few drones. A warning appeared in Rock's eye.

"Watch your left!"

Carolina looked to her left and dodged a drone's attack, dropping her rifles and pulling out a shotgun. She fired at an approaching drone, and leapt into the middle of the fray.

"Uh, I think I'm gonna be sick!" Rock groaned, his eyes swirling.

Carolina managed to hold her own against the drones until one of them knocked the shotgun out of her hands. She then switched to hand to hand combat, taking out more drones. She punched one of them, sending it flying into a crate. The crate was dented by the impact, and the one stacked on top of it fell to the ground. It split open, revealing its cargo of frag grenades. They spilled all over the floor, tripping two drones when they stepped on them. Carolina regained her footing and quickly looked down. She kicked a grenade up and into a approaching drone. Carolina then pulled out her grappling gun and fired at the grenade, the claws of the gun grasping it tightly. She swung the grenade into the drones like a flail, at times adding jumps and flips to further the weapon's momentum. The grenade was swung into the ground at the end of the attacks, causing it and a few other grenades to explode. A drone approached Carolina in a body rush.

"Watch out!"

The drone tackled Carolina, sending her flying and causing her to lose her grappling gun. She got up on one knee and growled.

"Could you be a little more specific?"

"Yeah, uh, sorry, Carolina, but, seeing this many ex-boyfriends while I keep getting the Alpha's memories in one room kinda has me terrified beyond the capacity for rational thought," Rock admitted, *"...Don't tell anyone I just said that!"*

"Well, snap out of it! I need you!" Carolina snapped as her legs started to vibrate a bit before shooting off in a teal blur.

"Need me for–WOAH!"

"Rock!"

"Right, right!"

Carolina sprinted to the end of the room, and spun around, taking out more drones.

"Carolina, I don't think I can do this much longer!"

"Just hold on!" Carolina dashed out of combat for a moment.

"Seriously! You need to slow down!"

"No!" She dashed back in and engaged the drones, "I can do this!"

"Carolina!"

Carolina charged past the drones furiously, ignoring Rock's protests. As she fought, memories began to play through her head, all about her faults and her obsession with winning. Rock kept trying to get through to her, but to no avail. Carolina charged past the drones, and was hit, sent flying into a crate.

"Come on, get up!" Rock pleaded as Carolina stirred.

Carolina looked out at the army of drones.

"He was right... I can't do this. I can't beat him," Carolina stood up, "I could *never* beat him."

"B-better luck next time, C-Carolina," one of the drones informed, its voice glitching as it aimed a gun at her.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, three plasma grenades stuck to three drone's heads. Carolina looked for the thrower, who was revealed to be Donut. He stood alongside Grif, York, and Sarge.

"Nine points, ya dirty bastards!" Donut taunted.

Carolina ran and rolls out of the blast. The grenades exploded, sending the drones flying. Carolina skidded to Wash's feet. Wash extended his hand.

"Get up."

"What are you doing here?" Carolina demanded as she took Wash's hand, and was hoisted to her feet with Bass's help.

"York and I told you they're not so bad once you get to know them," Wash pointed out.

"Ugh. Promise me that you'll never get this obsessed, Roll," Bass shuddered as he looked at the army of him.

"Depends," Roll replied as she readied her broom.

"You may need this, Carol," York advised as he gave her a Magnum.

"Oh. I thought this wasn't your fight," Rock noted, appearing on Roll's shoulder.

"Come on, overwhelming odds with little to no chance of success? How could we resist?" Sarge smirked.

"Best odds of all," Bass added with a grin.

"You got a problem with that, Rock?" Roll asked.

"Guys, I am an asshole, and I have been a horrible brother this Loop to you, Roll. I admit it, and I will gladly accept any and all smart-ass remarks after this is over. But I'd like to point out the fact that we're standing in a room full of crazy Freelancer robots that are ready to completely and utterly fuck our shit up."

"So... cheesy forgiveness speech later?" Tucker offered.

"Yeah, that sounds good," Bass smirked, throwing a spare body of Rock's out of his Pocket.

"Lock and load, people!" Carolina ordered, readying her Magnum.

The Reds, Wash, and Carolina readied their weapons. Tucker brought out his sword as Roll spun her broom like a bo staff. Rock and Bass readied their Busters as York summoned his Keyblades and assumed a fighting stance. Delta and Theta appeared beside Caboose, who was facing the wrong way.

"Caboose, we require you to get enraged, understand?" Delta asked.

"Okay," Caboose replied, "...Yeah, I don't remember how to do that."

"...We do," the two AI replied.

The two jumped into Caboose, who turned around to face the drones. He charged into the army, sending many of them flying. He rolled and stood up triumphantly.

"My name is Michael J. Caboose. And I..." He slammed his assault rifle into an approaching drone, "hate..." Caboose continued taking out the drones with an uppercut, kicking one into a group, and spinning around another into more, "...Fishes!"

"It's "Bass", you idiot!" Grif corrected. (21)

"That too!" Caboose agreed as he began to fire his Assault Rifle.

"Come on, everyone! Now's our chance!" Rock ordered as he started charging and firing his buster.

"For our ancestors' ancestors! Attack!" Sarge roared out as the others charged in.

Carolina was the first there, slamming a roundhouse into a drone. One tried to get her from behind, but Bass blasted its upper body to bits from a Buster shot. Thunder rumbled before a Thundaga Spell slammed into the ground, frying the circuits of the drones surrounding York. He blocked the shot of one drone with one blade while stabbing another with his other Keyblade, releasing a Fire Spell into it to melt the drone.

"Donut, look out!" Sarge warned as a drone approached Donut, causing him to whimper in fear.

"Donut, Warfstache!" Roll called.

"Oh! Yeah!" Donut nodded before quickly putting it on, "OH MY GOD! I AM SO FUCKIN' ANGRY! RAAAAAAAAAAA!" he tore the drone approaching him in two, "I AM WILFRED WARFSTACHE AND I! AM! HUNGRY FOR MEAT!"

"This is going to be a pain, won't it?" Washington shook his head as he shot the head off a drone.

A pair of drones knocked Grif down and opened up his legs. A trio of drones attempted to follow up with a piledrive into his groin, but Carolina and Roll intercepted them. The duo let go of Grif and quickly knocked Carolina back before Roll dispatched them both. Grif stood up, but another pair quickly hit him twice in the groin.

"Ow! Not again!" Grif cried out, his head slamming into York's groin.

"Gaaaah!" York cried out, dropping his Keyblades, "What the hell?!"

"Oh come on! You had to see that coming," Tucker shook his head at the two.

York recovered enough to pick up his blades. They soon rushed to rejoin the group, who were now surrounded in the middle of the room. They fended off many of the drones with gunshots, sword swings, Spells, Warfstaches, and brutal beat ups mixed with Buster shots and brooms.

"It's not working! There's too many of them and I think they're adapting to our attacks!" Simmons cried out.

"Rock, do you remember how your sister and the other AI were able to stop the Meta?" Washington asked.

"Yeah, but that was one guy. Not a hundred," Rock pointed out.

"There's only one Bass. And right now, Rock...nobody knows him like you."

"Alright, stand back everybody. This is going to get a little...personal," Rock advised, exiting his body.

His AI appeared in the middle of the circle at the size of his body. It flashed before splitting into hundreds upon hundreds of copies that quickly went into the drones. Rock swore he heard a sad guitar play as he entered a spacious metal room from an empty corridor, a slumped over copy of Bass in the middle of the room.

"Hey, there," *Rock's greeting startled the Bass copy.*

"Huh? Who the hell are you?" *the other Bass demanded.*

"You don't... you don't know me?"

"Ugh...I'm-I'm sorry, I'm just really...tired. And...I'm really tired. Um, my-my name's..." *the other Bass trailed off, not sure what his name was.*

"Your name is Texas. You're Forte," *Rock informed.*

"Right. Right, um... Forte," *the copy tried the name out,* "Yeah. That's me. And you're...?"

"Let's just say we... we used to be close friends through my sister."

"Oh. Okay."

"I need you to rest now, Forte."

"Oh, rest. Heh...I'd like that," *Forte gave a small, silly smile in his tired state.*

"I thought you might. Uh, look, I have to go now, but... you just rest, okay? Goodbye," *Rock informed, starting to turn to leave.*

"Weird. I don't know why, but I hate goodbyes," *Forte tiredly chuckled.*

"I know why," *Rock uneasily replied before giving a sigh as he faded out and the room turned to white,* "Goodbye."

The drones started malfunctioning and shut down. Bass frowned at the one he was fighting had collapsed before shrugging and teabagged it for a moment or two to spite the machine. Once the last drone fell over, Rock reappeared.

"Uh, you know, you could have done that *before* I got punched in the nuts by twenty of them at once," Grif advised.

"And forty to mine!" York added, his voice a bit squeaky still.

"Yeah, but where's the fun in that?" Roll teased.

"Nice going there, kid. I guess sometimes little fairies really do make wishes come true," Sarge noted.

"I could have told you that!" Donut beamed.

"I am not a fairy!" Rock demanded.

"What about that time you were a Shiny Sylveon?" Roll pointed out.

"...I hate you right now, you know that right?" (22)

"So... I guess our work here is done?" Simmons asked, unsure if there was any new surprises this Loop.

"There's still the director," Washington informed.

"No. What comes next..." Rock looked over at Carolina, Bass, Theta, Delta, and Roll, *"...The six of us need to do alone."*

Roll gave an uneasy gulp. She wasn't sure what to feel now that she was meeting this other her. She blinked before looking at Bass. He gave her a small, reassuring smile while holding his hand up, revealing her own held in it. Roll nodded before Delta appeared on her shoulder, Theta on Bass's, and Rock on Carolina's. The three walked off, heading for the Director.

"Beginning playback," the voice of FILSS was the first thing Roll heard as the six entered the dark, barren room, a lone chair with a figure gazing upon a wall, displaying a video.

"Roll, come on, stop it, put that thing down. You're gonna make me and your brother late, they're waiting for us," Bass gazed upon the reflection of who he was based upon this Loop, his copy being that of a young man who seemed to be full of life.

"Hello, Director," Carolina's greeting made them come to their senses and look at the chair, revealing a woman with her long, silver hair done in a ponytail and sunglasses over her eyes.

"Hello, Agent Carolina. Would you like to watch this file with me?" the Director asked, Roll flinching at just how much the Director sounded like her if she had a bit of a Western tone to it.

"No," Carolina replied.

"Play it again, FILSS," the Director ordered.

"Director?"

" *Again* !" The Director demanded, smashing her fist onto the arm of her chair.

"So, this is what you've become," Delta noted.

The Director lowered her head in sadness, "I just need to watch this. I think I have a way... a way to bring him back right this time."

"Um...B-But the authorities are hunting you now. If we found you, they will too."

"I just need a bit more time, Theta."

"No! You've had your fucking time," Rock growled as he forced the director to turn around, poking her in the chest with each sentence, "You have to answer for what you did. To the Meta, to Washington, to Carolina, to me, to Theta, to Delta, to Roll, to Bass, and to him! To Forte!"

"Hello, Epsilon. You came all this way just to see me?" the Director asked.

'Has...Has she even been eating? Bathed? Slept at all?!' Roll thought, looking at how thin her other self was now...how weak she seemed to be.

"I'm here to remember what you've done. Somebody has to!"

"Rock..." Bass began before Rock turned to him.

"Not all of us got off scot free, Bass!" Rock snapped before his body seemed to change into an exact copy of Delta, *"She was Brilliant..."* he then changed into Theta, a skateboard in his hand, *"...and we*

Trusted him!" he changed into his normal self, but his blue replaced with cyan and his white with a pale blue, ***"BUT SHE LIED TO US. SHE TWISTED..."*** Roll and Bass stepped back as Rock changed into Waltz, a dark burning aura coming off him/her, **"...AND TORTURED US! SHE USED US!"** he changed back into what seemed to just be a literal shadow of himself, a dark fire-like aura coming off him, ***"Manipulated us for her own purposes! And for* what *?! For this?! This...* Shadow *?!"*** Roll and Bass noted the echo effect his last change had as he turned back, tears welling in his eyes, "She *needs* to pay!"

Carolina removed her helmet, revealing her normally red hair was a mix of yellow with black highlights this Loop, and stared at the Director. The Director removed her glasses and hesitantly looked up at Carolina, revealing she had the same eyes as her. Roll winced, seeing the large bags under her eyes.

"And, don't worry, you'll see me again," Bass noticed the video was continuing to play.

Carolina continued to stare at the Director, and seemed to become sadder with every second she looked at her. She leaned down, and kissed her softly on the forehead.

"Just a bit more time," the Director tiredly pleaded, turning back to the video.

"Come on. We're leaving," Carolina ordered.

"I thought we came all this way to kill her," Rock scowled.

"Rock, remember what you learned in the memory unit? You need to let go. Your past doesn't define who you are. It just gives you the starting point for who you're going to be," Carolina advised before she turned to leave.

"Agent Carolina?" a frail hand taking her wrist made her stop.

"Yes, Director?" Carolina asked.

"Would you be so kind as to leave me your pistol?" the Director asked, Roll's eyes widening at that request.

'She...' Roll thought as Carolina removed her pistol from her holster and placed it on the Director's desk.

"Thank you, Carolina."

"Goodbye, Ma'am."

Carolina left the room, leaving just the AI Fragments and the three Loopers turned AI Fragments/AI and the Director alone.

"You were my greatest creation," the Director stated.

"I don't know what I or the other AI are, but I do know this–I'm more than just a copy of your brother and Roll is more than just a copy of you. We're better than you."

"I wasn't speaking to you five," the Director stated.

Rock snorted before turning and leaving. Slowly, the others soon followed. Only Roll stayed.

"Play it again, FILSS."

"Beginning playback."

"You're going to do this, huh?" Roll asked as the video of Forte began to play on the screen once again.

"Yes," the Director nodded, "Alpha...do you think I was ever close to getting back what I lost?"

"...I'm not sure, Director," Roll replied, "But...I think you were close. Even if Epsilon and Agent Texas are just fragments of me, it feels

like they're my brother and my boyfriend respectively. So, you must have been close. ...Thank you for creating me, Dr. Roll Church."

The Director nodded as Roll left, "Thank you, FILSS. Now, I would like you to erase all our files except for this one."

" All *our files? Does that include* me *, Director?"*

"It has been a pleasure working with you, FILSS. I am sorry."

"And, you, as well, Director."

"And, before you do, please shut down all the facility systems as well. Take everything offline."

"Director, this is a sealed facility. If I shut down all the systems, life support would not..."

"Thank you, FILSS. Shut them all down. Lock me in."

"Alright. Was the project a success? Did you find what you were looking for?"

"No. No, I did not. But I believe I might have come very close. I wish... I wish I knew."

"I see."

"Perhaps the next time around."

The Director raised Carolina's pistol to her chin, as the door to her room began to close, FILSS speaking her last words, *"It has been an honor, Ma'am."*

The door closed and locked down, the last words escaping the room were the video's, *"Don't say goodbye. I hate goodbyes."*

Bass walked out and was hit with a rock. He froze for a moment before he started to tremble in anger. He let out an enraged snarl as he glared at the direction the rock came from.

"...Uh-oh," Washington gulped.

"Run!" Simmons freaked as the two ran off.

"BASTARDS!" Bass snapped as he charged after them.

"Ah! Bass!" Roll called as she ran after him, leaving just Rock and Carolina behind.

"I guess that's that," Rock noted.

"I guess it is," Carolina agreed as they watched the havoc the four running around was causing.

"Carolina, after everything we've been through, I just, um... I just want to say thanks," Rock informed.

"You're thanking me? For what?" Carolina asked.

"For showing me a different side of myself."

"Same here," Carolina agreed before shaking her head, "Ah. So we finished, huh?"

"You... You're Awake now?"

"Yeah," Carolina nodded before she smirked, seeing Grif was being used by Bass to beat up Washington and Simmons, "You know, things aren't going to get any better this Loop."

"They aren't?"

"No," Carolina shook her head, "I can take you to it."

"Show me," Rock ordered.

"Private Grif, front and center on the double!"

"Urgh, Sarge, I'm tired. Do I have to do it on the double?" Grif whined as he exited out of the small base they had made.

"Look at me, Sir! I got front and center on the triple!"

"Dag-nabit, now Ah've got two insubordinate soldiers. When Ah say double, Ah mean *double* ! Nice work on that, by the way, Agent York," Sarge nodded.

"Thanks," York mock-saluted.

"I will only go so far as single and a half," Grif stated.

"If these orders were hamburgers, then you'd do a double," Delta informed.

"What? Who has hamburgers? Maya Fey, prepare to die!" Grif declared, pulling his stolen weapon from the Meta from out of his Pocket.

"Th' only hamburger meat here is gonna be your face when Ah'm done with my shotgun court-martial! And don't even ask me about th' type of buns."

"That sounds like the most delicious punishment ever..." Grif sighed.

"...of all time," York added.

Over at the Blue Base, Caboose was messing with something. Tucker ran out with Roll.

"Caboose! Don't touch that, you'll break it!" Roll warned.

"Oh, no, I won't..." Something shortwired and Caboose stood up, "...I broke it... Tucker did it."

"Dude, you can't say that when I'm right here."

"Tucker said it."

"Oh, my god, shut up," Tucker groaned as Washington emerged from the base.

"Both of you shut up! And get back to work!" Washington snapped.

"What do you mean "back to work?" That implies previous work."

"I am putting my back to work," Caboose stated, earning a giggle from Roll.

"Right on it, Wash!" Roll saluted as she took her broom out.

"We'll do our best, Washington!" Theta saluted on Roll's shoulder.

Carolina looked down at the two teams. Rock appeared on Carolina's left shoulder while Bass appeared on her right shoulder.

"Seems like they're getting settled."

"Yep," Rock agreed.

"So I guess everything is finally getting back to normal."

"What passes for normal around here, sure. What can I tell ya? We're home. I mean–they're home," Bass noted.

"Can I make a suggestion? Don't say goodbye."

"Goodbye? I didn't realize I was going somewhere," Rock noted.

"I intercepted a military transmission. It seems some low level thugs have some armor and equipment that's way above their paygrade. Sounds like it might be some of the missing gear from a certain defunct military project we both know."

"Is that right?" Bass asked as he got into his suit.

"Think I'll go get it back. Hate to think about it being in the wrong hands."

"And?" Rock smirked.

"And, with all that equipment I could really use someone to help me run it. You seem uniquely qualified for the job."

"...I don't know."

"I'm in," Bass smirked, "I've been wanting to get my hands on some of the sweet upgrades this Loop has."

"I figured we could set some things right. That we helped make wrong," Carolina informed.

"That's a lot of things to make right."

"Yep. Could keep us busy for quite a while," Carolina noted.

"It would be nice to be a good guy again."

"And not a pain the arse like you have been this Loop?" Bass smirked.

"...Shut up. You're lucky Delta figured out how to cut you off from this Epsilon Effect I've got," Rock frowned, *"Otherwise you'd be down there with the others."*

"Rock, Bass, what you two and I were involved with this Loop... the things we helped do... I'll be honest–I don't know if we can ever get all the way back to good," Carolina shook her head, "But I think that we have a chance to do better. And if we wake up everyday and try to make things better, eventually, we might find that better is good enough."

"Good enough..." both replied.

"Good enough," Carolina nodded.

"Yeah, still, I hate to leave without saying something. They deserve to at least hear goodbye," Rock noted.

"My Baseline mother and this Loop version of my father had a saying. Did I ever tell you about my mother from Baseline or the father I had for this Loop?"

"No, I don't think you ever did," Bass chuckled, "Let's hear about your mom in Baseline."

"She wasn't around a lot when I was a kid. And when she was she could only stay a short time. Seems like she always had somewhere else to be. Something important to do. And when she left, she wouldn't say goodbye to me. Instead, she always told me, "Never say goodbye. If you don't say goodbye then you aren't really gone, you just aren't here right now."

"Your mother sounds like a smart lady," Rock noted, glancing over at Bass.

"She was, she really was. Had terrible taste in men though."

Bass chuckled at that. Rock snickered a bit, having to agree.

"Hey, Rock-Church! Bass-Texas! Come down here! We wanna show you something! Rock-Church! Bass-Texas!" Caboose called before the three suddenly disappeared, "...Church? Tex?"

"Hey, Caboose, you find them?" Roll asked.

"Nah, I didn't find them," Caboose replied.

"Well, where do you think they are?" Tucker asked.

"I don't know, somewhere. They're... just not here right now," Caboose replied.

The three walked back into Blue Base. At the top of the hill the three had been on, Rock's buster was lying on it beside Bass's buster.

'Diary Entry One-Zero-One. It's been a while since I've done one of these for you, so sorry about that. From what I've read, the last time I ever really wrote in you was the day before we found Rock was Epsilon. So...yeah. Let's, uh, let's get caught up to speed. While Rock was with us, he was...stressed to put it mildly and wanting to cause another crash just to end this Loop to put it at the worst. As the eight months he was with us in Valhalla before going into a memory unit for another nine months, he was getting all the memories of myself, Delta, Theta, and Bass once we found him in a facility (and he beat the others up),' Roll smiled a little as she typed her current Loop's diary entry before frowning a little in guilt, *'I'll admit that...that I decided to just get drunk for those nine months he and Bass were stuck in the Memory Unit, depressed about what happened. And when Rock came out, he was angrier than before and...and it wasn't good. I thought that he would never want to be in a Loop with me ever again, that he hated me and never wanted to be my brother ever again. I almost went back to the bottle... But then... I met the Reds and Blues.'* she smiled a little as her memories of this Loop came to the front of her mind before she pulled up a picture of everyone, Sarge shaking hands with an elder man in a brown suit, *'This is a picture of everyone. Their Anchor, Michael J. Caboose, is such an innocent guy aside from his mental issues. When he's around, I can't help but feel mixed between annoyed with his antics and just wanting to treat him like a little brother. The Reds... their Unawake selves made me decide to not wear red for the next few Loops after this one. Agent New York AKA Foxtrot AKA York is an honorary Red along with Delta and Theta. There's another Looper, Agent North Dakota, from this Loop, but he died before he could Wake.'* she hoped to meet the guy one of these Loops since Theta had a big love for the man as a father figure, *'When I first met Tucker, I thought he was a pervert that would have sex with anything... until I met Sister. Sorry, Grif, but Sister... I wanted to murder her the moment she said something.'* she quickly went to the

next paragraph, *'Washington has been a good second-in-command for Blue Team. Epsilon–the one of their Loop–really messed him up in the head in Baseline and I feel so bad about what happened, but he said that he's been getting over it with the help of the Reds and Blues. Sarge seems to be the 'dad' of the 'family' these Loopers have seemed to make of themselves with Caboose and Theta tied for being the 'youngest son'. It's... kinda nice. Despite how much they all act like they're not really fans of each other (though I'm pretty sure Sarge's issues with Grif are genuine), they care for one another as a real family,'* she looked out at the scenery. *'Right now, we're on the Planet Chorus due to a malfunction in our ship. Caboose isn't to blame. He was with me the entire time,'* she frowned a little, recalling something else. *'This Loop has truly been interesting to experience. At times, it feels more like a comedy than anything. Other times, it's been... difficult. The version of me that was made this Loop as the one who I was based off of... she lost her husband and her brother early in the Sangheili attacks before Mjolnir Armor was made standard issued. She just couldn't let go of them, eventually resulting in the Beta being made from me after my Unawake self was tortured to the point of fragmenting. I'm unsure of how she was able to create the AI Fragments from that, but the person I saw... she was broken. Not just in her heart,not just in her position, but everything about her was just... broken. I'm... I'm still shocked at that she chose to do what she did, but I guess that she felt she didn't have anything else. Well, that's enough, I guess. Until next time, Diary. L...'*

BOOM

"Oh what now?!" Roll groaned, looking up from her diary entry to see a smoke cloud over at Red Base.

She walked over to see Sarge manning a tank and shooting at their base... specifically, Grif.

"What the fuck?! Why do you always shoot at me in the tank whenever we end up on Chorus?!"

"Because we never tell you we're going to renovate the base!" Simmons replied from beside the tank.

"At least this time it's not inverted," Sarge chuckled.

"Sarge, what are you doing?" Roll asked.

"Going to renovate th' base," Sarge replied, "We're dealin' with Space Pirates now, so we need t' take them on, Space Marine-style."

"Sarge, I told you that we don't have any Devil Fruits," Simmons sighed, "None of us aside from Tucker has ever been in the One Piece Loops and he replaced Zoro that Loop."

"Huh. So that explains how he can split his sword into three lightsabers," Roll noted.

"They're called 'beam katana'," Simmons corrected, "Tucker hates it when someone calls that mode of his sword that."

"He does?" Roll raised a brow.

"Eeyup. Made th' mistake a few Loops after he got that new mode fer his sword," Sarge noted, "Ah'd rather not remember. Then again, Ah had some Brain Bleach so Ah don't remember..."

"Okay. Caboose, did you agree to this?" Roll asked, the Anchor for the RvB Loop behind her.

"I got cookies and milk for it," Caboose informed.

"What kind of cookies?"

"Chocolate chip covered in chocolate and vanilla sauce."

"Yin-Yang Cookies," Simmons stated, "I tried a cookie like that in the Hub Loop and Caboose ate the entire box of them when I gave him one."

"...He's not going to go Grif and Maya Fey on us, is he?" Roll asked.

"No," Simmons replied, "Ch... er..." he looked at Caboose and then at Roll, " *You* grounded him."

"Sorry again."

"Okay, okay, so long as you know that you shouldn't follow Grif's lead like Maya Fey did," Roll noted.

"You should've been in the Minecraft Loop we had with her when it was involving Custom Mods," Simmons noted, "Exploding burgers, Oreo Creepers, and all sorts of weapons made from burgers and oreos were flying all about."

"How'd that happen?"

"Oh, Washington was getting sick and tired of how they were acting so he gave them an ultimatum; settle it out or he'd ask Caboose to call Yggdrasil."

"Wait, what?"

"I don't know. Ask Wash."

"I will. But first, I need that tank back."

"Aw... But Ah wasn't do..."

"Give her the damn tank already, you old fart!"

BOOM

"Fucking son of a bitch!" Grif cursed.

"Whoops. Finger slipped," Sarge's chuckle didn't assure Roll he was telling the truth.

"Yes. I made that threat, but it was an empty one. Caboose only plays checkers with the tree," Washington shrugged, "Aside from that and talking to it, he can't do a single thing to the tree. No suggestions, no requests, just checkers. Shame Maya Fey and Grif didn't know about that fact, but it was quite an enjoyable war between them."

"Dude, that still surprises me that he can play checkers with a tree."

"Well, it's part machine, so that'd be understandable," Washington noted.

"Huh?!" Roll gawked, "This is another 'It's just Caboose being Caboose' moment, isn't i–"

"Probably," Caboose confirmed.

"Hey, Caboose... Isn't this around the time you go out for a walk?" Tucker asked.

"A walk?" Caboose tilted his head.

"Freckles," Washington stated.

"Freckles?" Roll raised a brow as Caboose gasped.

"Freckles!" Caboose cheered as he ran off, "Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy..."

"Roll, could you go after him? Last time I reminded him about this, it... yeah, it didn't go well," Washington informed.

"Um... Okay?" Roll nodded as she ran after Caboose.

"...Should we have told her what Freckles is?" Tucker asked once Roll was gone.

"She'll figure it out," Washington replied, "In the meantime, we need to prepare for whatever Sarge makes this time."

"You know that's only when Sarge isn't Awake. Remember the time he built Bonnie?"

"Yeah," Washington nodded, "We were both awake while Caboose wasn't."

"Did he have to scream, though?" Tucker complained, "He sounds like a little kid screaming."

"..." Washington removed his helmet to give Tucker a 'Seriously?' look.

"...I'm sorry," Tucker gulped as Washington replaced his gauntlets with new ones that sparked.

"You remember the agreement we made with those four whenever we make fun of the gruesome thing that goes on in their Loop."

"Did you hear that?" Roll asked, pausing in her walk through a part of the half of the ship they were in.

"Heard what?" Caboose tilted his head.

"..." Roll shrugged before they continued walking.

"Tucker screamed it." Roll nearly fell over in surprise at that random statement.

"I forget, Caboose, just what are we looking for?" Roll asked.

"Freckles!" Caboose replied happily as they turned a corner, "Found him!"

Roll looked up... and up... and a little more up. Before them, parts of the body exposed, was a MANTIS-Class attack robot. She slowly looked over at Caboose as he pulled out a lot of tools and extra parts from his Pocket.

"Uh... Caboose? Th-This is Freckles? *This* is the pet you kept talking about?" Roll asked.

"Uh-huh!" Caboose beamed, "..."

"...Cab..."

"Oh! Almost forgot!" Caboose exclaimed as he took out another submachine gun from his Pocket with a USB attached to it, "Dr. Grey made this for me." he walked over to the MANTIS and plugged the gun, "Freckles! Are you sleeping?"

=NEGATIVE, CAPTAIN CABOOSE,= a squeaky voice came from the gun.

"...Did...Did you just put the AI of that Mantis into your gun?" Roll asked.

"Uh-huh! And he is awake!" Caboose cheered before running off, "I'm gonna go tell Washingtub we found him!"

"..." Roll looked at the machine and the pile of tools, "...Aw screw it. You never know when you'll need a giant robot that shoots missiles and bullets in this Loop."

The sounds of machinery proceeded.

"Well... He built something different," Tucker noted.

"Yeah," Washington agreed, "Um... Where did you...?"

"Found 'em up on that there hill," Sarge informed, "Normally, it's been a sniper rifle, but this time it was a pair o' blasters."

"Wait, what?" Tucker blinked.

"York, hand me that there screwdriver," Sarge ordered.

"Can d–wait,what are you planning to do?" York asked.

"Ah'm makin' sure everythin' is fine," Sarge snorted.

"Hey, everybody!" Caboose ran up, "We found Freckles!"

"That's good. You already fixed him up?" Washington asked.

"Um...Yeah," Caboose replied.

=GREETINGS, CAPTAIN WASHINGTON.=

"...He's in your g..." Washington began to ask.

"Probably," Caboose replied.

"..." Grif and Simmons shared a look.

"How did you...?" Grif began.

"Oh, the scary doctor lady gave me this when Epsilon-Church talked to her once," Caboose beamed, showing the USB cable.

"Of course..." Simmons facepalmed.

FWEE

"..." everyone looked at the confetti.

"...Tucker did it."

"Dude, I'm right here. You can't just blame me," Tucker shook his head.

"Men, Ah have done it," Sarge informed, standing in front of Grif, York, and Simmons while a cloaked item was beside Sarge, "It has taken me many Loops, but Ah finally figured it out."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"Well?" Grif asked.

"What?" Sarge asked.

"What did you figure out?" Grif asked.

"Dr. Wily."

"...What?" Simmons blinked twice under his helmet.

"Bassnium. Ah finally figured out how he made it. Now when Ah'm awake before Ah finish Lopez, Ah'll be buildin' him with it," Sarge informed.

"What the... But... *How* ?!" Grif demanded.

"Crushed Oreos, Grif. The secret to making Bassnium is crushed Oreos," Sarge informed. (23)

"You monster!" Grif choked back a sob.

"With that discovery, Ah then went a step ahead and did what he did..." with that, Sarge removed the cloak, "And made this feller."

"Is... Is that supposed to be Zero?" York gulped, looking at the tall, menacing, red being with a white demon-like mask. (24)

"Of course he's Zero! Except Ah made him based off somethin' Ah found on th' Megaman Wikia in th' last Hub Loop," Sarge informed, "Meet Zero Dos Point 0."

"...He doesn't speak Spanish, does he?" Grif asked.

"No idea. Let turn him on!" Sarge declared, "Robot, Activate. Codeword... 'Activate'."

"Go aisatsu. Zero 2.0 O kassei-ka shite itadaki arigatōgozaimasu. Watashi wa anata o shien suru tame ni nani o suru koto ga dekiru (Greetings. Thank you for activating Zero 2.0. What may I do to assist you)?" the robot questioned.

"OH COME ON!"

"WHAT THE FUCK, SARGE?!"

"SERIOUSLY!?"

"GOOGLE TRANSLATED JAPANESE?!"

"ARE YOU ADDICTED TO GOOGLE TRANSLATE OR SOMETHING, SARGE?!"

"DA FUCK, SARGE?!"

"Zero, calm them down."

"Yosh (Yeah)," Zero 2.0 nodded before grabbing Grif and using him to beat up Simmons and York.

"Oh dear me," Delta noted on Sarge's shoulder, *"I really feel bad if we ever let the original Zero see this."*

"He'll think of it as a compliment," Sarge waved Delta off.

"Sōzōnushi, watashi wa seijō ni watashi no nakama no heishi o ochitsuite kita. Kono jiten de watashi no tame no nin'i no ta no junjo o motte imasu ka (Creator, I have successfully calmed down my fellow soldiers. Do you have any other orders for me at this time)?" Zero 2.0 asked as he dropped the groaning Grif on York and Simmons, earning a massive pained groan from all three.

"Eeyup. Go fix that there tower over there at Blue Base," Sarge ordered.

"Watashi wa, ichido sonoyōni watashi no mottomo kenkyona kurieitā o okonaimasu (I will do so at once, my most humble creator)," Zero 2.0 bowed before walking off.

"You actually understood him this time?" Delta asked.

"Ah studied Japanese fer quite a few Loops," Sarge informed.

"Um... Sarge?" Sarge turned to Washington and Roll as they walked over, Washington asking, "Wh... What *is* that thing you made?"

"Zero Dos Point 0."

"...You've got to be kidding me," Roll deadpanned.

"Enope," Sarge replied, "Since Ah have some bettin' with Delta, Ah can't make Lopez Dos Point 0 fer a while. So why not make homage t' Roll and her Loop by makin' a badass version of Zero?"

"I scanned him and it said he was made of Bassnium. How did you figure out how to create Bassnium? Dad has been trying to do that every time Wily makes it and has had no luck in it! How did you figure it out?!"

"Crushed Oreos," Sarge replied.

"...Crushed *Oreos* ?" Washington and Roll repeated.

"Eeyup. Crushed Oreos," Sarge confirmed.

"...I... I don't even... Nope. Not going to ask," Roll shook her head, "And the Japanese?"

"Ah love Google Translate," Sarge replied.

"Of course..." Roll facepalmed, "Well, Tucker's getting sword lessons from Zero 2.0..."

" *Dos* Point 0," Sarge corrected.

"Whatever," Roll rolled her eyes, "But, seriously, Tucker is learning from him."

"De iki (Breathe in)..." Zero 2.0 instructed as he and Tucker went through some motions, "... Soshite ikiwohaku (and breathe out)."

"He'll be fine," Sarge chuckled.

"Who?" Washington asked.

"Him."

"Who exactly will be fine?" Roll asked.

"Him, o' course."

"Oh you've got to be fucking kidding me...!" Roll growled, readying her umbrella to whack him upside the head.

"Roll, no!" Washington held her off, "Don't kill him! We still need him!"

It was official, Roll was ticked off with everything on Chorus so far. She had just finished fixing up Freckles's old body, only for Zero 2.0 to mistake it for an enemy and destroy it. Then, they were ambushed by the strangest people in white armor and saved by a guy in black and orange armor. Now...? Now she wanted to know just why *orange juice* seemed to be the cure all for everything?! (25)

"Hey," Roll turned to see the new guy walking over, "Nice to meet ya. Name's Felix. You weren't at the meeting where we all were, so I decided to just come find you to introduce myself and ask just why your awesome robot speaks terrible Japanese."

"Sarge learned Japanese from Google Translate," Roll deadpanned.

"That explains it."

"How's the leg?" Roll asked.

"Good. Still can't believe orange juice worked. I thought that was just some weird shit they made up," Felix noted.

"Same here. Next time my dad's not feeling well, I'm going to have him drink that with every meal," Roll shrugged, "That is, when I get off this planet."

"Well, that's going to be hard to do," Felix noted, "The Republic of Chorus won't let you leave that easy now that they know you're here."

"I see," Roll noted, "So why are you here?"

"Me? Can't a handsome rogue such as me..." Felix began.

"Were you paid to find us?"

"...Yep," Felix replied, "Heh. You seem much different from the others. Looks like you know that everyone has their price, huh?"

"Yeah," Roll replied, "For me, it's the others." she looked out to where Caboose was talking with Zero 2.0 and holding a sombrero, "Especially Caboose. He... Even with all the shit that's been going on, he... he feels like such an innocent little kid."

"Caboose? ...He's the one who uses a gun that shoots confetti, right?" Felix asked.

"Yeah," Roll replied, "He sees me as a big sister of sorts, so I'm the one in charge of keeping an eye on him. Oh,and to make sure he takes his pills every day."

"He takes pills?"

"Once during breakfast and once with dinner," Roll replied.

"Ah," Felix nodded, "So do you know about all the stuff here?"

"Yeah. All of it was destroyed in the landing. What you see around is was all we could salvage," Roll informed, *'Except for the stuff they let me put into my Pocket.'*

"Oh. I thought, you know, that there'd at least be something to help fight those guys off next time they come," Felix pointed out.

"It's fine, Felix. Sarge couldn't get Zero 2.0 to..."

" *DOS* POINT 0!"

"He heard that all the way in Red Base?" Roll blinked twice, "...Holy shit. He's got good hearing."

"And that is freaky," Felix pointed out.

"Agreed. Just don't get him started on the uses of cardboard cutouts. He won't stop talking," Roll informed.

"Cool, cool," Felix nodded.

"BaseBook?" Felix questioned as he looked at the screen.

"Yeah," Roll replied, "I told Simmons it'd be a bad idea since we do need this power, but he went and did it any... Huh. He made you an account, Felix."

"Wait, what?" Felix looked at the screen, "Son of a bitch." he clicked a button, "And his Friend Request is denied."

"And Sarge just posted that he's declaring a Red Team Meeting and that Blue Team sucks," Roll frowned, "...Yeah. See? This is why I will not be wearing anything red for a long while."

"Seriously?" Felix asked.

"Yeah. You know what the first things out of his mouth were to me once he learned my gender? Comments involving the stereotype of a housewife."

"Ouch," Felix winced.

"Yeah. But I showed him," Roll smirked as she held up her broom.

"...You cleaned his base?" Felix asked.

"Tucker!" Roll called.

"Yeah, Roll?" Tucker asked as he walked in…

-ONE SECOND LATER-

"Ow..." Tucker whimpered.

"..." Felix slowly poked out behind his energy shield and looked at Roll, "Yeah. I am... uh... yeah."

"Dude... She chased off *the Meta* with that..." Tucker groaned as Roll starting treating Tucker's bruises.

"The Meta?" Felix repeated, "I've read up on him. He was considered unstoppable but your two teams killed him."

"That was all Donut," Tucker informed, "If he puts on a pink mustache, don't be the enemy."

"...Okay?" Felix raised a brow.

"Status report!" Sarge ordered.

"Mines are all set up *and* buried," Grif informed.

"Zero 2.0..."

" *Dos* point 0."

"...and I finished setting up proximity alarms," York informed.

"I finished calculating all the signatures of everyone in this area so we cannot trip them," Delta informed.

"And I informed the Blues that the systems are all set up, but I didn't say *where* everything is," Simmons informed.

"Good work, Simmons. We'll outsmart that Space Pirate yet," Sarge informed, "Zero Dos Point 0, get ready fer war!"

"Hai," Zero 2.0 nodded.

"Lopez, help your baby brother get ready."

"No hablamos el mismo idioma, idiota (We don't speak the same language, idiot)," Lopez snorted.

"Donut, is everythin' packed?" Sarge ordered.

"Yes indeedy deed, Sarge!" Donut beamed, "I have everything all nice and packed up. All you need to do is shove your key into the hole, thrust it a bit just to make sure it's going in all the way, and then release!"

"...How does he not notice it?" York groaned.

"Watashi wa ē to... Watashi wa, kono koto ni yotte midasa kuriētā i... Desu (I am... um... I am disturbed by this, creator)," Zero 2.0 admitted.

"Ah'm with y'all in that boat, Zero Dos point 0, Ah'm with y'all in that boat."

"Espero que tanto mueres horriblemente y brutalmente, agradable y muriendo lentamente (I hope you both die horrifically and brutally, nice and slowly dying)," Lopez glowered.

"Aw...Thank, Lopez, Ah'm hopin' y'all will be beatin' them left and right, too," Sarge thanked, "Now let's go!"

"Okay, guys, meeting!" Washington ordered, "Roll, get Caboose!"

"Already got him!" Roll replied, using Caboose as piggyback with a fishing rod and a cupcake.

"That's pretty impressive," Felix noted.

"Took me a week to train him to do this," Roll smirked as she hopped off the Blue's back and gave him the cupcake.

"We just got word that the Reds have set up defenses. They never said what they set up, so they told us that we shouldn't leave the base to be safe," Washington informed, "So we're going to stay in the base until the next attack." a siren went off, "...And there it goes."

"Shit," Felix cursed.

"Message sent," Roll stated.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" Sarge ordered as Red Team drove around on their latest Warthog, York sitting behind the standing Simmons, shooting their guns at the white-armored soldiers.

"Shit! They're cutting us off from Blue Base!" Simmons cursed as Grif had to turn to avoid a missile aimed at the ground before them.

"Ah hell! I lost a Teleport Cube!" Grif cursed.

"What's going on out here?!" Doc demanded as he ran out... only to be hit on the head with the cube, "Huh?" he saw the cube as it

activated, "Aw sh..."

A flash of light and Doc was gone. His last thoughts were *'Again with this. I hate Teleport Cubes.'*

"Daijōbudesuka (Are you okay)?"

Roll groaned as she started coming to.

"Ah, good. You got her up," Roll turned her head a bit to see Felix approaching with two figures in camo-themed armor.

"Hai," Zero 2.0 nodded.

"Good thing you got to us before that last missile," Felix noted, "You okay?"

"Wh...What happened?" Roll groaned.

"They fired a missile at Blue Base and a rock the size of a truck landed on you," Washington informed, "thank god you were in your armor and that you're a robot. Otherwise, you wouldn't be here."

"What... The others?" Roll asked.

"The Reds were all captured or killed. I don't know," Washington replied, "Zero 2.0 here destroyed the rock you were under and took you to this tunnel. Felix and I had to destroy the entrance before the Federation could follow us."

"Where's Doc?" Roll asked.

"Doc? Huh... I... um..." Washington noted, trying to think, "I don't know. I always thought he was with the Reds."

"...Have you even watched your own videos?" Roll whispered.

"Yes... But I may have skipped an episode or two..."

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me!" Roll facepalmed, "Zero 2.0, kick his ass."

"Yosh!"

"Aw shit," Washington cursed before Zero 2.0's foot met his behind.

"What was that about?" Felix asked.

"He completely forgot about Doc," Roll snorted, "Let's get going. Take us to the Rebel Leader."

"Okay... Remind me that brooms are a bad thing to let you hold," Felix noted as Roll walked over to him, her broom on her back, while she walked away from the pile of her fellow ex-Project Freelancer Simulation Troops and their troops.

"Why?" Roll asked.

"Because I don't want to end up like that," Felix replied.

"...Hey! I got hit with a broom!" Caboose just realized.

"Shut up, Caboose..." Tucker, Simmons, and Grif groaned.

"Watashi wa machibuse de sono demo no soto ni taizai suru koto o eranda koto o ureshiku omoimasu (I am glad that I chose to stay out of that demonstration on ambush)," Zero 2.0 noted, not looking up from the guns he was repairing.

"Any chance we could..." Felix began.

"Sarge welded the port shut so we can't change the language chip."

"Son of a bitch," Felix muttered, "He's a great sparring partner, but that bad Google Translate..."

"Watashitachi no supā wa sukidesuga, sore wa anata ga eruvu~isu no koe o shite iru yō ni sa rete imasen (While I do enjoy our spars, it is not like you have the voice of Elvis)," Zero 2.0 pointed out.

"Oh, you want another round?" Felix asked.

"Yosh!" Zero 2.0 stood up.

"How about you two against me?" Roll offered.

"Iie/Hell no!" the two replied.

"That's what I thought," Roll giggled.

"What are you guys doing?" Roll asked as she walked in on her fellow Loopers standing before four soldiers.

"Trying to decide who gets to be leader of our new team," Tucker replied.

"...Dude, I call in favor of Roll," Tucker stated.

"Huh?" Roll blinked.

"Seconded," Simmons quickly added.

"Excuse me?" Roll's eyes widened.

"Pi," Caboose agreed.

"Okay!" Grif agreed.

"What's happening?!" Roll freaked.

"Okay! Everyone, meet our team leader!" Tucker informed, "Any words you want to say?"

"Yes, yes I do," Roll replied, "What. The. Hell. Just. Happened?" (26)

"It's not funny, Felix!" Roll pouted as Felix slapped his knee in laughter.

"Y-You're right-t! It's HILARIOUS!" Felix laughed, "Oh, you are going to have the worst time ever!"

"...You want to make a wager then?"

"What kind?" Felix sobered quickly.

"I bet that one of the resistance members that I am going to be teaching and leading will be able to capture you by the end of the week," Roll informed, "You win: I'll give you something way cooler than the alien tech you've been paid with."

"Oh? What's that?" Felix asked.

Roll walked behind a container and walked back out...wielding a small gun.

"That's it?"

Roll smirked. Turning to an empty container, she pulled the trigger. The gun fired a black beam. The second the beam hit the container, it disintegrated in a literal instant.

"...And if you win?" Felix asked.

"You get the gun and you have to go with us to retrieve the others that were captured by the Federation of Chorus."

"Deal."

Felix shook his head as he walked with Zero 2.0, who had finished sharpening his knives for him, "Man, do I feel sorry for Roll. I mean, seriously, you won't find me leading people."

"Hai," Zero nodded, "Matte."

"Huh?" Felix stopped, "What's up?"

POW

"OW! The back of my head!" Felix exclaimed as he collapsed.

"Holy shit," Palomo blinked twice as he looked at the downed Felix, broken broom held in hand, "I actually did it."

"Told you a broom was the better choice," Roll smirked as Grif grumbled as he handed Roll a packet of Oreos while Zero 2.0 tied Felix up, "Good work, Zero 2.0."

"DOS POINT 0!"

"Seriously... the fuck?!" Tucker demanded.

"It's Sarge," Simmons and Grif replied in unison.

"At least it proves Locus didn't kill them," Roll whispered.

WHACK

"OW! The back of my neck!" Roll yelped.

"Tucker did it," Caboose informed... holding his own broom.

"Caboose, go to the corner," Roll ordered.

"Aw man~!" Caboose whined as he walked over to a corner and sat down, putting a Dunce Cap on his head once he was there.

"Anata wa bachigaina sen o motte imasu. Watashi wa sore o shūsei shimasu (You have a wire out of place. I will fix it)," Zero 2.0 informed.

"Thank you," Roll thanked.

"Hey, Roll, I've been meaning to say something," Tucker noted.

"What?" Roll asked.

"Codeword: Dirtbag," Tucker informed.

WHACK

"Fuck! My balls!" Grif squeaked as he collapsed to the side as Roll's body corrected itself.

"Tucker," Roll pouted.

"What? I wanted to see if you still had it," Tucker chuckled.

"What is going on here?!" the ten turned to see the leader of the resistance, Vanessa Kimball, approach.

"We just caught Felix, ma'am," Palomo replied, "With a broom."

"I thought you said you wouldn't capture him," Kimball looked at Roll.

"Palomo did it," Roll replied, "He's a quick learner with a broom."

"I've been on cleaning detail every day I've been in this resistance," Palomo informed.

"That explains it," Roll noted as Felix began to come to.

"Ugh...What hit me?" Felix asked, "...Did I get drunk and have sex with Mary again?"

"That was you?!" Kimball demanded, causing Felix to look around.

"Ah hell!" Felix realized, "You guys actually did it?!"

"Yep," Tucker replied, *'For once.'*

"I've been making them all run the gauntlet so to say," Roll informed as she undid Felix's bindings.

"Well... A deal's a deal," Felix sighed.

"Yep. We'll be leaving in one hour," Roll ordered, tossing Felix his new gun, "And, Felix?"

"Yeah?"

Roll held her hand out, "Here's to a successful rescue operation."

"...Yeah," Felix nodded, shaking her hand.

"An hour?" Kimball asked, "But..."

"You agreed that if it was approved, you'd let me do whatever I want for this operation," Roll reminded.

"Fine," Kimball sighed, "Good luck. All of you."

"Okay, people, robot, and cyborg, let's get ready. One hour," Roll ordered.

Felix frowned as he looked at his new weapon. Sure... either way, he'd get the gun, but to be able to get the drop on him...

"Guess I underestimated them," Felix noted.

"That you did, Felix," Felix turned to Roll, "I want to make an offer with you." Felix gulped as Zero 2.0's blade was pressed against his neck, "One that you won't refuse."

"...How did you even do this so fast?" Felix asked as he looked at Grif, who had just finished disguising the now-dead Republic soldier as a snowman.

"Years of practice," Grif informed.

=Blood Gulch - One week before relocation=

"...Found him," Simmons informed, looking at a snoozing Grif amongst a puddle of water.

=Present=

"Right..." Felix slowly nodded, "And we didn't bring those four guys...why?"

"They're not ready for this," Roll replied, "Maybe with a bit more training, they would, but the sooner the better." she and Zero 2.0 turned to him as the others walked ahead, "You remember what the deal is, right?"

"Yeah yeah...Still...Why did you trust me with it?" Felix asked.

"Locus trusts you," Roll replied before she and Zero went after the others.

"..."

Roll wondered where it all went wrong. Oh yeah...This Loop happened. They managed to regroup with the missing members of their group and then everyone in the enemy army was being vaporized by something. The group ran out of the structure with Lopez carrying a shivering medic with purple coloration on her armor over his shoulders in a fireman's lift.

"If everyone wasn't dying around us, I'd want to ask just how you made this robot's armor so durable."

"Crushed Oreos," everyone replied followed by a choked sob from Grif.

"Can it, Dirtbag," Sarge ordered.

THWACK

"FUCK!" Grif squeaked.

"I hate this codeword," Roll muttered before stopping, "Ah hell."

"What?" Felix asked before a series of red lights shined on them all and a group of black-armored soldiers appeared on the higher level before them, "Shit."

"Like sheep to the pen," Locus chuckled as he appeared between two of the middle soldiers.

"Oh no," Washington groaned.

"You're ready for slaughter."

"Locus!" Tucker growled as he activated his blade.

"I advise you stand down, boy," Locus ordered.

"Here comes the monologue," Washington muttered.

"I told you, Agent Washington, I am a professional. I complete my missions at all costs. But you, and your comrades have put a blemish on my record," Locus informed, "This, is unacceptable."

"What are you talking about? You just killed the men you're working for!" Washington demanded, *'If you were working for them and not that bastard.'*

Locus gave a grunt, "It appears you don't understand after all. Unfortunate. You were such a fascinating soldier, Agent Washington."

Locus raised his sniper rifle while Tucker got ready to throw his grenade. Felix darted in front of Washington and raised his Hardlight Shield just as Locus fired.

"Tucker, grenade!" Roll ordered.

"Here!" Tucker tossed it to Roll.

Roll caught it and tossed it to Felix, "Felix!"

"Got it!" Felix called before catching it, "..." looking it over, he began to chuckle, "Ah, that was close! Nice throw, Tucker! You too, Roll!"

"Felix?" Tucker questioned, already knowing what was happening.

"How many times have I jumped in front of a bullet for you, Wash? Three? Those are some pretty great reflexes, huh? Most people would have to plan that sort of thing."

"Felix, what are you doing?" Roll asked.

"Just helping out an old acquaintance," Felix replied as he looked up at Locus, "You missed a spot."

"Are you done?" Locus demanded.

"Not even close," Felix replied before turning to them.

"Dude! Not cool!" York frowned.

"This doesn't make sense! That's Locus, your enemy!" Tucker acted.

"Riiight, and I'm the charismatic mercenary with a gruff exterior, but a heart of gold. A little too romantic, don't you think?"

"But the guy fucking shot you!" Simmons pointed out.

"Yeah, funny how an act of sacrifice like that buys you so much trust. And so much information."

"But you're supposed to hate each other!" Simmons pointed out.

"Most likely, they do hate one another," Delta noted.

"Got that right. After all, you should never mix friends with business."

"Wrap it up," Locus growled.

"But we just work so well together," Felix ignored.

"You dirty liar!" Sarge growled.

"Hey, whoa whoa whoa. I never actually *lied* to you idiots, okay? Well, except for once," Felix chuckled, "'You're some of the galaxy's greatest soldiers!'" he huffed, "Now that couldn't be farther from the truth. But, you know, it did make you the perfect candidates to lead the people of Chorus."

"Stop boasting and let me kill them. We have a job to do," Locus demanded.

"Ooh, that's right, he doesn't like you guys. He actually thinks there might be a few fighters among you. Ha! Told you he's crazy," Felix went on.

"But why? Why the capture, why make us part of this war?" York demanded.

"Well, you see-"

" *FELIX!"* Locus roared.

"No!" Felix turned to glare up at Locus, "I've had to put up with these morons every day, so you let me have this," Felix turned back to Washington, "You see, someone, somewhere, out in our galaxy, has their eye set on this planet. The only problem, is the inhabitants. Now, if it were up to me, I'd just nuke this place from orbit. But our employer, has other ideas."

'Control...' Tucker thought, *'They better get that extension up sooner than later. I want to kill that ass.'*

"We have to play this thing carefully, you understand? If an entire planet dies overnight, well, people ask questions. But if you stumble onto this rock and find that the settlers killed each other, well, that's just a tragedy!" Felix snorted.

"It was you. You started this war!" Roll accused.

"ERT! Wronng!" Felix buzzed, "These people hated each other way before our operation ever showed up, we just had to keep the hate train a-goin'. And let me tell you, you guys have helped so much." he gave a dry chuckle before coldly asking, "Does it hurt? Knowing just how much death you've brought to this planet?"

"Enough!" everyone looked up at the enraged Locus, "How many times must I tell you, if you want to make the victim suffer, you do it quickly, and efficiently. There will be no rescue for you. You will die here, *today* , along with the rest. No one will find your bodies, no one will know the truth, and *no one is going to stop us from killing every last person on this planet* !"

"You got that right!" Felix chuckled, "Oh, and by the way..." Felix went on, "...Five Mississippi."

"What?" Locus asked before Felix threw the grenade at Locus, the pin off.

BOOM

"Holy shit!" Tucker exclaimed as he watched the Space Pirates lose their guns, Grif quickly grabbing one.

"Mine, bitches!" Grif cackled.

"FELIX!" Locus snarled as the smoke cleared.

"Consider that my resignation from Charon Industries!" Felix declared, "Oh, and tell Control...'Hi, Malcolm'."

"That's new," one of the Space Pirates noted as she and another jumped down, their armor color shifting into a familiar pair of colors.

"Teleport away!" Bass declared, throwing a Future Cube on the floor and causing them to vanish in a flash of orange light.

Locus picked up one of the Space Pirates by his throat, "Call Control... *NOW* !"

A flash of light shined and everyone tumbled away from each other in the canyon-like area.

"Ugh... What just happened and why did it hurt?" Grif moaned.

"Ugh..." Felix stumbled over to move his head behind a rock, removed his helmet, and emptied his rations, "I hate those things...!"

"I think my insides were just outside," Caboose noted.

"Ugh, is everyone okay?" Washington groaned.

"You know, I never thought I'd be so glad to see you idiots again," Carolina joked, "Though... Why did Felix switch sides?"

"The lady and her friends are persuasive," Felix replied.

"Arigatou," Zero 2.0 informed.

"...Why is my baby brother here? And who hit him with the ugly stick?" Bass asked.

"Fuck you, asshole," Zero stated in perfect English.

"What the?!" Grif exclaimed.

"Nani?" Zero 2.0 looked at Grif.

"..." Bass facepalmed before pulling Zero 2.0 into a headlock and whispered, "How long have you been awake?"

"A week now," Zero quietly shrugged, "Been using the Google Translate Japanese to insult everyone. Some even think I'm having a completely different conversation. So what's going on here?"

"War, that's what," Bass muttered.

"Glad t' see y'all are okay," Sarge noted, "Carolina, Bass."

"That's not all!" Rock informed as he appeared next to Bass, *"Miss me, Assholes? 'Cause so far, I love this planet."*

"You fucks!" Roll snapped, throwing her gun away and whipping her broom out.

"Shit! Book it, man!" Rock freaked before the two ran off, Roll giving chase.

"I'm booking it! I'm booking it!" Bass freaked as he ran off, dragging Zero behind him.

"Why are you dragging me with you?!" Zero demanded.

"Sacrifice!" both shouted as Bass punted Zero at Roll.

THWACK

"...That girl scares me more than anyone I have ever met. Even the Insurrection wouldn't be able to scare me more," Felix stated as he looked at the Zero-shaped hole in the titanium wall embedded in the wall nearby.

"Well, there goes that question," Sarge snorted.

"Wait, so this means..." Tucker's eyes widened, "We need to get to the Rebel base... *now* ."

"Good luck with that," Felix snorted, "Most likely, the Space Pirates are already there, preparing to wipe them out the moment we get there. And if you want to send the message to everyone, I have a key card to shut down the communications tower."

"...Huddle," Carolina ordered.

"Oh, who's the purple girl?" Felix asked.

"That's Dr. Grey. She's like Doc... only far better," Tucker shrugged before going into the red and blue huddle.

"..." Felix looked at Dr. Grey, "...That is one fine ass."

"I know how to vivisect you and turn you into a female," Dr. Grey warned.

"Noted...and yet aroused."

=I SEE...SO FELIX HAS ABANDONED US. AN UNFORTUNATE SITUATION, I SUPPOSE,= Control noted.

"Sir, he knows all our codes, all the locations of our bases and the jamming stations," Locus informed, "We need to immediately reset all the security codes before..."

=Too late, Locus~= Locus growled as the image of Felix appeared by the screen Control was using before waving =Hi~=

=AH, FELIX. I'M QUITE DISAPPOINTED WITH YOU. TO THINK THAT YOU WOULD ABANDON EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE OVER THE LAST SEVEN YEARS.=

=Aw stuff it, Malcom Hardgrove,= Felix snorted.

=...= the screen flickered before changing into the image of the man. =I must say that you surprise me, Felix. However did you figure it out?=

=Wasn't all that hard when you've got five AI that are interconnected,= Felix shrugged.

=Five AI?=

=*Sup?*= Rock greeted as he, Roll, Bass, Delta, and Theta appeared on Felix's head and shoulders.

=Are you seriously standing on my head?= Felix demanded.

=Hey! I'll have you know that I am the best! I bet if there were any aliens here, they'd be rapping out how I am the best while riding a pimped out ride or playing basketball.=

=*...*= Delta looked away from Rock, not wanting to inform him that that particular incident had happened more than once in the Loops he'd been awake in involving Epsilon and a group of aliens.

"Focus," Washington ordered.

"Yeah, yeah, Captain Grump-ass," Felix waved him off, "Anyways, just to let you know, I already made contact with UNSC. As of now, you are a wanted man, Malcom," Felix informed, "I'm getting a lighter sentence since I gave them all the info."

"We also got in touch with a friend o' ours," Sarge informed, "Y'all might remember him from th' picture in th' paper."

"Technically, it's a computer paper," Rock corrected as Bass showed a screen, showing a news article where Hardgrove was shaking Carolina's hand with the Reds and Blues standing near...and Petty Officer Master Chief shaking hands with Roll and Sarge.

'Thank goodness he's Awake,' Roll thought.

"I've got to admit: you guys knowing Master Chief *really* got me worried," Felix admitted, "I mean, if you were able to disable even

one of these towers, you could've sent a signal straight to him and there goes all the work."

=Felix!= Locus growled =You dare...?=

"Hey, I'd rather not die due to being impaled by a broom," Felix snorted before hearing a Wilhelm Scream, "Really, Zero?"

" *DOS POINT 0!"* Sarge snapped.

Zero shrugged as he tossed the latest of the dismembered Space Pirates into the waters below.

"You really should've contacted him sooner," Felix chuckled, "Now...all your plans are done for."

=Truly, I was not expecting you to do this,= Hardgrove noted with a frown =It seems there is no other choice: We go to war.=

"Riiight...See, here's the thing; this is being shown *live* to every single person on Chorus," Tucker smirked.

"Say 'Hi' to Planet Chorus, Malcom Hardgrove," Rock chuckled, *"By the way, thanks so much for all the free tech you've been reverse engineering=*

=So you are the one who's been stealing all the tech from my bases.=

"Well...Me, Bass, and Carolina= Rock shrugged.

"Hey, we were just hoping to read you a letter," Washington informed.

"It's jest a little somethin' we put together for ya. Considerin' we'll probably be seein' a lot of each other over th' next few weeks," Sarge chuckled.

"Take it away, girls," Tucker offered to Carolina, Dr. Grey, and Roll.

"Ahem...'Dear Chairman; It has come to our attention that you have declared war on the planet Chorus," Carolina began as Roll went into her body.

"We regret to inform you that this is a really shitty idea. Not only have you managed to annoy the people that you failed to kill, time and time again, you've also found a way to piss off an *entire planet* ," Roll continued.

"Now we may not have the best equipment and we might not be the best fighters, but as you're aware, we've been fighting for a *very* long time," Dr. Grey added, "And now that we're not fighting each other, we're more than happy to dedicate all of our time to fighting you."

"So *dear Chairman* , to you and your idiotic mercenaries, we would like to say: bring it on, motherfuckers!" Roll ordered, "We're not going anywhere."

"From your friends, the incredibly badass and sexually attractive, Red and Blue soldiers of Project Freelancer. PS: Suck our balls," Rock added before the connection dropped.

"...Did you really say that?" Roll giggled once the connection was dropped.

"What? I thought it'd be cool," Rock frowned.

"I might as well go make sure that those two meet up," Felix noted as he walked off, "Coming, hot-ass?"

"Oh, you just earned yourself a vivisection."

"Whoa," Felix chuckled before he ran off, Dr. Grey following with a scalpel in each hand.

"So what happens now?" Bass asked as he went into his body.

"Well, we've got about three days before our Loop ends, give or take a day," Tucker shrugged, "...Capture the Flag?"

"No," the Reds, Roll, Wash, Rock, Carolina, Bass, and York instantly replied.

"And this is your sister. Her name is Roll," were the words Roll Awoke to.

'Dad...' Roll thought with a smile forming on her lips, *'I really missed hearing that voice.'*

Roll sat up and blinked a few times. She saw Rock, who gave a small wink at her and earning a subtle nod from her, their father, and a young man in blue military uniform.

"I'll give you three some time to talk," Dr. Light informed as he walked out of the room.

"...I'd like to say in advance that I am sorry if Caboose ever shot you," was the first thing that came out of the man's mouth, causing both to look at him.

"Are you...?" Roll's eyes widened.

"My name is Leonard Church, or rather, Church Light this Loop," the man informed, "I'm also Epsilon, Delta, little Theta, Omega, and Sigma. But you guys can call me either 'The Alpha' or 'Church.'" he looked over at Rock, "How you feeling, kid?"

"Good. I... I don't remember a lot before my time on Chorus and hanging out with just Bass and Carolina, though," Rock admitted.

"Ah. Well, I got a call from your Admin before I came in here. Had to disguise it as a call from my commanding officer this Loop," Church informed, "Turns out that he and my Admin, whoever the guy or girl or it is, made a filter of sorts for people who end up as Epsilon. You don't remember the memories of Loopers who end up as the other AI." he then whispered, "You made sure to write down some good blackmail just in case something like this happened?" (27)

"Yep," Rock chuckled.

"Good," Church chuckled, "Epsilon has a large folder himself on embarrassing secrets other Loopers have when they manage to survive as me forgetting not to get close to him."

"What are you talking about?" Roll frowned.

"Nothing!" both replied, standing at attention.

"Wait, why did you do that?" Rock asked as he looked at Church.

"When your ex-girlfriend/AI Fragment can kick your ass in an argument, you learn to listen to women," Church informed, "Now then..." reaching into his Pocket, he took out a pair of badges shaped like the symbol for Alpha and the symbol for Epsilon, "In honor of you surviving a Loop as me and as Epsilon, I award you both the Alpha Emblem and the Epsilon Emblem respectively," he gave the badges to them and saluted them, "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Rock nodded.

"Wait... Are you replacing Blues?" Roll asked.

"Yeah. Unlike him, I went with the transplant of power sources," Church shrugged, "I really wanted to meet the two who are considered honorary little brother and little sister to everyone aside from Sarge."

"Sarge?"

"What does he see us as?"

"Honorary son and daughter," Church replied before he noticed how the two shuddered a bit, "Yeah...We did that too when he got drunk and admitted that he saw us as the sons and daughters... and Grif... that he always wanted after the war ends. But still..." he patted their shoulders, "What you two did was a good thing. You gave Caboose comfort that I might not always be there and that he can deal with it."

"He thinks I'm a female you," Roll deadpanned.

"Oh, he figured that out a few minutes after we talked once he Woke up a few Loops back," Church chuckled, "Now then, I believe a certain lady with killer broom skills is in need of some non-red clothes."

"You got that right," Roll frowned as she looked at her red dress before taking her Hogwarts wand out and tapped the red fabric, turning it into the same shade of blue she had worn in the RvB Loop.

"Okay... I was going to buy you some outfits and we'd go for a pretzel or two at the mall, but that works as well," Church shrugged.

"...I think I do remember one thing aside from my time on Chorus," Rock noted before smirking, "How good are you at building copies of those aliens from your Baseline?"

"I have some spares Lopez built," Church shrugged with a smirk, "They're all programmed in how to drive, rap, dance, and play basketball."

"...Awesome," Rock grinned. (28)

Roll rolled her eyes with a small smile. At least now she'd get to know this 'Church" everyone mentioned in the Loop. Looking down at her new medal, she made a mental note to get some polish for it. She was not going to forget that Loop, not for a long, *long* time.

Compiler's Commentary:

1) I'm trying to think of context where this sentence wouldn't sound disturbing and I'm not succeeding.

2) Get used to that feeling Roll. This branch is like that.

3) Pinkie Pie logic is one thing, but Caboose just flat hurts my brain.

4) Does anyone else need a flowchart yet?

5) Oh, *there's* a nasty fused variant Loop waiting to happen...

6) Do recall that Roll was originally a housekeeping model. Cleanliness is something she takes pride in.

7) She actually ups this to a hundred at some point according to a snip to be compiled later.

8) Zero was either very relieved or extremely paranoid that Loop.

9) Guinness Book of World Records notes a natural bra size equivalent to a 48V-cup bra (not manufactured anywhere). No, I kid you not. Also, Roll is politely not mentioning that her father makes her robo-bust adjustable when she's still a robot in those Loops.

10) Rock is *not* a fan of Jarate. Frankly, neither is anyone else who gets hit with it.

11) Please note that Rock isn't feeling quite himself due to some of the unique circumstances involved in replacing Epsilon, including but not limited to the very, *very* , clear memories of torture and all that. Kindly ignore any instances where he seems out of character as resulting from this state and enjoy the ride.

12) Does anyone other than me keep looking for Proto Man every time the Blues are mentioned in this?

13) Well, this went pear-shaped fast.

14) ...How do you even *pronounce* '0.o'?

15) GammaTron: SK. Simmons Kong! SK. Simmons Kong is here!

16) How the heck is there anything still intact about Grif's crotch at this point?

17) I don't even want to know...

18) To clarify: Bass is casual with swearing anywhere. It's Rock swearing that he's not used to.

19) GammaTron: You also develop a phobia to mannequins and things like mannequins.

20) If there's one big chink in Roll's armor it's that she doesn't take the loss of those she cares for well at all.

21) Bass's name is pronounced like 'base', not like the fish. Bass is not a fish. Wow it's been a long time since I thought of that particular fanfic...

22) Rock actually enjoyed being a Sylveon. It was dealing with Team Wily on a regular basis that he doesn't like being reminded about.

23) Well, it is when Red vs Blue physics is involved.

24) GammaTron: Yes, I went with the design for ZeroEXE. I just thought it'd be interesting for a later Loop if Roll were to ever meet the actual ZeroEXE to mistake him for Zero Dos Point 0.

25) RvB chemistry of course.

26) You only ask that now, Roll? Honestly, I thought RvB was 'What the Hell Just Happened?: The Web Series'.

27) Clarification reminder: Rock and Roll are Joint Anchors (i.e. not bound to each other) who can either serve the role of Anchor for an iteration. While they are often Awake together,

they aren't always. Apparently Rock had a couple of Loops by himself after RvB before this one was arranged. I'm just going to guess that Heph and 'mystery RvB Admin' wanted to double-check that the Epsilon memory filter was working properly.

28) Not entirely sure what exactly this resulted in, but I'm told the music video was 'wicked sick'.

Chapter 5

Okay, everyone, just a reminder of what this is about since I forgot to mention it in the first chapter:

Loop mechanics (general):

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time this time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B and B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

Loop mechanics (specific):

Caboose is the Anchor.

RVBverse Loopers are known as the 'Idiots' of the Loops by some, 'Lucky B_tards' by others, and 'the Pitied' by the rest because of their Anchor.

I assume that the Red VS Blue series is around ten years from Project Freelancer's beginning to the declaration of war against Charon Industries by the Reds and Blues, though it may start to expand once the next season comes out.

4.1 (GammaTron)

Church inhaled deeply the air of Blood Gulch. It had been a few hundred or so loops since he had ended up back here, so he was fine with it. He was looking forward to doing a simple baseline loop with the others when...

"Church!" Caboose called, "Church! I have something to show you!"

"Oh my god...What is it, Ca..." Church began as he turned...and looked up...and up...and up, "...boose?"

"I got a car!" Caboose beamed from his seat in the red car filled with controllers and buttons, "And it has buttons in it!"

"Dude!" Tucker freaked, "I'm outta here!"

"Tucker, don't leave!" Church whimpered as Tucker ran off to hide in the base.

"Sorry dude, but I don't want to die!" Tucker replied.

"Damn you, Tucker!" Church shook a fist as Tucker ran into the Red Base where the rest of the Reds were watching.

"When did he git that?!" Sarge asked.

"Me siento muy pequeña," Lopez noted.

"Ooh~Are those flame decals?" Donut asked.

"Caboose, don't press any buttons!" Church screamed.

"..." Caboose touched one saying 'Caboose, touch this one!', "touch."

"Son of a..." Church groaned before the Loop crashed.

"Okay! Who let Michael J. Caboose have a Megas with a frickin' nuke button?!" Skuld demanded the other Admins, "Because I sure as hell didn't!"

4.2 (Evilhumor and GammaTron)

Caboose Awoke and noticed the Loop was weird. Now what did Church tell him to do again? Oh yeah. He reached behind his back...and got nothing. Caboose tilted his head and tried again. He still got nothing. It was by now he should have noticed he was a blue chihuahua, yet he still kept trying to pull something out from his 'pocket' and nothing would come out.

"..." Caboose whimpered, "Can't contact anyone..." he began to look around, whimpering more, "Wh...Where is Church? Church? Church! If you are playing 'Hide and Don't Seek' without telling me, you win! Please come out!" after a few moments of silence, he collapsed into a shivering blue ball, "N...No Church...Ch-ch-ch-Church..."

"Okay. Caboose should be here in three, two, and..." Church counted down before a blue blur tackled him over, "Gah! Caboose!"

"Ch-Church!" Caboose sniffled, refusing to let go of Church's waist.

"Caboose, what's wrong? Did you...Oh oak, you got a Punishment Loop again," Church groaned, "Tucker, go see if the others are awake."

"I know Doc's one," Tucker noted, pointing at the purple medic as he drove Sheila out of the Pelican.

"An...and I tried to get back, but...but my teeth just broke when I tried to chew on a hydrant and...and this big baboon ripped my skin off and started chewing on it!" Caboose sniffled as the Reds and Blues sat in the center of the box canyon, "And I tried to throw him, but I couldn't pick up the meanie baboon and...and..."

"There, there, Caboose," Church comforted, patting the 'child' in an adult's body on the back.

"I...I don't wanna go back there, Church," Caboose whimpered, "It didn't have you or-or-or the girl you that likes to call herself 'Roll' or Twilight or the nice lady that you took me to see in that place where I got to play checkers with that tree computer or-or..." he wiped a hand on the bottom of his visor, "...I don't wanna go back there."

"Well, Caboose, it's because you did something bad that you went there," Simmons noted, "If you don't want to go back there, then don't crash anymore loops."

"I...I'll try," Caboose sniffled.

"Well, that's all Ah need t' hear. He got a Ren and Stimpy Loop," Sarge nodded as he got up, "Ah'll go get him some cookies. Donut, where are th' cookies?"

"I haven't baked any yet," Donut informed, "Would you like some cookies, Caboose?"

"Ch-Chocolate chip?"

"Sure. How about some chocolate ones sprinkled in powdered sugar as well?" Donut offered, "I just got the recipe when I was in a Hub Loop."

Caboose nodded. He did not like that Loop. He'd try his best to avoid doing anything that would put him back there.

"Stupid broken circle..." Caboose whimpered.

Kui Xing looked at his fellow Admin with some concern.

Monkey was one of the few that made him weary of dealing with. On one hand, he had managed to make the Tom and Jerry branch into the perfect sanctuary loop, the anchors didn't bother anyone looping in, they restrained themselves from their usual antics on replacing loopers from their usual fights and when they *did* fight, they made sure to do in a manner that wouldn't cause any harm to the loop.

On the other hand, he also managed to get that one branch to loop to horrific results. Perfectly stable that it didn't require an anchor but due to the sheer insanity that happened in the branch, Monkey saw fit to turn the branch into a punishment loop. He was weary of doing this; mainly because it was going to cause more paperwork for him dealing with other Admins breathing down his neck for either scaring their loopers straight or asking for him for purposely fused loops for more troubled loopers.

He already saw the results of the anchor of the Red versus Blue branch, and it was very worrying of how terrified the person was now and that Monkey had purposely prevented any of Caboose's fellow looper from following in to keep him stable, a prerequisite.

Sighing, he approached the laughing trickster as he was watching both his branches, fingers flying from the keyboards to the bag of popcorn he was holding with his tail.

"Monkey, we need to talk abo-"

"Look, one, Church wasn't going to go in because it would be wrong to associate Caboose with any of his friends with what happens in Ren and Stimpy." Monkey said holding up a paw, his index finger straight up. "Two, Caboose needed to learn that there are consequences for his actions." Another finger went up. "Three, Eiken wasn't cutting it anymore as he was enjoying it." Three fingers were in the air. "Four, I also made sure to monitor his reactions after the loop and he has sworn to behave himself in the future." All four fingers save the thumb were in the air. "So five, no we don't need to talk about the loop I put Caboose through as it was a complete textbook success, right?"

Kui Xing sighed, rubbing his face. Monkey was right on all accounts. "Yes, I suppose you are right..."

"Good," Monkey turned to face him. "Never forget rule one; I always know how to best punish people with laughter!" He then made a very rude gesture with one finger, laughing his head off as Kui Xing left the office of his most successful and strange Admin.

"Come on...Please let it be an Admin," Church whispered as he looked upwards, "Please...Yggdrasil. I need an Admin this time. Anyone that's an Admin for you. This is for Caboose...for the one guy who saw you not as another computer-albeit the most vital one ever of all time-, but as another living thing. Please, Yggdrasil, help me get in contact with one of the Admin."

Slowly, he reached out to the telephone and took it off the receiver. With careful movements, he proceeded to dial a random number. Once he pressed the last button in the sequence, he brought it to his ear.

ring...ring...ri-click

"Hello. Sleiphnir speaking."

"Who did it?"

"...Excuse me?"

"Who is the fucking Admin that gave Michael J. Caboose his Punishment Loop this time?" Church asked coldly, his voice rising up as he continued, "Who is the goddamn fucker that hurt my little buddy?!"

"...I can't tell you who did it. Just tr..."

"DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE TELL ME TO TRUST YOU OR ANY OTHER ADMIN, YOU FUCKING SIX-LEGGED HORSE!" Church roared, slamming his free fist into a wall, "If you won't tell me who that Admin is, then I want you to leave him or her or it this message: 'You fucked with Caboose, so you've fucked with the Reds and Blues of Project Freelancer. Hope you're ready, you cockbite, because now? All of us will not rest until we ascend at the same damn time so we can tear you a new one! YOU MADE OUR HOPE BREAK, SO WE WILL BREAK YOU!'" Church slowly took a few shuddering breaths to calm himself down, "You make sure that whoever put Caboose in that Loop gets that message."

"...Is Caboose really your Hope?"

"He always was our Hope. When he saved me and Tucker from the Reds back in the baseline, driving the tank that neither of us even knew how to operate, he was my Hope. When he saved Epsilon and, in a way, brought me back from death, he was my Hope. When he, after everything I said, even after I snapped and gave both him and every single Red and Blue around me the Reason You Suck speech, came to help me and Carolina, he was my Hope," Church informed, "I'm not sure about the reasons the others have, but they all agreed that Caboose is the Hope of the Reds and Blues. And listen to him now..." he held up the phone to the nearby door, hearing soft sobs and whimpering begging coming from it, before bringing it back after a moment or two, "...Whoever broke our Hope had better damn well fix what he broke. He's spent five damn Loops locked up in his room,

crying and having nightmares about that damn Punish...THAT DAMN TORTURE LOOP!"

"You would be willing to actually cause a Crash just because of the actions of one Admin?"

"Like I said; Caboose is our Hope. Without him, we'd have gotten tired of these Loops a long time ago, pretend that they weren't happening, probably start going insane even," Church informed, "And because of one Admin-one of those that we thought were helping everyone-who thought doing what he, she, or it did was a good idea, broke our Hope. Now, we could give any less damn care about your damn system and its rules! Unless the one who hurt Caboose fixes this, we will do everything in our power to Ascend and make the biggest damn Crash that you'll have ever known! Even the one that caused all the Loops would be a piece of shit compared to what we'll do because you bastards MADE CABOOSE CRY! SO GET THAT MOTHERFUCKING ASSHOLE WHO HURT CABOOSE TO FIX WHAT HE DID OR ELSE!" with that, he slammed the phone down on the receiver, "DAMN!"

"So...what do we do now?" Grif asked, leaning against a nearby wall while the others were spread around the hallway.

"If they don't want to help, that's fine," Church replied, "For now, we're going to stay here, do our best to comfort Caboose, and then...we get stronger. Stronger and stronger and even stronger than that. I want us all to get so strong that we have to wear more limiters than the Original Seven do! When we get so strong that we have so many limiters on us that we can't even blink, we will ascend and rip every single goddamn Admin a new one for hurting Michael J. Caboose! As of this moment, we are all declaring a Blood Feud with the Admin that hurt him and any one else that agrees with what that Admin did to our Hope! I don't give a damn about if they are our friends or not! If they decide that the Admin was right in hurting Caboose like this...then they're not my friends any longer."

"You know we're all going to get punishment Loops for this, right?" Simmons gulped.

"...Really, Simmons?" Sarge demanded, "Do you really care about what they'll do to us when they've hurt Caboose?"

"...Fuck it," Simmons cocked his gun, "Unless the one who hurt him makes Caboose better or at least apologizes to him, I'm with you on this plan."

"You rang?" Monkey smiled, looking at the group of individuals. "Before anyone else gets a bit overboard, let me explain something to all of you. You're not special, you are not above anyone else in the whole system and such talk is a big no no." He held up a finger to them. "So once you lot do something bad, we need to make sure you won't do it again. Let placing a kid's hand on the stove to get the lesson home. Caboose is no different from any other looper, except he's your Anchor." He rolled his eyes at their guns before snapping them away. "Short run, Caboose is in a bad spot, yes. That's the point of my little loop; to get the more psycho loopers a taste of their medicine, so they'll stop causing such headaches for us at top. But long run?" He leaned into Church's face. "He'll more than likely be fine if he's got such a support team like you guys watching out for him. I mean, the only reason why I had him loop alone was because I didn't want him associate you guys with that stuff in any way possible." He then grabbed Church's gun and pointed straight at his face. "But let me be clear, if you guys try any of those stuff you were just saying, there will be severe repercussions for you all." He then pulled the trigger, causing confetti to spring out in Church's face. "Mainly you lot will be in trouble beyond your comprehension, but you will also hurt Caboose too. Because he'll never see you guys again, nor Twilight, nor his little girlfriend nor anyone else if you actually manage do your stupid stunt! So trust me when I say this, we know what we are doing!" Monkey's angry glare pierced the helmet and bore straight into Church's very soul. "Understand?" He got a number of nods. "Good! Now go be good friends for him, and also, you guys are in for a good loop. Tom and Jerry is such a

peaceful loop with that rare mixture of comedic violence so randomly seen elsewhere."

"..." Sarge turned and shot at Grif...only for confetti to hit him in the face, "Ah dang it! This is th' confetti weapon Loop again, ain't it?"

"Sarge, focus!" Church didn't look away from Monkey, having been the only one of the group that didn't nod, "I know we're not special, that we're not above anyone else, but I do know one thing: Caboose is not just our Anchor, but our anchor. Ever since he Woke up here, crying and completely terrified, we've been right here for him. Right now, Carolina is in there with York, D, and Doc, all of them trying to give Caboose just a little bit of comfort while the rest of us have been out here for hours, trying to get in contact with you Admins."

"Sir? I...I know we're not special or anything like it. There are probably guys more special that we'd ever be. But...But Caboose was my first real friend here. I felt that he filled a hole in me perfectly," Donut informed, "I'm...When I saw him, holding onto Church and not able to stop crying, I just wanted to hold him close and tell him everything would be okay. But...But I couldn't tell him that. What if you do it again? What's to stop other Admin from putting Caboose through that again just because?" he sniffled, "I...I'm sorry...I...I just..."

Lopez put a hand on Donut's shoulder before holding up a piece of paper that had a detailed image of Caboose, holding Church tightly, and his exposed face buried into the AI's metal chest. He could have spoken English, but he knew that a picture was worth a thousand words.

"I'll admit that I thought of Caboose as an idiot and kinda hopeless. But...But his enthusiasm...his way to make any situation cheery and full of hope...It just pisses me off that I'd actually see him become a complete wreck like he is right now," Grif informed, "If I have to give up drinking, gambling, sleeping, eating, and everything else that I like just for a miracle that Caboose can go back to being himself, I'd do it in less than a heartbeat."

"I'm not really close to Caboose, but as we've been going through these Loops, we've managed to become, well, like older brother and younger brother. When Church isn't around, Caboose knows that I can be almost as good. Sure, I may insult him at times and he calls me 'stupid' every now and then, but at the end of it all?" Tucker pointed at the door nearby, "I'd give up everything just to see Caboose not be in that room, crying and trying to endure nightmares that that Torture Loop-don't you even think of just calling it a Punishment Loop because this kind of reaction is something I'd expect from torturing an innocent!-you put him through."

"I have to admit that Caboose is pretty much the one good thing that came out of Project Freelancer's shit," Texas noted, "He just had this way of...of...I can't really explain it, but I know that I want to break your spine because of this and, if I have to give up everything-including any chance of me coming back for any Loops-just for Caboose to come out and be at least a little bit like himself, then I'd do it."

"Caboose is important to us all, sir," Simmons informed, "And I for one would gladly give up everything just so that you would go in there and just at least try anything to...to...to help him understand."

"When Ah saw Caboose, his helmet thrown to th' side and crying inta Church, Ah wanted t' make th' varmit who did it suffer," Sarge informed, "But with how y'all are actin'...y'all ain't worth it. Yer an asshole, but who ain't one? But right now, Caboose doesn't get it. He understands that he got that because he did something to make y'all mad at 'im, but what he doesn't get is why you did it. Ah aint askin' fer an apology, no siree. Ah ain't even goin' t' ask fer forgiveness fer th' threat we just said. But what Ah am askin' fer is that y'all go in there and tell him why. He was already sufferin' with what happened t' his family and them bein' lost like that Ash kid's pa is, not able to remember how many sisters he had or what his ma looked like...But he said that Ah'm like a dad t' everyone here. And, dang it, if that don't beat all fer me, but ah see Caboose as a son, too. And right now, Ah jest want somethin'...anythin' that can help him get back on

his feet after this. So ah ain't askin' fer forgiveness. What Ah want...is fer mah son t' get better."

Monkey nodded his head to all of them. "Then let me go speak to our special friend. Face to face." He walked past the group and before entering, he smiled at them. It was not mean spirited or mocking, but a pure honest decent smile. "Do you know how much it warms my heart to hear you all going so far for you friend, and how much you are all wiling to do for him makes me proud to be your Admin." Before any of the loopers could respond to that, he entered the door with York, D, and Doc outside.

And suddenly, there was a lurch in time; they were all aware that a great amount of time had passed but everything stood still for them.

They then saw both Monkey and Caboose walking out of the room, laughing their heads off at unknown joke.

"Better now?" Monkey asked the person who had an arm around his neck.

"Yup!" Caboose shouted with joy that none of them saw in a long time. "Thanks again for everything you said in there sir."

"Meh, just doing my job my friend," Monkey patted Caboose on the head, laughing again, and smiling at the group. "By the way, I arranged it that you lot got Eiken for a bit to detox from everything. Have fun!" With that, he laughed again, jumping on the spot into the air and vanished in a flash of light, leaving only Caboose behind.

"Caboose!" Church exclaimed as the two Freelancers and medic walked out, "Guys, what happened in there?"

"No clue. All we did was blink and then we see Caboose laughing with that guy," York replied as Delta appeared on his shoulder.

"He was the Admin who put Caboose through that," Delta stated.

"That's my Logic at its best," Church chuckled, "And apparently, he's also our Admin."

"...Oh good god," Carolina facepalmed, "No wonder when I'm around you guys it feels like I'm talking to a bunch of monkeys."

"Seconded," Tex chuckled.

"Caboose, are you...okay now?" Donut asked.

"I am okay, Captain Cupcake!" Caboose beamed, "Mr. Monkey said that he made a bubble out of time and made things go really fast for me and him in there. But I don't get it. Time is a circle, it shouldn't be a bubble." he let out a gasp, "Unless the bubble was the circle!"

"Oh thank god," Grif collapsed to his knees in relief, "Hang on, Chima Bears, Grif is coming back to Nap World."

"Well, out with it, son. What did he tell ya?" Sarge asked.

"Oh yeah...Yeah, he said that he was the one who did that. I don't remember much until he was healing my hands. They were really red and stingy, too. And...And I felt a bit better," Caboose informed, "He told me that he was in charge, but how was that possible? He was not Church or Agent Washingtub." Washington facepalmed, "Then he said that he made it so that we got to meet so many new friends and got to do new stuff! Then he told me that I got *that* because I kept dying." everyone winced at that, "He told me I needed to be more careful and not help Trixie or Sasuke anymore...or anyone who likes to blow things up really close to themselves...Then he asked me about Lin." he let out a happy, content sigh, "I love talking about Lin. She's really pretty and smart and strong as me. He looked really happy that I love going through Eiken Loops."

"And you two were laughing why?" Simmons asked.

"Oh, he was telling me about a prank he did on this Ares guy that he got from watching one of the episodes in Season 11 and some of the Public Service Announcements of our web show before that Mr. Ares had to do something a long time ago," he then looked at everyone, "...Can I have cookies and milk now?"

"Caboose, you're getting my Oreos for the rest of this Loop," Grif stated, making everyone but Caboose look at him in shock under their helmets, "What? He deserves them with what he's had to go through. Right, Church?" he looked over at Church to see he was slumped over, "Church?"

Church corrected himself, "His mind's back to normal and now he's got that Admin in there...as a monkey in Chinese clothes, a red staff, and floating on a cloud."

"That seems accurate," York noted.

"Did the story about him involve the monkey pooping ice cream while dancing to the accordion that's played by his mind's representation of Heavy?" Church asked.

"Who's Heavy?" York asked.

"Word of advice; don't touch Sasha," Tex advised, "Or else you'll get the Sandvich."

"I still don't think that getting all your blood punched out is physically possible," Simmons noted.

"Ah...Sensei, here Ah come fer ya," Sarge noted wistfully, his mind drifting to Eiken, none of them noticing Monkey just smiling at his loopers, leaning backwards with a Sleiphnir puppet on his hand, laughing once more.

4.3 (RockGolem)

Caboose was having lots of fun. In the new loop he went to a fun school met lots of nice people and had been given lots of pancakes. He was having fun playing with the black puppies when his partner for the loop came over to him. He didn't like his new partner partly because she wasn't Church and partly because he thought she didn't like him either. He didn't know why, she was the one who kept standing where he was firing and she was still alive because of her aura thingy so he couldn't understand why she didn't like him.

"Caboose what are you doing with those Grimm?"

"They're my new puppies. Don't tell Freckles, okay not Church lady?"

"Caboose, once again my name is Pyrrha. Pyrrha Nikos and you're suppose to kill the creatures of Grimm."

"Aw~! But they're cute."

"They are trying to disembowel you!"

"It tickles. They're just tickling my tummy."

Pyrrha just stared and then turned away "I miss Jaune."

When Ren saw the crowd at the entrance of the dining hall, he knew something had to be happening and seeing as he hadn't seen Nora or the visiting looper Caboose for the last half hour he already knew they would be involved so he followed his gut and marched along the corridor with great purpose until he reached his destination.

"Hello. Is the book I was looking for back yet?"

"Oh, yes. The student who had it out returned it this morning. Just let me scan your library card and it's all yours."

2 Hours Later

Ren was looking forward to dinner, he had been able to get a large amount of work done thank to no one distracting him and he was hopeful about some of his ideas to use his aura in different ways.

"Nora did it!"

"Caboose did it!"

"Nora did it!"

"Caboose did it!"

"Nora did it!"

"Caboose did it!"

"Nora did it!"

"Caboose did it!"

While he hadn't forgotten about Caboose and Nora, he had hoped they would have finished whatever it was they were doing by time he came back.

He sidled up to Yang who was counting money. "What are they fighting about, what're the bets, and what're the odds?"

"Who broke Cardin's legs, who caves, and two will get you one if Nora folds first."

"So one will get me two if Caboose loses."

"Yep," said Yang with a smirk "But everyone knows Caboose is too dumb to get bored, so only idiots are betting he's going to lose."

"100 on Nora to win." said Ren, handing over a big stack of money into the eager hands of Yang, who gave him a smile and a wink as she flipped her hair over her shoulder.

"Ah, so you think Nora can out last Caboose?"

"No, but she can concentrate on two things at once." Ren pushed his way through the throng of people and shouted, "Hey Caboose!"

"Hey Ren. I can't talk, I'm arguing!" Caboose yelled back and turned to Nora and said "Tucker did it!"

Nora open her mouth but closed it again before tilting her head, "Caboose, who's Tucker?"

"Err I mean... err...err ...err I...did...it?"

A loud groan went up from the audience punctuated by the cheers of Nora and those who bet on her. A while later after Ren had gotten his winnings off Yang-who was quite happy with how things had turned out if the pat on ass he'd received was anything to go by-and after cheering up Caboose by making him and Nora two large stacks of pancakes (with extra extra syrup), Ren found Pyrrha outside staring at the stars.

"So, you have fun breaking Cardin's legs?"

Pyrrha just smiled as she gazed upwards to the heavens "Yes. It was very enjoyable."

4.4 (GammaTron)

"Now what Loop are we in?" Simmons groaned, his armor replaced with civilian clothes.

"Well, judging from this site, we're in what Sonic told us is the Hub Loop," Grif noted, sitting at the apartment's couch, "Huh...So that's what Lopez and Lopez Dos point O were saying to Sarge."

"What who was saying?" Simmons asked as he looked over Grif's shoulder, "Holy shit. Is...Is that us?"

"Yeah. Apparently, we're a pretty famous web series here called 'Red VS Blue,'" Grif noted.

"...You want to start calling our baseline the 'Red VS Blue Loops,' don't you?" Simmons asked.

"Dude, yes," Grif confirmed before eating another Oreo from his supplies.

"...I'll go see if the others are here," Simmons informed.

4.5 (GammaTron)

Sarge glanced around. He just knew it was the Blues' fault for this. How else was this possible?! Living the same life over and over again! And having to deal with that...that...that...Blue Girl in yellow! Every! Single! Time! He was not old, darn it! He was experienced! There's a different, consarn it! And now, look at what those filthy Blues did! He wasn't even sure where he was! It looked like a jailhouse or something!

"Mr. Sarge? Mr. Sarge, are you paying attention?" a voice demanded, making Sarge look at him and...

"Gah! A filthy blue!" Sarge exclaimed, "Where's mah shotgun?!"

"B-Blue sir?" the man with his hair slicked back into spikes and wearing a blue business suit questioned.

"Y'all know what Ah mean, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge growled, "Ah jest know this is one o' yer mind tricks t' make me crack and spill top secret secrets th' Red Team has! Like mah secret recipe for guilt-free brownies!"

"...You know how to make guilt free brownies?" the man raised a brow.

"Ah! How did y'all know Ah knew that?! You filthy Blue! Ah swear when Ah eat mah way outta here, Ah'll kill you!" Sarge threatened, "But first, Ah need t' find mah armor."

"Armor?" the man sweatdropped, "Wait. Have you been experiencing any issues with something happening all over again?"

"...What are y'all tryin' t' say t' me?" Sarge demanded slowly.

"Mr. Sarge, I believe that you're experiencing your first Fused Loop," the man informed.

"...Ah did what in mah cup now?" Sarge blinked.

"Let me explain it a bit better for you, Mr. Sarge. My name is Phoenix Wright, Ace Attorney. You are my Defendant, Mr. Sarge Sargent. You're currently accused of killing one Franklin Delano Donut."

"Donut?! He's...He's *dead* ?!" Sarge asked before slamming his fists on the table, "Dammit! There goes mah perfect record in th' Red Army! Damn you, Grif!"

"..." Phoenix facepalmed, "So you...like the color red?"

"Exactly! Red is th' color for victory! Convert to th' Red Team, ya filthy Blue!" Sarge demanded.

4.6 (GammaTron and wildrook)

"...Pinkie Pie?"

"Y-Yes, Twilight?"

"Why is my tree demolished this time and so early?" the Unicorn began to slowly breathe.

"W-Well...I wanted an oreo, but somepony bought every single one all over Equestria, bought out the factory, and then shut it down. I tracked him down for five years before I Awoke and it turned out to be another Looper," Pinkie Pie informed.

"And you destroyed my tree because he took them?" Twilight demanded.

"No. ...He blew it up when I tried to get one from him. And I can't find him anywhere near here or anywhere, really."

"...What kind of Pony was he, what color is he, and what's his Cutie Mark?" Twilight asked.

"Pegasus, orange with orange mane, and just a set of 'Zs' with a sleeping bear that has an oreo in his mouth," Pinkie Pie informed.

"...DEXTER GRIF!" Twilight shouted in the Royal Canterlot Voice.

The Pegasus known as 'Lazy Bear' this Loop snorted as he woke up on his cloud. He thought he heard something. He shrugged before pulling an oreo out of his Pocket, split it in two, licked the cream off, and then ate it. Once done with that, he curled up once more on his cloud over Las Pegasus.

"What was with that crazy pink chick?" Lazy Bear muttered, "Trying to steal my oreos...Hope she likes the taste of bark. Ain't no one touchin' my Oreo. Zzzz..."

Next thing he knew, he was being barreled by a purple alicorn.

Elsewhere, a red Earth Pony with a Southern Accent smiled.

"Sounds like Grifball Season has started," he said. "The game is afoot!"

4.7 (Kingofsouls, awesomedude17, Leviticus Wilkes, Evilhumour, Pixel the Square, Tincanman124, FTKnight, crossoverfan12, Firestorm Blade, Theburper, Zerorock41, Harasota, Hvuples. BNG1991, Firehawk242, katfairy, GarnettFoxy)

"I have a question for you guys." Legacy addressed the bar. "I'm wondering how many of you have multiple degrees and in which subjects..." Tachyon opened her mouth to speak "... and Tachyon doesn't count."

"Come on Paul, don't single me out." Tachyon moaned.

"Merideth, you got those degrees in Baseline. It doesn't count."

"Hey, I have super speed. Of course i'm going to use it to study multiple fields of science at once."

Twilight eyed the heroes. "So how many degrees does she have?"

"All of them."

"I got a degree in Weather Science." was the response of The Inhuman Tempest. "Though mostly I use it as an excuse to cover up any accidental property damage as a experiment gone wrong to cut down on paperwork."

Engineer smirked.

"Baseline decrees, 11 PhDs in all manners of engineering. Looping? Let's say I've got a lot more, and leave it at that."

Out of Tachyon's pocket came a veritable mountain of scrolls and other papers. "Challenge accepted."

Asuka Soryu chuckled. "Bitches... please. I've been earning degrees since before you've been looping."

Koro-Sensei hid his face in shame. "Last loop, my students were in college. I already had a lot of PhDs Looping-wise, but when they graduated with their own PhDs, I saw a subject that I forgot to earn."

Legacy gazed at the octopus-teacher. "Which one did you miss?"

"I just want everyone know that I am a very qualified teacher!" Koro-Sensei quickly yelped and sat down.

Baymax lumbered to Koro-Sensei, and gripped him in a rather awkward hug. "There. there. It will be all right."

Tadashi simply leaned back in this chair. "Well, I only really need my PhD in robotics, which I got thanks to these loops. "

"There is that one you got. " Hiro replied with a knowing grin. "Tell them."

"I'd rather not."

"Come on Tadashi. It's funny." Hiro nudged his brother, the act causing the older brother to relent. "...I have a phD in underwater basket weaving."

The entire ball fell into eerie silence, the kind of silence one heard in a graveyard. "...no way is that a thing." Legacy replied.

Out of the subspace pocket came a piece of parchment, and true to Tadashi's word it was a PhD in Underwater Basket Weaving. "...it was an experimental class at San Fransokyo one loop. I said what the heck and did it for fun."

"I honestly have no proper way to reply to that." Twilight mused.

Percy Jackson perked up at that. "Oh you have one to those too?"

"Not just him," Yuna replied, nudging to Tidus.

Tidus face-palmed. "Turns out Blitzball isn't just the only underwater sport," he said. "There's EXTREME Underwater Basket Weaving."

Squidward was next. "I have one in basket weaving."

"You're missing an 'underwater' there." jested Yuna.

"Bikini Bottom already is under the sea." explained Squidward. "So to us, it's out-Of-Water Basket Weaving."

"They borrowed mah home to do it." Sandy replied. "Was actually kinda fun to have that many visitors."

Ohs of understanding resounded throughout the bar.

"I got a music in PhD." Vinyl replied.

"Dear, that's not how it works." Rarity explained. "I think you mean you have a PhD in music."

"No, I said that right." At that, Vinyl shook her head and revealed the PhD in question. "You guys know how I can feel the music of a world right? One loop I decided to teach a class on how to do that. Pretty crazy stuff, right?"

Tadashi rubbed his eyes, trying to believe what he was seeing."...is that diploma made of solid wubs?"

"Managed to get a Ph.D in Dueling," Jaden replied. "And yes, that's a thing in my Home Loop. One Loop, I managed to ask Crowler how it's possible, but apparently, you have to have the adaptability of a fish in water...no offense, Squidward."

"None taken," Squidward replied. "Still, what are the diplomas?"

"Specialized cards that are unused in the deck, but are wallet-sized."

"And the class dunce managed to achieve that," Chazz replied.

"It helps if there are no world-ending threats hanging over your head...you know what that does to your study time?"

The Postal Dude shrugged.

"I got a degree in video game programing."

"Wait, why?" Lina asked.

"I worked for Running With Scissors in baseline. Figured why not."

"All I have is a Masters of Surgery..." Eren Yeager muttered, apart from the group.

Mikasa lightly patted her brother's shoulder. "Don't worry Eren. I'm sure that people will be impressed one day." She glared at the group with the force of a thousand suns.

At that point, every got around to congratulating Eren on his Masters of Surgery. Better to lie than risk Mikasa's possible wrath.

Phoenix sighed.

"I decided to finish up my art major one loop. I've become a master artist too."

"Cool." Grif said. "I got a degree in sleepology."

"Why?" Simmons asked.

"So I can sleep more."

"Of fucking course."

"We've got a degree in explosions!"

Everyone watched as the Techies pulled a diploma out of their pocket. The diploma promptly exploded.

"TELL ME WHERE YOU F***ING GOT THEM!" Mister Torque asked.

"Russian literature."

Everyone shot a questioning look to Heavy as he ate his Sandvich. "And before anyone asks, it is Baseline achievement."

"Yeah, Max told me about that," Sam replied.

Trixie proudly stood up and spoke to all present. "The Great and Powerful Trixie has a degree..."

"In explosions?" playfully taunted Twilight.

"...in acting!" Twilight was surprised to say the least.

"Really?"

"Why yes. It was a part of Trixie's plan to get back to her roots."

"I am an official lawyer now!" said one particularly american nutjob.

Phoenix looked at the individual in absolute terror. "HOW!?"

Soldier put on his biggest grin as he pulled out an official lawyer badge. "I replaced you in your baseline, Engie was there and decided to go work for the Cosmos Space center that Loop."

Sena Kobayakawa took a sip before taking a turn. "Well...I got a Bachelors in Sports Medicine. I'd rather play in a sport rather than study them, but Mamori thought it would be a good idea for me to actually understand the science behind it. I mostly used it as a chance to reform the Amino Cyborgs thoughts on relying only on science."

Emmett chuckled nervously. "Well, I did earn a PhD in Business. Then I became Lord Business."

Scorpion stood up, flames rising from the cracks on the floor. He looked at all the other partons, and spoke.

"I have gained a degree in culinary arts."

The patrons could only stare in confusion.

"I GET IT!" A random patron yelled out.

"I have a PhD in puppetry."

He pulled out a miniature, rather poorly made, Draco Malfoy puppet, leading most of the loopers to believe he used magic to get said PhD. Harry, oblivious to the silence, started singing.

"Draco likes hamsters.

Draco likes honey.

Draco likes toothpaste.

Draco likes money.

Draco likes face paint.

Draco likes pliers.

Draco likes bowling.

Draco likes cartwheels.

Draco likes fire."

Harry then proceeded to torch the puppet, much to the amusement of the loopers.

"So do I." Naruto pulled out a Sasori Puppet sans heart.

"Me too." Ichigo pulled out his gigai.

To the surprise of many, Lina Inverse, Shinji, Usagi, and Ranma each pulled out puppets of their nemesis.

Agent Adept immediately reached for the best ale he stashed in his Pocket. "You Original Seven Guys are weird."

"Of course they are. Especially my son."

Shinji sighed.

Mike Schmitt shrugged.

"I learned AI programming, especially since the Fuckboy's incident."

"Inhale my dong, Enragement Child."

Mike proceeded to leave the restaurant before the weird Freddy got close to him.

Freddy Fazbear facepalmed as some of the other loopers laughed.

'Laugh it up, jerks.'

"I have a P.H.D. from Friedkin University!" said Ben Tennyson, while continuing, "Gwen doesn't."

"It's Honorary. What subject could you be a doctor in?" said the redhaired cousin in question.

"Xenobiology. They figured since I've been multiple aliens, I have more knowledge on Aliens then most humans."

"Damn! That does makes sense." said Gwen on the logic, basic as it was.

"And I got a degree of Necrology." Ashley Williams proclaimed.

"You and so many others, Ash." Grim said, glancing over to Rochelle and her fellow loopers.

"Ah have a few degrees in advanced robotics, advanced engineerin', advanced , and a whole buncha other stuff!" Apple Bloom beamed. Scootaloo simply groaned.

"Bloom, most of those don't count."

"An' why not?"

"Because you invented advance robotics and all that stuff a few loops to get a few of them."

"Spoilsport."

"Botany." Leman called out to the surprised group, holding out the paper to the crowd. Finally, the lessons he took long ago paid off.

Strong Bad snorted. "Pfft, you nerds are lame. Behold my PhD in Awesomeness!"

"...Awesomeness is not an actual degree." Twilight pointed out.

"It is in my world." Handsome Jack and Torque held up their diplomas. "It's one of the few things that still has a capital letter."

"THIS BADASS AWESOMENESS DIPLOMA IS NOT EXPLODY ENOUGH! I WANT A ***KING REFUND!"

Ruby Rose rolled her eyes. "Behold, my Doctorate's in Awesome."

"Biology," Jotaro said, looking at the others. "Specifically, Marine Biology. And this is Baseline."

"No wonder you were able to tame the Sirens," Sunset muttered.

PHD in human behaviour and early childhood psychology.

"I call bullshit, dad!" Leman shouted from the back of the tables with his brothers nodding in agreement.

"Oh yeah guys, I have a PhD in defeating heartless!"

Sora produced the diploma, confident that no one else would. To his severe disappointment, the Batter of all people was holding one up as well.

"These "heartless" aren't too different from spectres..."

"That's nothing people," Hiroshi yelled out, "I have a PhD in Running the F*** Away."

He pulled out his diploma, which literally read, Running the F*** Away.

Rincewind raised a tankard. "Who do you think taught the class? Or gave him the diploma? Hell, I founded the bloody field.

"That reminds me," Tsukune replied, "guess it's not just me that's good in Xenobiology...although Mythology's a good second to fall back on in my business."

"That's because you've dealt with monsters more than me," Issei said. "Other than that, I've had a good teacher in order to get my Ph.D.s in Japanese Literature, English Literature, and Anatomy."

"Jiraiya?" Issei chuckled. "Figures...you're technically the next Super Pervert."

Naruto face-palmed. "If it wasn't for the fact that Jiraiya is Looping, I'd call him his Reincarnation."

"I've got a degree in dangerous flora handling," a kid with a red cape around his neck said. "Those Delicious Fruits are good, but dang do they have a punch."

Pit then sweat-dropped. "Who's this guy?"

"And that's the Kid...or rather...the Guy," Mario muttered.

Pit suddenly turned pale. Laughing, Palutena took charge. "I have a few. The most important is the one I have in Applied Divinity and another in General Light Studies. They were requirements for me to be the Goddess of Light one loop."

"What about you Pit?" The Kid asked.

Pit in turned moaned. "I don't have any."

"Well why not?"

"I don't know how to read." Pit complained. "I can't do any of the classes and the times I tried I got kicked out of class because of it."

"Wait a minute." Church interrupted. "You're the Anchor of your Loop, and you never took the time to learn how to read?" Pit nodded. "...that makes no f****ng sense at all, yet makes perfect sense at the exact same time."

"I call bullshit." Simmons noted.

"Ever hear of an Architecture Degree?" Luigi asked them. "We ARE Plumbers, you know."

Gendo Ikari pulled out a Ph. D in...

"Assholism. I figured if people hated me, I might as well learn the subject. It's useful with learning how to be a better person, and when you want to interrupt someone's question."

Bowser grinned smugly and leered at his long time foes. "Castle construction."

"I have got the Master degree of Trollingology." Jack O'Neill exclaimed.

"Seriously, sir, I don't think any of us would appreciate your mastery in that area." Sam facepalmed.

Just then, George Hammond arrived, "Colonel O'Neill, what are you yelling at?"

Jack simply pull out a photo of General Hammond holding a dish with troll face on it, with utter confusion expression.

"This is one of my work for the entry requirement of getting the Master of Trollingology."

Silent fell at the moment.

"...Colonel O'Neill, where the hell did you get that? And WHY can you pull this picture OUT OF NOWHERE?!"

"I got one of them fancy shmancy pdfs at being drunk," spoke Captain Jack Sparrow.

"At least you all kept your degrees," Harry mused. "I had a degree in apparating in one loop for about 3 minutes, then I lost it..."

"What happened?"

"I don't want to talk about it..."

Haka slammed his tankard on the counter, shattering it (which was impressive considering how much it was reinforced). "I have several degrees in Child Psychiatry, another in Sound Engineering, and a third in Robotics."

Setback tried his hardest not to laugh. "You? Sound Engineering? What does the Savage Haka need that for?"

"You know better than anyone how loud I can yell." Haka grinned.

Instinctively Setback covered his ears. "Don't remind me."

"But what about the robotics degree?" Korra asked.

"I figured that since I tend to tear Omnitron and his drones to shreds whenever he tries to be evil, I thought it would be good to know how to put the heroic future version of him, or Unity's robots back together in case I wreck them by accident."

"I have degrees in meteorology, mechanical engineering, child psychology, culinary arts, gender identity, and LASERS." Grumpy said with a hint of pride in his voice.

"Did you know that you can get a degree in Shyriiwook just like any other language?" Asked Gromgard, "Because I didn't until they handed me the diploma."

"My Anchor has created several Courses in the various adventurer classes of our loop. " The necromancer said, speaking from the bar. " and several others, including Shamanism, Quincy, and Stealth Pranking. "

"Stealth Pranking? How does that work?" Asked Big Boss.

"By pranking someone without revealing you're awake. " The Necromancer said, "Like setting up a restraining order against Rainbow Dash from the Wonderbolts. It's a shame that I can't use that suit in my normal body. "

"A degree in many things, I possess. But most proud am I of my psychology degree."

The ultimate stealth Looper, Yoda, chimed in. Twilight Sparkle guzzled a drink.

"How in Yggdrasil did NO ONE realize Yoda's been Looping for so long?"

Dack chimed in. "Very carefully."

"Ask, you did not. Proper manners, you parents teach yes?"

"...He's got a point." The Wraith replied.

Sunset said, "But again, we should have seen a sign of it beforehand."

"Master of the Force I would not be, if easy I made it."

"Who said no one realized it?" Gendo asked. The collective multiverse stared (and glared) at the Rokubungi patriarch. "I thought it was obvious."

"He was... fairly well hidden," Fluttershy pointed out.

"But he was as obvious as Aura," Gendo said. Now the stares were all confused. Gendo clarified. "She's the Anchor for Dot Hack."

Now the stares were incredulous, and stunned.

"Good friend, she is," Yoda smiled at the crowd, using his fire bending powers to warm his tea up. "Tell I am looping, I shall."

Sunset snickered. "I did hear a rumor the Star Trek Loopers said they weren't worthy when it comes to being Stealth Loopers when they heard of Yoda Looping."

"And myself, reveal? Never." Yoda said.

Gendo scratched his chin. "When you say the Star Trek, does that include John Archer?"

"...yes," Anakin said, still rather surprised that Gendo had seen that Yoda was looping long before he had. "Wait, who? Archer! He's

looping?"

"Isn't he?" Gendo said, absolutely confused. From the other confused looks all around, it seemed that only he had figured that out. "Huh..."

Sunset nodded. "But to keep it up for so long..."

Big Boss nodded. "And they call me the master of stealth."

"So, tonight, we've found out that Yoda's a stealth looper, and so is John Archer, and all because we were talking about degrees?" Johnny Cage asked everyone.

"Yes." Raiden bluntly replied.

"Jeez."

"Which is awesome, am I right?" Unity shouted with a huge grin on her face. "I gotta start working on my Yoda Bot now!"

Johnny stared, confused beyond belief.

"Jesus Christ... A double, now!"

A double slid it's way to Johnny as Tachyon explained. "Unity's a technopath. Loves building robots. Her main squad of robots are robot duplicates of the Freedom Five."

"That'd be me and these guys." Legacy pointed to his fellow heroes Bunker, Tachyon, and Absolute Zero.

"And I want to build Looper Bots!" Unity beamed. "And I didn't need a degree for that!"

"So, do you have any degrees?" Johnny asked amidst drinking his double.

"Associates Degree in culinary arts." Unity replied without missing a beat. She received several confused stares from her fellow Loopers. "...what can I say? I'm good with my hands."

"Blacksmithing and Pyrology!" Kai spoke up the Ninjago anchor raising his glass "Took me forever to earn the first. You think growing up a in a smithy I'd be better at it."

"Oh oh I got some!" Jay grinned bright blue eyes flashing with electricity "Let's see ahhh Poetry, Cooking, Electrical Engineering, normal Engineering, Robotics-"

Zane lifted his hand "We earned those at the same time, helps when I need to repair myself." the Ninjdroid sighed un-surprised at the questioning looks he got "And Ornithology." He smiled letting out one of his Julien bots petting the robotic falcon.

Cole sighed at the expectant looks "Dance." Silence rang out.

"...That's it?" The Earth Ninja glared.

"Look I'm not really the bookish type ok? And I only got that one because I wanted to make my dad proud for a loop!" He grumbled into his beer his surrogate brothers shifting closer to give their brother support.

"Linguistics, Physics, Meteorology, Geology, Anthropology, Pokemon Evolutionary History, and Feline Gastronomy." Terry knocked back his Moxie. "That was one weird Loop."

"Medieval Irish History, Theater, and Canine Detective Science," Hank said with a grin. Across the Bar, Shaggy and Scooby toasted him with Scooby Snacks. Captain Jack Harkness had an even bigger grin on his face, and his companions just raised an eyebrow apiece.

"Leaving out the ones I got in baseline, and just listing my favorites... Temporal Shenanigans, Music, and Flirting. Got that one by the time I was twelve; they called me a prodigy."

"Of course they did," Hank and Terry chorused. The rest of the Bar denizens groaned, sighed, and/or nodded.

"Botany of course," Flora said. "I got my PhD in that during one of my vacation loops. Counting all the sub-disciplines, I have... Five degrees? Six? I'd need to count."

"There's also your degree in Marketing," Techna said. "I have degrees in Robotics, and degrees in six different types of Engineering: Mechanical, Electrical, Plastic, Computer, Software, and Magical. Oh, and Business."

"Mathematics," Musa said, much to the surprise of her fellow Winx loopers. "I mean, yes, I have a degree in Music as well, but Mathematics was the hard one. I got that to help me use my Armed Devices more effectively."

"Good work," Nanoha said. "I think I'm proudest of my Child Psychology degree."

"Oh?" Fate asked, a teasing note in her voice. "Not your PhD with honors for mass devastation?"

"Faaaate!"

"I've got a degree in Art," Bloom said. "I also got a Political Science degree during a Hub loop."

"I've got a degree in Anthropology!" Vivio announced proudly.

"She's a smart girl," Hayate said. "My favorite degree's my Military History degree. Fate, what's your favorite degree?"

"International Law," Fate said immediately. "Not even Nanoha can argue with the Geneva Conventions."

4.8 (XenoTekker)

-Middle of Valhalla Battlefield-

Grif just collapsed to the floor, holding his nuts and groaning in pain all of a sudden when he Woke up. The Reds, Blues and the former Freelancers stare at him.

"Dude, what the fuck happened to you?" Tucker asked.

Grif (through some sheer MIRACLE) let out a Ping and saw everyone was awake, then strained to speak, having a bit of trouble thanks to his pain.

"Home Alone...Me...crook...More nutbuster traps than anything else...Medic please...NOT Doc." Grif whimpers out. Simmons cringes and winces. "Ouch. As much as I hate you Grif, I would not wish THAT on even the META...Actually maybe the Meta."

Everyone else looks at Simmons in confusion. "The Home Alone movies. A kid is left at home alone, sets up LOADS of booby traps in the whole house with various things in the house to protect it from a couple of crooks. Although with Grif's luck, apparantly he ended up getting hit with traps that pretty much smashed his nuts so badly, that he feels it THIS loop."

"Home Alone...50 Loops Ago..." Everyone stares at Grif at those words.

"Dude, what the hell did you do to piss off Monkey?" Tucker asked. Everyone else nodded in agreement, wondering what Grif did.

4.9 (Seeker213)

"Hey guys I decided to visit for Thank... what the hell is this?" Wash began as he walked towards red base, only to stop and yell at the large number of skinned animal carcasses surrounding it

While still bewildered by the numerous dead animals surrounding the base, Wash saw a familiar figure in orange armor run out, "Hey Grif! Mind telling me what's the deal with the dead animals around your base?" Wash called out knowing Grif was Awake, as he checked on the radio beforehand.

Recognizing his name be called Grif turned around to see who called him, "Hey Wash what you doing here?" Grif asked as he ran up him.

"Well I wanted to visit for Thanksgiving, only to see something that would give a animal rights activists a heart attack!" Wash answered furiously as he gestured towards the carcasses.

"Oh that" Grif said softly while staring at what appeared to be a dragon. "Yeah that, well Sarge is going use them for the meat in the main dish for Thanksgiving dinner" Grif spoke after a few minutes

"What could Sarge possibly be making that would require a dragon, a tiger, and a giant gorilla!" Wash yelled as he pointed at each thing he mentioned

"Well have you seen the Thanksgiving PSA, from a Hub Loop?" Grif asked as Wash coughed a bit having never seen it. "Alright... well you know what a turducken is right?" Grif asked once more

"Yes it's a chicken stuffed into a duck stuffed into a turkey... oh dear god he's going to take it a step further and stuff all those into each-other isn't he?" Wash answered, trailing off as he realized what Sarge was doing.

"Yes, and because there's so many things he's using, all you need to know is he's starting with a hummingbird and stuffing all of it into a dah'ren mohran" Grif said "also a dah'ren mohran is basically a giant whale dragon" Grif answered the question Wash was thinking

"So how big is giant for that thing?" Wash asked as he saw Sarge come out of the base and grab the tiger after which he returned to the base.

"Sarge said the size is about 11,450cm" Grif answered.

"Wait. seriously? The time it's going to take to cook that is going to be ridiculous!" Wash yelled.

"Yeah...that's exactly why he's planning on deep frying the thing," Grif replied.

Compiler's Notes:

4.1: This isn't the last time we'll see Caboose with a Megas. *glares over at one of the Admins, who whistled while trying not to be noticed* Won't say which Admin let that go by, though. But for Caboose's Admin...This leads directly into 4.2 people.

4.2: And now we know who our Admin for these Loops are. Ladies and Gentlemen, we give you Monkey! Also known as Sun Wu Kong AKA the Monkey King AKA the monkey who thought he reached the end of the universe only to reveal that he never escaped from Buddha's hand AKA the dumb monkey who got himself stuck under a mountain.

4.3: Since they're both made in the same group (Rooster Teeth), RWBY and RvB more often than not share Fused Loops or replace one another.

4.4: And that is how the RvB have the habit of calling Loops by the names of their Hub Loop franchises.

4.5: Poor Infinite Loops. This is Sarge's introduction Loop.

4.6: Ladies and Gentlemen: I introduce to you Grifball's starting point in the Infinite Loops.

4.7: I was the last to know about this despite there being RvB Loopers in it...Crisis, thank you so much for making that Bar Loop Thread on Spacebattles Forums.

4.8: We have no idea what Grif did. Monkey isn't talking and just starts laughing maniacally if we try to prod him for more information.

4.9: Okay, how's he gonna…*hears a ship's horn bellow*...Is that a massive tanker of cooking oil? Happy Thanksgiving, everyone.

Chapter 6

Here's the next compilation for the RvB Loops. Sorry it took so long.

6.1 Awesomedude17

The Blood Gulch Crew stared at the twitching and clearly angry Caboose. Church moved slightly.

"WHAT!"

"Nothing Caboose!"

"YEAH THAT'S RIGHT! NOTHING!"

"Fer Christ's sake, what happened to Caboose?" Sarge asked.

"Waltz and Billy were in the same loop he was. Even Monkey thought that a hundred 1984 loops wouldn't stop his anger." Simmons explained.

"Fuck. I feel sorry fer the guy. Such a nice guy, fer a Blue."

"DID YOU FUCKING INSULT ME, SARGE!"

"Ah'm sorry! Please don't kill me! Kill Grif!"

6.2 Leviticus Wilkes

Agent Washington, who this loop seemed to be Headmaster Ozpin, stepped into the poorly lot interrogation room with a cup of coffee

and a plate of cookies. "Thank you Tex. I don't think you're needed here anymore."

Glynda "Tex" Goodwitch shrugged and remained standing in the room. Wash decided that was the best he'd be getting and set the plate of cookies down on the table. He sat down and smiled at the red cloaked girl who was sitting opposite of him. "Hello, miss... Ruby Rose, is it?"

Ruby smiled back, stealing one of the cookies and chomping on it. "That's me. How'd you know it was me?"

Washington smiled fondly. "Oh, a memory. Something a dusty old crow told me."

"Thab's muy unle Qrow," Ruby said around a mouthful of sugar, flour, and chocolate. Swallowing, she reiterated. "That's my uncle Qrow. He's a Huntsmen."

Wash smiled and turned the holographic tablet computer, a Scroll, around to show Ruby. "That would certainly account for your skills miss Rose. I can't say I've ever seen someone so handy with a sniper-scythe before, other than Qrow himself. Are you training to become a Huntress?"

"Uh huh," Ruby answered simply, stuffing her face with three more cookies, the widest of grins present.

Wash's own smile weakened a little. 'So young. So naive. So much like me, before Epsilon.' Aloud; "You're training so you can fight monsters?"

Ruby shook her head. "I want to help people." Ruby paused, and then continued, elaborating. "I grew up reading stories about brave Huntsmen and Huntresses, fighting off the darkness and the villains. But they don't do it to fight. They do it to help people. I've always wanted to be like that."

Washington and Tex exchanged a silent, lasting look. Washington turned to Ruby. "Do you know who I am?"

Ruby nodded and answered flawlessly. "You're Professor David Ozpin, Headmaster of Beacon Academy."

Washington refused to flinch at the usage of his first name. He refused to. "That is true miss Rose, that is true. I am also Agent Washington, of Project Freelancer. This is one of my compatriots, Agent Texas. We're visiting this loop."

Ruby nodded, nodded again, and looked then straight in the eye. "What?"

Washington and Tex stared at Ruby. "You don't... know what I'm talking about, do you Ruby?"

Ruby shook her head. "Nope."

Tex slapped Wash on the back of his head. "Dumbass."

Both she and Washington missed the snickers of the stealthily Awake Ruby, too preoccupied in their own argument. Ruby knew that this loop would be the most fun ever. Of all time.

6.3 Gammatron

Donut screamed as he crashed into the ground. He groaned as he got up.

"Aw man...My lightish-red armor just got all scuffed up again. I hate Waking Up just before the ship lands on my in Blood Gulch," Donut complained before looking around, "Uh..." around him were buildings made of mud and the cave with little guys with three fingers and yellow skin, "Aw~Now aren't you all cute?"

An Unawake Washington aimed at Donut.

"Banana!"

"What the...?" Washington began before he and the Meta were tackled over by a hundred Minions all in 'lightish red' overalls, all carrying weapons and began to beat on them while chanting 'fight'.

"Donut, these are the best guys ever. Of all time," Simmons, Unawake, stated.

"Yep!" Donut beamed, the smallest of them on his shoulder with a teddy bear in his hands, "Aim for the codpiece, Johnny! Phil, don't gnaw on the helmet, *kick* it."

6.4 RockGolem

Grif after checking he was the only one awake yet, pulled out a set of dragonballs and summoned Shenron, he was about to make his standard wish for a life time of oreos when he was knocked to the ground.

"Ah the damn dirty blues have turned off the sun. Battle stations men!"

As Simmons and Donut rushed to Sarge trampling over Grif as they did so, the dragon spoke.

"You have summoned me speak now and I shall grant your wish!"

Sarge seeing his chance to win the for the glorious red army responded in a rush.

"MAKETHEBLUETEAMNOTEXSIST!"

"Your wish has been granted."

As the dragon shimmered from sight and dragonballs shot into the sky Grif pushed himself up from the ground and was pushed back down as a blast from a shotgun hit him in the back.

"As we have now won the war against the vile blue team we have no use for Grif anymore so everyone put him out of my misery."

"I think the phrase is out of his misery sir." said Simmons as he pointed his gun at grif's ass.

"Not Today Simmons, not today."

A yell over the other side of the canyon stopped the red team in their tracks.

"WHY THE HELL IS OUR ARMOR NOW GREEN?!"

6.5 XenoTekker, Gammatron, wildrook

Grif sighs as he walks up to an Unawake Sarge with an Unawake Simmons. The Warthog is driven up by Lopez.

"Gentlemen, this is the M12-LRV. I like to call it the Warthog."

Grif, just going through the motions, speaks up. "Why Warthog sir? I mean, it doesn't look like a pig. It looks more like a Puma to me."

Sarge was about to start yelling at Grif, when the empty jeep GROWLS, causing Simmons, Sarge, Lopez and Grif (Who suddenly got a VERY bad feeling at that sound) stared at the jeep. It started shaking and making a series of clicks, clangs and clanks.

30 seconds later at Blue Base.

Church, Tucker and Caboose, all awake are just doing their things in the base, when they hear a familiar terrified chanting slowly getting louder.

"oh god oh god oh god oh god OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD OH GOD~!"

Tucker looks at Church and Caboose. "Is that Grif? Wonder what has him so scared." Church shrugs and walks out, Caboose following like a puppy (as usual). Tucker follows them. When the get outside, they just stare in shock.

"Why does the giant metal cat have a big gun on its back?" Caboose asked. They saw Grif running from a BIG mechanical cat, the machine gun on its back attempting to shoot Grif.

"Dude is that a fucking transformer?" Tucker asked.

"Don't think so. I don't see any marking that says whether it it Decepticon, Predacon, Autobot or Maximal. I say we just grab some popcorn and watch the show." Church said. Tucker grins under his helmet.

"I've got more than just popcorn in my Pocket. I've got a large number of Jumbo Sized pizzas, soda and beer. I'll get the chairs." Tucker said.

"...Warthog, get back here!" Sarge demanded.

"Uh, Sarge? That's a robot puma."

"A what?"

"You know, a big cat," Simmons said.

Sarge took a minute to think...and cringed. "You mean th' dirtbag was right!?"

6.6 Awesomedude17

Bugs Bunny had dealt with people like this person in his many baselines.

But somehow, this guy was worse than them all.

"Let me hug you, Jack!" Caboose cheered.

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

6.7 BIOS-Pherecydes

"Oh my god! We are all Toys. I cannot wait to play with myself!"

Church's eye twitched as Caboose's voice shouted out over the toy store.

"Bow chickka bow wow! Good one Caboose."

Of fucking course. Dammit Tucker.

"Yes. Thank you... I don't get it."

"Ugh. Nevermind Caboose."

This was going to be a long Loop.

"Would you both shut the hell up and help me figure out how to get out of this damn box."

Tucker responded by pulling out his Swordkey and cutting himself free, jumping down to the shop floor below them. "Sucks to be you asshole."

Church sighed. A very long loop.

Church took a look around the floor of the store they had Woken in. Both Red and Blue teams were present and, judging by the labels on their packaging, apparently on the same side this Loop.

"So, does anyone have an idea where we are?" he asked, only to receive negatives all around.

"I can answer that."

Both teams quickly whirled around to face the speaker, a teenage boy who towered over their current forms. Sarge reacted first. "Scatter, we've got incoming. Giant little boy, Ah repeat, giant little boy!"

The teenager arched an eyebrow as the group began running about wildly, only Church and the Freelancers remaining calm. Tex looked up at him and spoke in a tone of clear long-suffering. "Before you ask, yes they're always like this. Always."

"So, what would you say if I asked you whether or not this situation has thrown you for a Loop?" Washington asked, getting back to the point.

"I would say I've seen stranger things. I've always been an Anchor of sanity."

Church grunted, as he grabbed Caboose. "Oh no, now I am It!"

"We're not playing Tag Caboose."

Turning back the other Anchor, Church sighed. "So now that our little code word exchange is done, would you mind filling us in on why we're toys?"

"Sure. My names Alan Abernathy, Anchor of the Loop the Hub calls 'Small Soldiers'. Pretty much everyone who Loops in ends up as either the Commando Elites or the Gorgonites. Since most of your Loop abilities are locked down here, this basically runs as a

Sanctuary Loop. Although that doesn't always work, remind me to tell you about the time the T-3 and Skynet fought each other."

Church nodded awkwardly. "So how does this usually work?"

"Eh, most the time if the two teams are Awake they just set up War Games."

Tucker interrupted at this point.

"No way in hell. Church, my memories say Junior is one of the Gorgonites. I'm not fighting my son."

"I'm still a pacifist." Doc called out from where he and Donut where examining the other toys in the shop.

"Unless some of them Gorgonite fellas are dirty blues Ah ain't worried." Sarge replied from behind his makeshift bunker of cardboard boxes and duct tape.

"Eh, why not. I could use a vacation from kicking your asses." Tex said with a casual shrug, Washington nodding.

"I'm with Texas, a peaceful Loop would be nice."

"Alright! We get it. So Alan, what else is there to do around here?" Church said curiously.

Alan grinned widely. "Well, is anyone interested in attacking the company that decided it would be a good idea to put military grade computer chips in children's toys?"

Church's responding grin, although hidden by his helmet, was equally large.

6.8 EvilHumor

Hepheastus blinked as the laughing trickster popped into his office, holding a finger to his mouth and his valkyrie guards.

"WHERE ARE YOU, YOU LITTLE LAUGHING ASS!?" A voice he knew well roared out, and what appeared to be Aphrodite was storming into his office. The being looked around his office, seemingly not seeing the snickering warriors who held a hand to their faces, nor him and seemed to have trouble spotting the fellow admin right in front of her.

"I'm *he-re* ," Monkey waved to Hepheastus's estranged wife, as despite looking like a hors- no, *now* she looked like a donkey. "In my lovely office, so we can a little chat about that loop my boys were promised." Monkey leaned in close and tapped her nose. "The one *you* messed up!" He let out a mean, nasty laugh at Aphrodite who's hooves were shaking in pure rage. "I *promised* Caboose and the gang that they'd have a nice relaxing loop in Eiken, and what happens when they get there?" Monkey slammed his paws down midair, causing the sound a table being smacked. "Now there are many things one can call me, but I will *not* be called someone who breaks his word!" He shouted at Aphrodite, leaning in close to her now, as she changed form into a canine that Hepheastus was sure very temperamental. "Now you will go back to your desk, *fix* your loop so my boys can have some R&R, and I *might* undo my little curse before I tell old fire-top about it!"

Aphrodite glared at him, slamming her own hands into the none existing table. " *FINE!* But once I've done this, you will turn me back to normal!" She eyed him with a hiss, turning into an old tabby.

"A deal's a deal," Monkey glared back. "Once my boys are fine and happy, I will undo the curse." Monkey gave a bow to her, watching her leave with one eye open. As the door slammed shut, everyone but Hepheastus broke down in laughter with Monkey literally holding his sides as he rolled back and forth on the floor.

"Care to tell me *how* she didn't see me?" Hepheastus looked down at Monkey, with a smile tugging at his face.

"Blinders, old fire-top. Let her see what I *want* her to see." He continued to laugh, shaking his head. "Thought I'd show her *not* to mess my loopers by doing one hell of a prank, and let others enjoy it too!" He pulled out a tape from his pocket. "For you, from Kui Xing's recording rooms. I'd taped the whole thing so you can watch this again and again. And since I like you, old fire-top, free of charge." Monkey smiled at the warriors who were slowly putting themselves together now. "Pay now, and you can see her literally *hopping* mad!"

Hepheastus could only smile and laugh as he took the tape from the trickster that had barged into his office only a moment ago.

6.9 XenoTekker

The Reds, Blues (including Tucker's kid, Junior) and Freelancers are all on earth for the 4th Of July. They all stand in front of a building located in Southern California.

"Well, this is probably a great idea. VERY patriotic." Washington said. He then looks at Caboose. "I'm impressed you came up with this idea Caboose."

"Thanks Agent Washingtub." Caboose replied.

Junior looked at his dad. "Dad? What is this place?" Tucker grinned at Junior, so glad he taught his son how to properly speak English this Loop, "This place is not only a library, but it has a museum as well. Built around the life of the greatest President of the United States of America."

Junior looks at the plaque at the gates. It said 'Ronald Reagan Presidential Library And Museum'. "The greatest, huh?"

"Well men, I say we go in and learn a bit more of this great man!" Sarge said. Everyone else either cheered (Donut, Simmons and

Caboose), smiled and nodded (the Freelancers and Blues), or just shrugged (Grif: Eh, who the fuck cares?)

They all purchase tickets and walk into the museum to learn more about America's biggest pieces of history.

1.10 Awesomedude17

Simmons decided to just wander around Blood Gulch when all the crew were Awake. He caught a sight of a couple of red lights and checked to investigate.

The lights flickered off, and Simmons got a bad feeling about this.

"ouch that's my face you elbowed foxy"

"fuck you fuckboy"

"Oh no." Simmons turned around, panicked and shot Bonnie's head off.

"freddy my fucking head is gone"

"for fucks sake bonnie you garbage pile"

"devour my hot bird ass freddy"

Simmons wordfully ran off back to his base, where he grabbed his knees, went into a fetal position, and began sucking his thumb.

"Simmons, the hell happened?"

"Bonnie, faceless, mommy!"

"What, the Fazbear crew's here?"

"yes"

The crew turned to see the Fuckboy crew.

"Fuck me, it's the Fuckboys." Grif facepalmed.

"fuck you" Freddy replied.

Lopez walked into the room, and then walked out.

"No, nop nop nop nop nop, tanto pues no! Usted está en su propia, hijos de puta! (Nope, nope nope nope nope nope nope, so much nope! You are on your own, motherfuckers!)"

"Lopez, git back here!"

"No. (No.)"

"Ahhhhhh, Gawdammit!"

"engage the red team motherfucker?"

6.11 GammaTron

"...How?" Simmons asked as he looked at Sarge.

"Th' secret ingredient was, surprisingly, flakes from a suit of blue armor," Sarge chuckled as he looked at the pure red sky.

6.12 MuEpsilon

"You called, sir?" Lord Commissar Ciaphas Cain asked, stepping into the Commissar-General's office.

While his outward expression was the epitome of placidity, inside, Cain was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Upon Awakening to find himself with a different rank, he had put every effort into discerning what it was that had changed; however, aside from his

title, everything seemed to thus far be conforming more or less to baseline.

"Yes, you're being reassigned. The Valhallan 301st and 296th regiments suffered heavy losses during their last deployments and are being merged into a single unit. The process has been...difficult."

Cain nodded. Nothing new here. The fact that that created more stress rather than less was somewhat troubling.

"...Alright, I'll be completely honest here," the Commissar-General continued in a defeated tone, "You have your work cut out for you."

Cain's heart skipped a beat: That wasn't something that was usually said during this briefing.

"Something tells me this is more than just the usual friction when units are merged."

"You would be correct," the Commissar-General replied, sighing, "Have a seat."

Cain did so, all the while unsure as to what emotional response was appropriate in regards to this latest development.

"While you are correct that there is usually some tension involved wherever regiments are merged," the Commissar-General continued, putting several dataslates on the table, "never has it been quite as bad as in this instance: The two sides have barricaded themselves on opposite sides of a box canyon, and are refusing all orders to stand down. If reports are to believed, the dispute is over, of all things, the color of the new regiment's standard."

Cain's eyebrows had nearly reached his hairline in the course of the explanation.

"But," Cain responded, after taking some time to process the insanity, "shouldn't they all have been shot for insubordination by

now?"

"Normally, yes, but both former regiments performed far beyond expectations, all things considered, so the Munitorum is hesitant to condemn them."

Cain absently nodded.

"In any case," the Commissar-General continued, reaching for the dataslates, "that wasn't the main reason I decided to speak with you personally on this matter."

With a few deft motions, the Commissar-General activated the dataslates and slid them across the desk. A cursory glance showed that each displayed several dossiers.

"The last commissar assigned to this unit, who I believe should be getting out of therapy any day now, left a note with several names of soldiers in the regiment. We pulled their service records, and...well...it's safe to assume these individuals were likely responsible for said commissar's current state."

Cain was unsure what to make of the sudden feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"Right, we'll start with this one."

The Commissar-General indicated one of the dataslates. Cain picked it up and glanced over the open file, but quickly adopted a look of confusion.

"Uhm, sir?" he said, "the only thing listed under 'Name' is 'Sergeant'."

"We're having trouble procuring complete records on the man," the Commissar-General explained, "All we have are after action reports from his time in the 296th and those only refer to him by his rank; however, it's theorized that he's probably been involved with the Mechanicus at some point."

"What makes you say that?"

The Commissar-General shrugged.

"Among other things, he was able to modify a Chimera to run off a salvaged solar array, construct an extremely high-yield explosive using spare parts, implant numerous augmetics in one of his subordinates, and use the spare organs from said implantation to save the life of another subordinate who was hit by a runaway Macharius tank."

Cain blinked.

"Right," the Commissar-General continued, "next, from the 301st."

Cain took the indicated slate and noted several images depicting a scowling Guardsman cradling a long-las.

"A sniper?" he asked.

The Commissar-General scoffed.

"As if! That man is the worst shot I have ever seen: The average Ork is more accurate than he."

"Then why...?"

"Apparently that's the only gun he's ever managed to hit something with."

Cain continued to look skeptical.

"Trust me," the Commissar-General assured him, "I've seen videos: He emptied an entire pack from a lasgun at a boulder ten meters away and didn't score a single hit."

Cain stared blankly for about a minute. By this point, the feelings of elation and dread had more or less reached a stalemate.

"...how did he even make it into the Guard?" he finally asked.

"Because of the Ogryn," the Commissar-General answered, pushing over the final dataslate, "Every time their superiors split them up, the Ogryn would get stir crazy and go on a rampage until he was reunited with his 'best friend'."

Cain looked back at the second slate.

"I take it the feeling isn't mutual."

"No, it's not. Also, if you're around that pair, watch your back: The number of friendly fire incidents that Ogryn has been involved in is truly absurd."

By this point, that fact did not come as much of a surprise, but nonetheless, Cain felt the need to ask the obvious question.

"Why hasn't he been executed by now?"

"Well," the Commissar-General replied, leaning back, "It was determined that any individual that could single handedly wipe out a platoon's worth of Chaos Marines and come out unscathed could be excused for any collateral damage said individual may cause."

Cain sat back and considered the situation. On one hand, he had finally found what was wrong with the loop. On the other hand, if what was before him was any indication, he now had a regiment of psychotic nutcases to deal with. Unsure as to whether relief or despair was more fitting, he settled on both and collapsed face first onto the desk. The Commissar-General merely gave an understanding sigh and slid a bottle and accompanying glass across the table.

Ciaphas Cain threw a pill in his mouth and washed it down with a swig of tanna, sighing in relief as his headache subsided. Shortly after making planetfall, he'd been redirected to a small outpost near

the canyon with the explanation that the two sides had apparently come to blows again. With nothing better to do while the two former regiments did their best to kill each other, Cain had decided to pass the time by reading through the dossiers the Commissar-General had left, an activity which had resulted in yet another night at the bar. While he was no stranger to dealing with lunatics given the looping Chaos Gods, he was not looking forward to babysitting a regiment of them for the better part of a loop, let alone relying on said lunatics to watch his back.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts.

"Lord Commissar?" a voice called from the hall, "They've stopped fighting."

"Noted," Cain called back in response.

Pushing himself out of his bunk, Cain flipped on the lights, wincing at the sudden illumination. Quickly going through his morning routine, he headed to the mess hall to grab a quick meal before making a beeline for the motor pool. To his pleasant surprise, Jurgen was already there, having arrived shortly before him.

"Commissar," Jurgen said.

"The fighting's stopped for now," Cain said, "So we'd better head out now before something else happens."

Jurgen nodded and started up a nearby Chimera.

"Where to Commissar?" Jurgen asked after Cain got seated.

Cain considered the question for a moment as finished up his mug of recaf.

"I suppose it doesn't really matter," Cain responded, "Just head to whichever base is closer."

Jurgen nodded and floored the accelerator, almost running over an unfortunate Guardsman who just barely managed to get out of the way.

'Blood Gulch,' Cain thought to himself as Jurgen made his way into the canyon. ' *Why is it that no one in the Imperium is willing to come up with less intimidating names?'*

Pulling up to what was presumably the 296th's base, if the structure's red banners and paint job were any indication, Jurgen made his way over to and came to a stop in what appeared to be the motor pool.

" *Hola,"* a brown carapaced robot intoned, approaching the pair, *"Me llamo Lopez el Pesado. Bienvenidos a la base roja."*

"Uh..." Cain said, confused as to why the robot couldn't simply speak plain Gothic. Before his thoughts could continue further, he noticed what appeared to be a Tech-Priest hurriedly making his way towards them.

"Hello," the soldier (his uniform made it clear he wasn't associated with the Mechanicus) said upon reaching the trio, "It is alright. Lopez here is simply a robot who is malfunctioning due to damage and being built with suboptimal components."

" *¡Vaya al infierno!"* the robot, Lopez apparently, interjected, " *¡Estoy completamente funcional! ¡Es usted quien está fallando!"*

"So do not worry," the soldier continued as if Lopez hadn't interrupted, "He is not an abominable intelligence or any other form of tech-heresy I assure you. There is nothing heretical about Lopez. He is simply a robot in serious need of repair."

" *¡Muérase!"* Lopez yelled.

"...I never asked," Cain said quietly.

"Oh, I am aware of that," the soldier responded, "I am simply informing you so that you will not have to do so in the future and to preclude the ever inconvenient Inquisitorial investigation which I will assure you has never before been an issue in this unit."

" *Usted es un mentiroso terrible,"* Lopez said.

"...Okay," Cain said hesitantly, "Uhm...what's your name soldier."

"Oh! Private Dick Simmons at your service sir."

"Right, my superiors mentioned you. Lord Commissar Ciaphas Cain."

"What was that?" a voice rang out from the other side of a nearby wall. Moments later a soldier holding a meltagun, a sergeant given his insignia, came through the door, dragging along an exasperated Guardsman.

"Sarge, what's the idea?" the Guardsman asked, "I was on break."

"Shut up, Private Grif!" Sarge yelled.

The two made their way over to Cain's Chimera, at which point Sarge released Grif and the latter tried to rub some feeling back into his arm.

"Oi!" Sarge called out to Cain, "You're one of them commissar guys right?"

"Yes..." Cain carefully responded.

"Well then. I demand you execute Private Grif this instant!"

"Whatever for?"

"Sarge," Grif said, "I really have to objec-oof!"

He was cut off when Sarge introduced the butt of his meltagun to his abdomen.

"See that?" Sarge yelled, "Insubordination!"

"Just ignore them," Simmons said while walking closer to the Chimera, "This is something they do on a regular basis."

Cain glanced over at where Sarge was still pummeling Grif.

"Of course," Cain said, "Is the rest of your unit like this?"

"For the most part no. Although I suppose I should be glad Donut isn't here. If he were-ahhghh! Dammit!"

"Something wrong?" Cain asked as Simmons fiddled with a vox-caster on his head.

"Yeah," Simmons responded after disabling the augmetic, "Ever since my surgery, I've been getting inundated with messages from the Mechanicus. I've missed several briefings since my orders get buried under all the letters they send me. They keep informing me about the 'Glory of the Omnissiah' and pestering me to join up. It's driving me crazy!"

"I see."

Cain considered things for a moment. With the sheer scale and chaos of the galaxy not to mention the Warp, it was very easy to miss a ping unless one was specifically looking for it. While the Dark Millennium loopers had long since found ways around this issue, non-native loopers did not have such advantages.

"Say," Cain asked, deciding to test his hypothesis, "Are you feeling a bit loopy by chance?"

"Hm?" Simmons said, perking up, "Why yes, yes I am. Sarge is too, and so are Donut and Lopez. Grif's not, though that's probably a good thing. If he were, he'd kill himself."

Meanwhile, Sarge had finally let up his assault on Grif.

"The pain!" Grif cried out from where he lay.

"Oh, don't be a big baby," Sarge said, "Walk it off."

"Lord Commissar?" Simmons said.

"Just call me Cain," Cain said, "Or Ciaphas, whichever you prefer."

"Right, Cain. How the fuck have you stayed sane through all the time you've spent here? I've only been here for a couple years and I'm already gonna have mental scarring from all the shit I've seen in this galaxy."

"You get desensitized eventually. Look, I'd love to help, but right now, I need to get this dispute resolved. I need you to gather the rest of the 296th and meet me in the middle of the canyon."

"Alright, I'll let Sarge and the others know. It'll take us some time to get the rest of the regiment to follow along though."

"That's not a problem: I still need to speak with the 301st. Jurgen?"

Jurgen, who had stayed quiet throughout the entire exchange, merely gave a silent nod and put the tank back into gear.

"Tell Church I said 'hi'!" Simmons called out as Cain and Jurgen left the base.

Cain gave a wave in acknowledgment while trying to ignore the tingling in his palms as the 301st's base came into view.

As the Chimera pulled up to the 301st's base, all of Cain's instincts suddenly screamed at him to duck. Seeing as said instincts had yet to mislead him, Cain did exactly that. Moments later, a lasbolt passed through the space Cain had just vacated.

"Dammit!" a voice called out, "Come on!"

Jurgen stopped the vehicle. Meanwhile, Cain glanced at the Chimera's optics. Atop the base, a somewhat agitated Guardsman stood, angrily fiddling with the sights on his long-las. Recognizing the soldier from his briefing, Cain made to get back out, then stopped and reconsidered: There was always a chance the man would get lucky. Deciding that for now, discretion was the better part of valor, Cain instead reached for the Chimera's speaker system.

"Guardsman!" Cain's voice came over the vehicle's external speakers, "Stand down! This is Lord Commissar Ciaphas Cain!"

"Pull the other one, dipshit!" came the reply, "We didn't buy it the first time, and we're not fucking buying it now!"

Cain sighed, then opend the hatch and stood up.

"By the authority of the Commissariat," Cain called, "I am ordering you to stand down!"

"Whatever, asshole. Sayonara!"

With that, the Guardsman fired, hitting not Cain, nor the Chimera, but a lizard on a rock three meters to the left.

"Fuck!"

The Guardsman proceeded to empty his power pack. A dozen or so more animals died in that same time frame.

"What the fuck?" the soldier screamed, "That Mechanicus guy even told me he'd installed a targeting module on this. What gives?"

"Well," Cain responded wryly, "You *are* hitting things..."

"Oh, shut the fuck up. I-wait."

At that moment, the Guardsman noticed Cain's commissarial sash.

"Aw shit. Uh...you see...I've been...well...the Reds...they've..."

"I'm not going to shoot you if that's what you're worried about," Cain calmly reassured the 'sniper', "I need every able-bodied man I can get."

"Oh good. Uh...why don't you...pull into the garage...I...I'll get the door."

With that, the soldier hurriedly turned around and headed downstairs.

"Commissar?" Jurgen prompted.

"Let's go," Cain responded.

As the Chimera pulled into the base's garage, the first thing Cain noticed was the assortment of wrecks that filled it. Spying a door on the back wall, Cain got out and began to walk towards it. When Jurgen made to follow, Cain turned and motioned for him to stop.

"Jurgen," Cain said, "You should stay with the Chimera. Something tells me these guys aren't to be trusted around vehicles."

Jurgen glanced at a flaming pile of scrap that was presumably once a Leman Russ.

"Duly noted."

Having thus made sure he would still have a vehicle upon his departure, Cain went ahead and knocked on the door. When no response came, Cain knocked again.

"Hold on!" came the voice of the Guardsman from before, "Lemme just...dammit...come on..."

Grunts of exertion and sounds of straining metal could be heard from the other side of the door.

"Almost..."

clunk

"There."

The door jerkily slid open revealing a slightly panting Guardsman behind it.

"Sorry about that," he said, "We haven't gotten around to fixing the door yet after Caboose ran a Tauros into it. Anyway, come on in."

Cain nodded and carefully stepped over the threshold.

"Right, uh..." the Guardsman continued, leading Cain upstairs into an office overlooking the garage, "Welcome to our base. Sorry for the lack of a proper welcome: We weren't exactly warned you'd be coming."

"About that..." Cain began, shutting the door as he entered.

"Oh, yeah. Sorry about that earlier. The Reds tried the whole 'I'm a commissar' thing at least a dozen times already, so..."

Cain nodded. "Fair enough," he said.

"What? That's it?" the Guardsman said, surprised, "From my experience, most commissars would be throwing a fit right about now."

"I'm not most commissars."

"I can see that now."

Before the conversation could continue, the door was almost thrown off its hinges as a rather large individual burst into the room.

"Church!" the Ogryn shouted, "There you are! I've been looking all over for you!"

At that point, the Ogryn noticed Cain.

"You made a new friend!"

"Caboose," Church said, "I told you ten minutes ago where I was going to be. Also, what did I tell you about interrupting me when I'm in a meeting?"

As the two began to argue, Cain checked to make sure the refractor field he'd requisitioned was functioning.

"Look, Caboose," Church said, "Just...go sit in the corner there and keep quiet. Can you do that for me?"

"Okay," Caboose replied exuberantly, "I won't let you down Church!"

Church sighed and shut the door before turning his attention back to the commissar.

"Yeah," he said, "Lord Commissar Cain, meet Private Caboose."

Cain glanced over at the Ogryn who waved back exuberantly.

"I was warned about him," Cain said, "Also, I've been wondering: How exactly did he manage to take out over two dozen Chaos Space Marines on his own?"

"I told him they were kittens."

Cain stared.

"...I'm sensing there's a story here."

"There is."

"..."

"..."

The silence stretched on for several minutes until it was broken by the footsteps of a Guardsman coming down the hall.

"Junior!" the Guardsman outside called, "Junior? Where'd you go?"

Moments later, the door opened to admit a slightly tanned Corporal with a power sword at his hip.

"Church," the soldier said, "Have you seen Junior?"

"No, Tucker, I haven't," Church replied, "And if I had, the little abomination would be drowning in 80 liters of flaming prometheum."

"Come on. Junior would never hurt anyone."

"What about Captain Flowers? Last I heard, he was still in a coma."

"What the...?" Cain muttered, looking at something through the window. Curious, Church and Tucker moved to join him.

In the garage, Jurgen stiffened as he saw movement in the corner of his eye. Seconds later, a Lictor decloaked near the wall to his left.

"Junior! There you are!" Tucker called. Cain stared at him incredulously.

As Jurgen reached for his meltagun, heavy footsteps suddenly came from the other side of the garage. Everyone watching turned to see a Cataphract-Class War Robot climb atop the wreckage of what seemed to be several Hydra and Basilisk batteries.

" *Xenos detected* ," the robot intoned, " *Initiating purging protocols* ."

The Lictor hissed and dove out of the way as the Cataphract fired its lascannon, burning a hole through the wreckage of a Bane Wolf.

"Freckles, no!" Caboose, who had joined the others at some point, called, "Bad boy! Down!"

As the Cataphract, apparently named Freckles, opened up with its flamer, Caboose threw open the door and rushed downstairs.

"Junior!" Tucker followed moments later.

As Freckles chased Junior out of the garage, two frantic Guardsmen followed in their wake. When the sounds of gunfire faded into the distance, Jurgen shrugged and set his melta back down. Meanwhile, Cain had turned back to Church while sporting an understandably bewildered expression.

"Freckles?" Cain asked.

"Well," Church answered, "A couple months back, Caboose found the wreckage of an old war bot. He managed to fix the thing up and dubbed it Freckles."

"Wait a second," Cain said, his thoughts screeching to a halt, "Caboose?"

"Yeah, the guy's a savant or something. You know, the Legio Cybernetica was looking to recruit him at one point, but then he managed to wreck about a dozen Baneblades, so now he's banned from every Forge World in the Imperium."

Cain sat down in a nearby chair. Given the events of the past few minutes, the answer really was quite obvious, but nonetheless, he felt the need to ask, just to be sure.

"Feeling a little loopy, I take it?"

"Yeah," Church responded, "I kind of figured you were too, what with how nonchalantly you were taking things. Name's Leonard Church, of the Red vs. Blue loops. Tucker's Awake, and I'd guess you've already met the Red loopers. Caboose is the Anchor."

Cain opened his mouth to ask a question.

"Don't ask," Church said, cutting him off.

"...Well," Cain said, "We can swap stories later, but right now, I have a job to do: I need to get the two sides to stop fighting."

"Pfft, good luck with that."

"I'm getting that feeling. Do you think you can get the rest of your regiment to meet with me in the middle of the canyon?"

"Sure, let me just spread the word and send some runners out to fetch those idiots. Hmm...give me an hour or so."

Cain nodded and headed back down to the garage at a rather brisk pace. As Jurgen pulled out of the garage, Cain groaned as he realized he still had no idea how he was going to get the two groups of nutcases to cooperate.

Jurgen glanced back and noticed the Lord Commissar in obvious distress. "Some tanna, sir?" he asked, holding out a flask. Cain looked for a moment before accepting the offered item, popping the lid, and drinking deeply.

The Guardsmen of the 301st stared.

The Guardsmen of the 296th stared back.

The tension was almost palpable. No one moved, for fear that it would be taken as a sign of aggression. Many even did their best to avoid blinking. After several minutes, the silence was broken when one of the members of the 301st collapsed, gasping for air, having held his breath for too long.

Standing in between the two groups, Ciaphas Cain sighed. Figuring that waiting would only make matters worse, he decided to cut to the chase.

"Gentlemen!" he called.

The attention of everyone present suddenly shifted onto him. It was difficult to say whether this was an improvement over the standoff.

Cain opened his mouth to speak, but just as quickly shut it again when he realized he still had no idea how to get the two groups of madmen to cooperate. As the stares began to become unnerving, Cain racked his brain for anything he could say to make the situation less awkward.

"...Well," he said, "I'm...glad you all came."

Silence.

Cain made to continue, then quickly reconsidered upon seeing all the blank looks he was getting.

Several more awkward minutes passed.

"...Yeah," Church finally said, "It's...great...to be out here...and all. Maybe you should explain why we're here. You know, for those of us still wondering."

While everyone's attention was drawn to the Guardsman that had just spoken, Cain took the time to gather his wits and come up with a plan. As Cain was thinking, Jurgen suddenly came up behind him and handed him a dataslate. Curious, Cain began to read, smiling as he got to the end.

"Ahem," Cain called, getting the crowd's attention, "Command just voxed; there's been an insurrection in a nearby system and we're needed there to reinforce the local garrison. We ship out in three days' time."

"Well why didn't you say so sooner?" Sarge suddenly called out, "It's the perfect opportunity to get rid of them dirty Blues..." Sarge glared at the 301st.

"Yeah," Church retorted, "Fuck you too, Red."

"And that is the problem," Cain interrupted, before the argument could escalate, "Since I don't trust you not to fight and would rather not have the ship be split in two in Warp transit, you all are going to have to learn to get along."

"What?" Sarge yelled.

"Uh, yeah," Church said, "we were supposed to be a single unit to begin with. Didn't you get the memo?"

"Uh..." Simmons said hesitantly, "I *might* have left that part out when I told Sarge about this meeting: I didn't want any more delays."

"And thus," Cain said loudly, before the Guardsmen could get into another bout of bickering, "We are going to use what time we have to run team building exercises so you learn to watch each other's backs...in a helpful, not a threatening way."

"Team building?" Sarge asked, "You mean like the 'trust fall'?"

"Yes," Cain replied, "That is-"

"As in you trust me to laugh at your ineptitude in tripping over your own feet!" Sarge continued, "And to stab you repeatedly with a rusty fork so you die the gruesome and painful death that you deserve!"

"...No."

"No? How 'bout 'Grifball'? That always gets the blood pumping."

Cain stared.

"Do I *really* want to know what that is?" Grif asked.

"Simmons!" Sarge called, ignoring his other subordinate, "Get me two dozen power swords and thunder hammers on the double!"

"Sir," Simmons responded, "Those weapons aren't issued to Guardsmen, so we don't even have *one* power sword or thunder

hammer available."

"Then put in a requisition order!"

"With all due respect, sir, disregarding the infeasibility of the Munitorum even approving such a request, there's no way the weapons would even arrive in the foreseeable future since they would have to be shipped in from off world."

"I've got time."

"No you don't, sir. Don't you remember? We're shipping out soon."

As the two continued to bicker, Grif turned his attention to Cain. "Lord Commissar," he said, "I would like to request a transfer."

Cain took a look at the scene before him and sighed: It was going to be a long three days.

As the two regiments fell into yet another pointless argument, Ciaphas Cain felt his patience, honed through countless aeons of dealing with beings of questionable sanity, finally wearing thin. When he overheard a discussion over the particulars of cabbage of all things, he quietly wondered how the hell these regiments had managed to accrue the number victories they had. Noticing several Guardsmen beginning to produce weapons, Cain sighed and retrieved his bolt pistol from the Chimera. As he leveled the gun at a nearby Guardsman, he could scarcely believe he was resorting to such a thing, but he was, for once, well and truly out of ideas; however, before he could pull the trigger, his and everyone else's attention was drawn to a Valkyrie approaching the canyon.

As the aircraft landed, Cain frowned as he made out an Inquisitorial seal etched on the body. He briefly wondered who had drawn the ire of the Inquisition before chastising himself for asking such a stupid question. Figuring that the man in yellow-trimmed, steel-grey power armor was likely the Inquisitor, Cain decided he may as well go greet

him: anything to distance himself from the fallout after all. To Cain's surprise, the Inquisitor simply brushed past him with a muttered, "I'll handle this from here." Shrugging, Cain decided to sit back as the man went to address the regiments.

Ten minutes later, Cain was staring, slack-jawed, as what was formerly little more than a mob saluted the Inquisitor and marched off in formation. He barely noticed as the Inquisitor walked up to him and held out his hand.

"I don't believe we've been introduced," the Inquisitor said, "Inquisitor David Washington."

"Hmm? Oh," Cain said, snapping out of his shock and shaking the man's hand, "Commissar Ciaphas Cain...uh...Lord Commissar actually."

Washington raised an eyebrow. "Feeling a bit loopy, are we?"

"Yes," Cain answered absently, "uh..."

"Tell you what. Why don't we go for a drink? I'll pay."

Half and hour and five drinks later, Cain had finally sorted out his thoughts.

"So," he began, "How?"

"Well," Washington responded, pouring himself another shot, "After you deal with them for a couple centuries, you learn what buttons to push to get them to listen."

"No, I mean how are you so normal if that's what you deal with on a regular basis?"

"I ought to ask the same of you," Washington riposted, "I took the liberty of checking your records. You get into more crazy shit than I do, and that's practically my job, both here *and* at home."

Cain snorted, but didn't say anything, having gone through the same argument at least a dozen times before.

Several minutes passed in silence.

"You know," Washington said, "There *was* another commissar assigned to this unit before you."

"I'm aware," Cain said, looking up from his glass, "I was told he was institutionalized. I hope he's getting better: I feel somewhat sorry for him."

Meanwhile, three sub-sectors away

"Say 'Ahhhhh'," Medicae Frank "Doc" DuFresne said, holding up a dental drill.

"Uh..." Commissar Tomas Beije said, scooting his chair back.

"Trust me, I'm a doctor."

"I may not have medical training, but I'm almost certain treatment for psychological trauma does not involve drilling my teeth...or anything else for that matter."

"You...wait," Doc said, looking thoughtful for a moment before consulting a manual, "You're right; that's for *brain* trauma. Okay then...where'd I leave the defibrillator and bonesaw?"

"...is there someone else that can help me? Someone more experienced in these matters perhaps?"

"Well, Dr. Grey usually handles the psychological cases, but she's busy. An Inquisitor needed her help with a stubborn prisoner."

At that moment, high-pitched screaming, along with the sound of power tools and what seemed to be singing came from down the hall.

"She's quite eager," Doc noted.

Beije chose that moment to pass out.

Back with Cain and Washington

"I'm sure he's fine," Washington assured.

6.1: *hiding from Caboose*

6.2: The first time an Awake Washington and Agent Texas were in Remnant.

6.3: BANANA~! AHAHAHAHAHAHA~!

6.4: Red VS Green...Not as fun or catchy as Red VS Blue.

6.5: Keep running, Grif! Keep running!

6.6: I wanna hug Jack, too, Caboose!

6.7: I love Small Soldiers. I always thought it was a great movie, even if the Nostalgia Critic does not.

6.8: The RvB Loopers love Eiken. Aphrodite did not give them joy in the last one. Monkey is an evil, evil monkey when you make his charges sad.

6.9: Happy 4th of July!

6.10: ...Someone get Markiplier! We need the King of Five Nights at Freddy's STAT! Either that, or Golden Freddy directed at them.

6.11: And this is why you never tell Sarge that the sky is *blue* .

6.12: I'm sure he's fine, too, Washington.

Comments, everyone?

Chapter 7

GammaTron: Sorry for the long wait. In truth, I've just been so busy in real life and with other stories that I haven't really had the time to compile everything together. I really need help with gathering compilations together to publish for this story...

(XenoTekker)

Tucker sighs as he plays a bit with Junior, a smile on his face. Junior then freezes in place for a few seconds, then looks around in confusion.

Tucker blinks, wondering if his son was okay. Junior then looked at him and spoke up. "Dad? How did we get back here? And why are you wearing your old model armor?" Junior then looks down at himself. "What the? Why the hell am I little again?"

Tucker blinks again, hope rising in his heart. "Junior?"

Junior looks back up at his father. "Last I checked, I was with my friends, practicing for the Nationals, the next thing I know, I'm back here." He looks back down again. "And apparantly a little one again as well. GWAH!"

Junior let out that last shout because Tucker picked him up and hugs him. "You're here! You're finally Looping!" Tucker says with tears of joy in his eyes.

Nearby, Caboose was just rambling to Church, who was slowly reaching for his sniper rifle when suddenly, they both heard a shout from Tucker.

"GUYS! GUYS!"

They both look and see Tucker running up to them, carrying Junior in his arms. When Tucker arrives, he puts Junior down and looks at Church and Caboose while still hugging Junior with one arm.

"Guys! Junior..."

Church looks at Junior, then back at Tucker. "Yeah? What about him?"

They could both HEAR Tucker grinning through his helmet when he spoke the next few words with joy. "Junior's LOOPING!" Tucker says with a whoop, causing Church to stare in shock and Caboose to start cheering as well, even though he has NO idea what he is cheering for.

Church then looks down at Junior. "Seriously?"

Junior shrugs. "Apparantly. I was hoping you can explain to me what this Looping thing is Uncle Church."

Church chuckles and nods. "Sure. Just let me get in touch with the Reds and let them know that you are Looping now too."

(Awesomedude17 & Changingstation)

"I'm thirsty." Grif said.

And then suddenly, a metallic man ran into the base, made a face and noise, and suddenly, Grif had a Pepsi.

"Alright, you filthy Blue, git on out of here!" Sarge replied with his shotgun.

"Yeah. Also, I prefer Coke."

A glass seemed to have shattered.

"Nooooo... my glass for my merlot!" Donut shouted.

Caboose hummed some sort of song.

"Pepsimaaaaan. Dun dun. Dundunduuun dumdun. Dun dun."

"Hey Caboose, what're you humming about?" Church asked.

"Well-"

BOOOOOOOM

An explosion of Pepsi erupted from the Red base. Soon after, a rain of Pepsi fell, as well as Grif.

"Oww, my jaw!"

"Did you say you prefer Coca-Cola to Pepsiman?" Caboose asked.

"Yeah. How'd you know?"

"Yeah, he doesn't like that. He doesn't like that at all."

"Great. It's raining soda and it's going to make my armor sticky. Goddammit." Church groaned.

"It occurs to me that Ah'm at a crossroads; on one hand he tried to kill Grif, but on the other Pepsi is filthy blue. Ah don't know how to feel about this."

At this moment, ten thousand cans of regular Pepsi dropped out of the sky and right onto Grif.

"Simmons, Ah've found my answer!"

(Awesomedude17)

Dr. Emily Grey looked around her surroundings and blinked.

"Huh... Wasn't expecting this." She checked the calendar and blinked under her helmet.

"Wait, did I time travel? If I did, I must figure out how! Oh, this is going to be so much fun!"

Some time later...

"Grif?" Simmons looked at the orange clad soldier standing on a chair.

"Emily's Awake! The end is nigh! Goodbye cruel world!" Grif tossed the noose around his neck and jumped off the chair.

He landed on his face.

"You're supposed to tie the noose to the ceiling."

"But that sounds like too much work."

"... But yeah, I agree. I mean, look at that!"

Dr. Grey passed the two while riding a mutilated behemoth of flesh, whooping in cheer.

"So? Those are Space Pirates, and therefore, assholes."

"...Beer?"

"Beer."

"Hi-"

"Bud Light."

"Damn!"

(GammaTron)

"Congratulations. You've been promoted to General, Donald."

"Wh-what?"

Doyle shook his head. He...He should've been dead; killed by the destruction of Armonia by him detonating the reactor. But...But he was in a familiar, yet not familiar, office...sitting before a soldier that he knew very well had his head shot off by Felix just months after Doyle had been promoted to General.

"I said that you were promoted to General," the man informed.

"O-Oh. I...Thank you, sir," Doyle nodded, "I...Excuse me, but I need to take a walk. I...I need to clear my head so I can accept this."

"Take your time, but not too long. We're still in a war with those bastards."

"Thank you," Doyle nodded before he began to leave the room...before squeaking at seeing Locus enter...a man he once thought of as a good soldier and mercenary, only to backstab them by being the reason why they were still in a civil war, *'Oh...Oh god! All those soldiers...those natives of our home...Just...Just how long has Hardgrove's forces been here? Could...Could they have even been the reason for the civil war starting?'*

Doyle took in deep breaths as he watched as his men and Locus brought in people he had managed to convince himself were just dreams of meeting; Sarge, Washington, and Donut. It took nearly an hour after he had been informed that they had woken up to get the courage to go and introduce himself. The more time he spent with the three, the more his belief that he had merely dreamed of what happened was beginning to break and tear apart. When he was informed that they had left, he sighed and knew what was going to happen.

"Locus!" Doyle called, "I have a vital mission for you. One that, should you accomplish it, I will give you a device that will activate

every single temple on the planet."

"...Your orders?"

Doyle hoped it would work, "Your mission is simple; Felix's severed head on my desk by the end of the week. I will know that the man's head is Felix's...because I've seen his face without the helmet on."

"What?"

"You'll be able to take every single bit of old alien artifacts that we have on the planet...all just for his head," Doyle informed.

"I see..."

bang

"Congratulations, Donald Doyle. You've been promoted to General."

'...What?!' Doyle mentally screamed in disbelief.

(Awesomedude17) (Red vs. Blue X Ace Attorney)

Donald Doyle Awoke once more, only this time, it was different.

Very different.

OBJECTION!

Donald looked down from his seat to see a man in a blue suit give an argument.

OBJECTION!

Now a man in a red suit gave a counter-argument.

OBJECTION!

OBJECTION!

"Great job, Nick! You really showed Edgeworth who's boss!" Maya said cheerfully.

"Yep. It becomes second nature to win pretty much any trial I have in Baseline." Phoenix replied, scratching the back of his head.

"Easy, Nick. You don't want an ego the size of Eldoon's big bowl of noodles now, do you?"

'That much salt could kill three men.'

"Uh, hello!"

"Huh?" Maya and Phoenix looked to see an unassuming man walk up to them.

"I couldn't help but notice your cryptic talk about 'Baselines' and whatnot. Could you please take me somewhere secluded so I can get answers?"

Maya looked at Phoenix with a big grin.

'I hate giving the speech. It's more boring than Prof. Means' speeches.'

(GammaTron)

"Salutations, General Doyle!" Doyle's first words he heard upon awakening for the Loop were, "We are getting ready to head for Beacon!"

"Huh? O-Oh yes. Um...Thank you, Penny," Doyle thanked the gynoid, "I do hope that everything goes well. I'm still rather unsure about bringing all these ships. We may be unintentionally stirring up some issues with all these going to one location."

"Really?" Penny tilted her head.

"But, well, orders are orders, I suppose," Doyle sighed as the...darker...parts of his Loop Memories finally reached him, "...Oh my."

thud

"Oh dear. General Doyle passed out again," Penny gasped before easily picking him up and putting him in his seat on the command deck, "There we go." *'Though, this is rather strange. Is he a Looper or are we having a Fused Loop and General Ironwood was Replaced by him?'*

later...

"Thank you again for staying with me for this meeting, Penny," Doyle thanked as the two went up an elevator.

"Of course. No matter how Loopy you might feel, I am sure that there is an Anchor to keep you here!" Penny beamed.

"...Ah...Is..." Doyle looked around, "Is that the signal that you are going through these, er, seemingly infinite 'loops' as I was told of?"

"Yes!" Penny beamed, "This is my twelfth Loop!"

"Ah...I do believe that this is my twelfth as well," Doyle smiled before holding his hand out, "General Donald Doyle of the planet Chorus."

"My name is Penny and I am combat ready!"

"Yes, well...being combat ready is good and all, but I do hope you have friends here that are also Looping. I was going to have you put into the school as a transfer student."

"Really?!" Penny gasped.

"Oh yes. The results of quite a few tests you did before we left did show good results, but being out there to experience it is far more important," Doyle noted, "I would quote William Shakespeare about the importance of interacting with others, but apparently, I am not well-versed in quotes from the man and his works."

(Gammatron) [RvB/RWBY]

"So...I have Looping Compatriots," Ruby noted, having Awoke as replacing Sister once more.

"Really?" Simmons asked, "You didn't figure out how to get a talking chibi Beowolf did you?"

"No. Talking Grimm are...well...yeah, never end up in a fused Loop with those," Ruby warned.

"Y'all got an AI fer yer Crescent Rose?" Sarge asked.

"No," Ruby replied, cuddling her favorite weapon.

"...It's not Penny, is it?"

"No, she's Looping. Didn't Doyle tell you?"

"Doyle's *Looping* ?!" the Reds, Blues, and Doc exclaimed.

"The fool of a general who foolishly sacrificed himself for foolishy foolery?!" O'Malley gawked.

"Hey, hey, hey!" Church shook a fist at the split personality purple medic.

"You...all didn't know?" Ruby asked.

"No," all of them replied.

"Either he's that good at pretending it's not happening or you guys aren't as good as observation as you say you've improved on," Ruby giggled.

"Yeah, I don't know what's going on so I'm going to just nod and say 'yes,'" Caboose informed...before nodding, "Yes."

"So who's in your Pocket for the Loops?" Tucker asked.

"Team CFVY, but Roboticized," Ruby explained, pulling them all out, "Everyone, these are the Reds and Blues of Project Freelancer. I told you about them and my big brother Grif and his best friend Si..."

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"Um...Did that magenta guy scream so hard, his armor shot off and then put itself together again beside him before he and the armor sprinted off?" Fox asked.

"Simmons has certain... *issues* ..." Church noted as he slowly looked over at Velvet, "...with humanoid robots that have rabbit traits."

"He reacted because of Velvet?" Fox asked.

"Yeah...He got really traumatized by this one Loop called Five Nights at Freddy's," Grif informed.

"Ah have a copy of all th' games, includin' th' new Sister Location," Sarge noted before pulling out a red laptop and handed it to Velvet, "Play 'em, read th' book that's on there, watch th' Matpat game theories, and y'all will understand why he's a chicken when it comes t' robot rabbits."

"Oh. My. God," Donut gasped, "You're Coco!"

"Um...yes?" Coco raised a metallic brow.

"You are my role model in fashion!" Donut informed before getting on his knees and bowing, "I'm not worthy to be in your presence."

"...I'm both creeped out...and kinda intrigued," Coco admitted.

"Why aren't you flirting?" Church whispered to Tucker.

"Dude, I tried flirting with them before and let's just say the two dudes they're with were *really* protective of them that Loop," Tucker cringed.

"Ah...Got your ass handed to you," Church nodded.

"Dude, this was before most of their Semblences were confirmed," Tucker informed, "And those two had shapeshifting ones that liked to go for below the belt."

"...Before or after you started tinkering with your Key-Sword and making Rider Armors and Sentai Armors?"

"Before. And I have yet to flirt with them since."

"We can hear you," the two roboticized men of Team CFVY informed.

"We know," both Blues replied.

"So what team are you on? Because Church is my best friend," Caboose informed.

"We blame th' tree for him being th' Anchor and not someone sensible like me," Sarge snorted.

"...You're sensible?" Grif asked.

BANG

"Oh-ho-hoh-hoh~" Grif groaned on the floor as Sarge blew out the smoke on the end of his shotgun.

"..." Velvet slowly looked at Ruby.

"Personally, I don't mind Caboose being the anchor. He loves cookies!" Ruby beamed.

"Yay! Cookies!" Caboose cheered.

"So y'all make sure that they're in yer Pocket before th' end of each Loop, right?" Sarge asked.

"Of course I do," Ruby replied.

"We mainly stay in the Pocket unless she wants to bring us out to introduce us to other Loops," Velvet shrugged.

"Except for Eiken," Ruby informed, "I know I don't have access to my Pocket that Loop, but even if I did, no going there."

(Awesomedude17)

Grif opened a box of Oreos when something yelled...

"I AM THE BOX GHOST! BEWARE!"

"Sarge, that blue box ghost is back!"

"Ahm gettin' mah Tesla Gun!"

"Uh... BEWARE!" The Box Ghost then stole the box Grif held, leaving behind the Oreos.

"Did Ah miss 'im?" Sarge asked, holding his Tesla Gun."

"Yes."

"Time fer the next best thing then." Sarge then aimed his weapon at Grif.

"Of course... Fuck me." Grif complained.

(Awesomedude17)

"So, how are we handling the BCW this Loop?" Musa asked.

"Well, recently, I went to another Branch and found a new friend. He's in the Loop now, I just need to build his body first." Techna said.

The others were quiet.

"Excuse me?" Stella asked.

Meanwhile...

A sole being walked to the Wizards of the Black Circle and caught their attention.

"Who are you?"

"Hola, Mi nombre es Lopez la Pesada. Prepararse para morir, pajarones." Lopez then took out a Spartan Lazer and opened fire on the Wizards.

With the others...

"So Lopez is from some place called Blood Gulch, and he's a robot who can only speak in badly translated Spanish?"

"Si, Musa." Techna replied.

"I would love to visit!"

"Trust me, you don't."

(Blue050645TL)

Pain surged up Carolina's heel as the arrow burrowed itself inside. As if fighting with some crazy shapeshifting technology wasn't enough, she was now sentenced to the same fate as the one she had replaced.

Getting up to her knees, she saw Cinder walking up to her with a smug marked on her stupid face. Her hand lifted the freelancer's head up in order for her to take one look at her defeated opponent. Glaring aggressively under her helmet, she refused to back down.

As Cinder turned around, Carolina reached out a hand, grabbed her enemy's leg and with a single pull, yanked her to the ground near her. Rage was her anaesthetic as Carolina stood up and put a foot on Cinder's body, pinning her down. She snapped the arrow in her heel out and raised the tipped end over Cinder.

"How can you talk about Destiny when you don't have one. Bitch."

With that, she stabbed Cinder in the throat with the arrow, splattering red over the ground and ending her miserable life.

Ruby jumped over a ledge to witness the scene. Instead of what she remembered in baseline, this had happened. Seeing Carolina bleeding from her heel, she rushed over to support her from falling.

"Hey Ruby, you think Pyrrha would be happy?"

"Don't ask me."

"You. Are. One heck of a PRODIGY!"

Pyrrha was already congratulating Carolina on having done what she could not back then. Everyone else stared in awkward silence as Carolina carried a look of utter embarrassment on her hidden face.

"I must say, how could I be so moronic? Like, she was in front of me and I could have just won from there on, but... Wow."

"Well Pyrrha. It's just crazy awesome what you learn from your badass mother. Who is so much better than that other teacher in your academy."

In the corner of the bar, Tex elbow bumped Glynda, who only smirked back.

"Well, I'm glad that ended good for you C. Unlike what happened with Team RWBY, me and Caboose last time."

"What happened, Church?" asked Carolina.

With shame in his voice, Church told them what happened. The next moment, laughter exploded all around as Church facepalmed and Team RWBY all walked out.

"Oh no, I forgot to have nap time before pants time!"

In exasperation, Church turned to Caboose.

"JUST! SHUT! UP! YOUR! GODDAMN! BRAIN! IF YOU HAVE ANY AT LEAST!"

GammaTron: Hope you read and review. If you got an account on Spacebattles, why not participate in snips for RvB?